WEEK ENDING JUNE 18, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning **THE RED KNIGHT** *of* **GERMANY**

The **STORY** *of* **RICHTHOFEN,** *the* **KAISER'S DEADLIEST WAR BIRD**

Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924. at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

This great pen is having a lion's share of success

The world's vest pocket is loaded with Lifetime° pens, for each of which $8.75 has been paid. And the world buys judiciously. It pays good price for *the best of its kind,* and thereby practices true economy. It must have an *unfailing* pen. Therefore it buys the handsome jade-radite pen with the little white dot, the pioneer of beauty in pen-dom. And so well is it made, as a matter of course, that it is guaranteed by the makers to perform faultlessly for a life-time. The Titan pencil shares in this world-wide success.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25

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°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DONALD DENTON

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If fashion came to this

you'd change your garters oftener

Can you picture how amusing it would be if men appeared trouserless in public tomorrow? Would a soiled, twisted pair of garters add humiliation to your chagrin? Change your garters oftener and always be sure they are PARIS—then you add to your peace of mind. The bright, new PARIS patterns are an added reason for insisting on PARIS—*the* garter of quality.

Single Grips 25c to $1 · *Double Grips 35c to $1*

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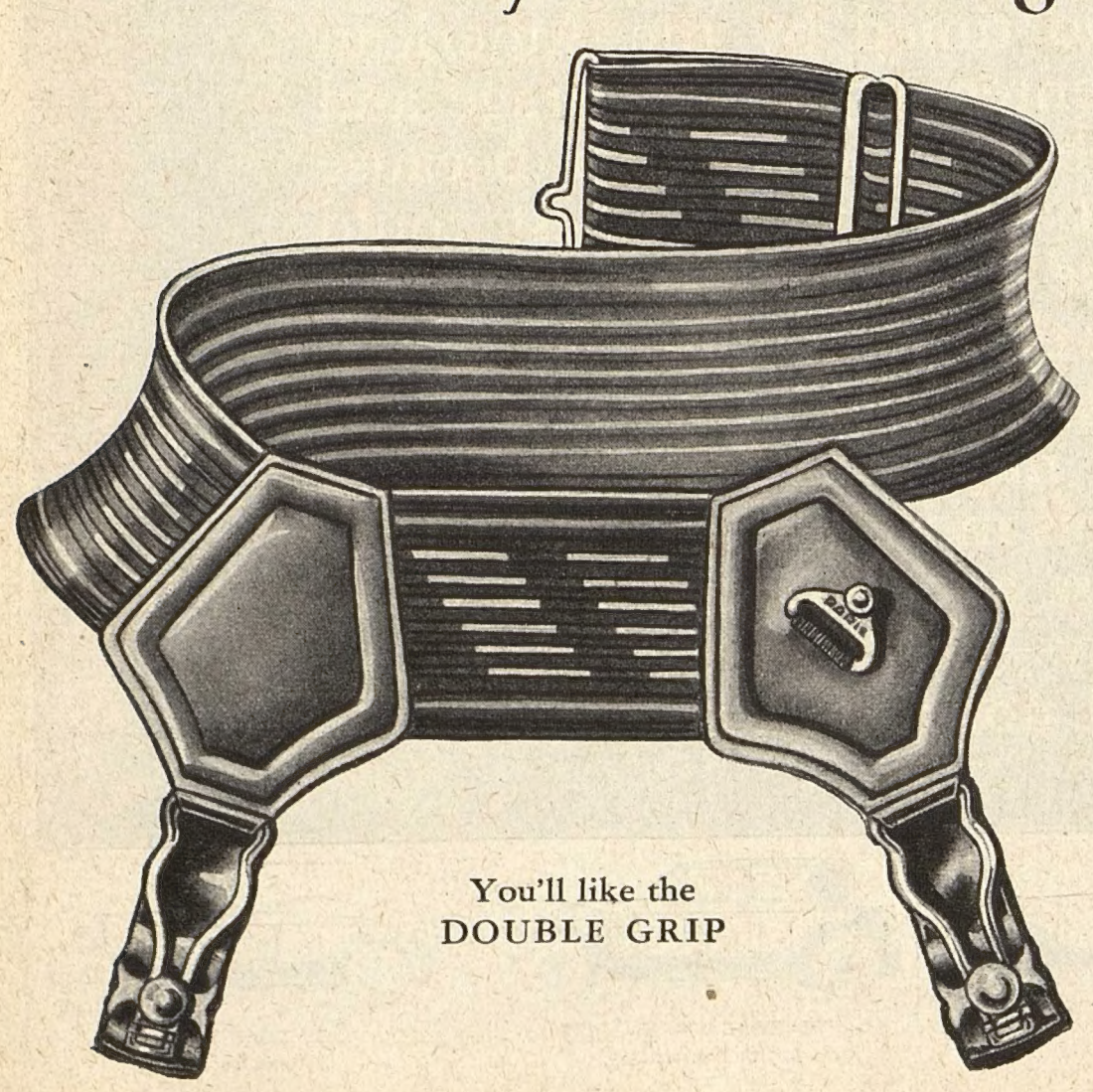


You'll like the
DOUBLE GRIP

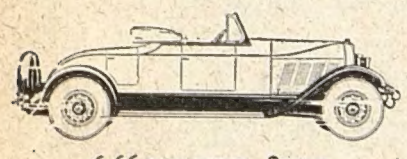
PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

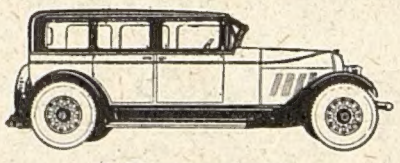
YOUR NEXT CAR

Auburn Straight Eight Stock Car Makes 86 Miles 86.240

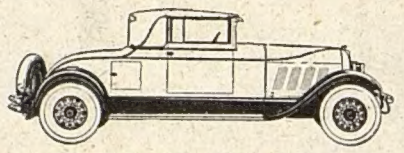
All manufacturers and dealers were invited to enter stock cars in this supreme test of endurance, speed and reliability officially sanctioned and timed by the American Automobile Association. To enter required courage and utmost confidence in a car's ability and stamina, because it was a merciless punishment that only the best could survive. It was a performance that would do credit to costly, special race cars, and yet the two Auburn 8-88 stock roadsters entered (with fenders, running boards and windshields removed) made 86.240 m.p.h. and 85.202 m.p.h. This phenomenal performance is most eloquent testimony of Auburn's inherent soundness and extraordinary value ... and explains why we can say—"Drive the Auburn and if it does not sell itself, you will not be asked to buy."



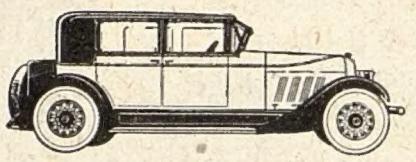
6-66 ROADSTER $1095
120-inch wheelbase



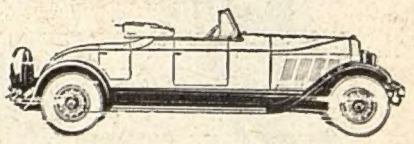
6-66 SEDAN $1295
120-inch wheelbase



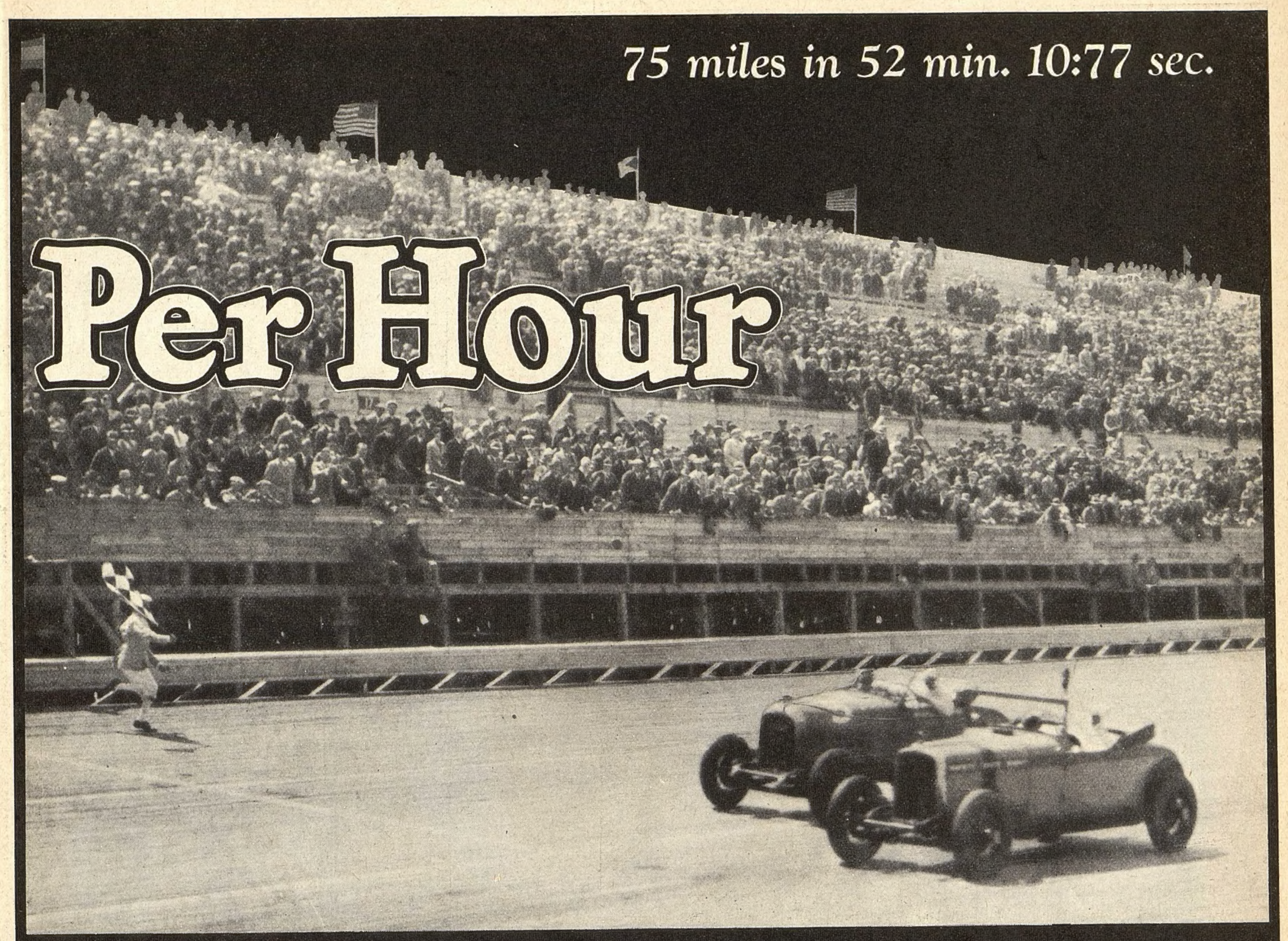
6-66 CABRIOLET $1295
120-inch wheelbase



8-77 SPORT SEDAN $1495
125-inch wheelbase



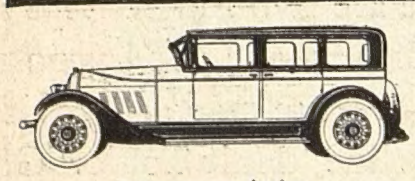
8-77 ROADSTER $1395
125-inch wheelbase

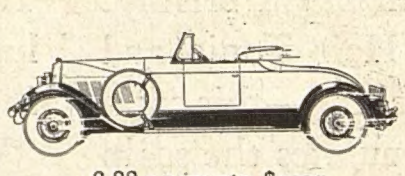


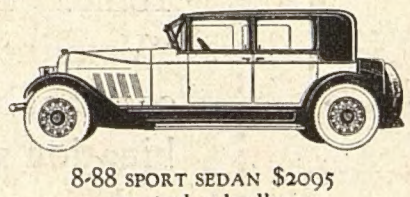
Actual photograph of the two leading cars finishing only one-fifth of a second apart in the thrilling 75-mile stock car race before tens of thousands of people on Atlantic City Speedway May 7th. Stutz, 86.247 m.p.h. Auburn, 86.240 m.p.h. The 8-88 roadster of type shown in photograph above, is for sale at all Auburn dealers for $1995, plus slight additional cost for wire wheels, bumper, extra tire, freight and tax.

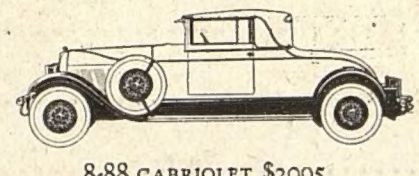
Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana.
Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra

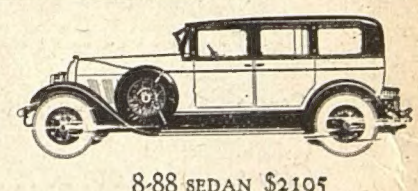
AUBURN


8-77 SEDAN $1695
125-inch wheelbase


8-88 ROADSTER $1995
130-inch wheelbase


8-88 SPORT SEDAN $2095
130-inch wheelbase


8-88 CABRIOLET $2095
130-inch wheelbase


8-88 SEDAN $2195
130-inch wheelbase

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TONIC

Well groomed heads count for men *too*

FREE *Sound advice on special hair problems. Mail coupon today.*

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17 State Street, New York

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- ☐ 2. Permanent Wave
- ☐ 3. Babies and Children
- ☐ 4. Falling Hair
- ☐ 5. Dandruff
- ☐ 6. Dry Hair
- ☐ 7. Grey Hair

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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KEEP the hair sleek, neat, shining with the daily use of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Apply *sparingly* with the palms of the hands. If your hair is stiff and wiry dampen slightly before applying the Tonic. Then brush briskly. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and constant brushing—this combination stimulates the scalp and gives life to the hair.

To keep the scalp healthy, prevent dandruff, and promote a normal growth, massage the scalp thoroughly with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before each shampoo.

These are two simple steps to hair health and good grooming—*both* are made easy with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Get a bottle and *use* it—faithfully.

JUNE 18, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 7

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE FARMER

Much has been said, and much more will be said and written before November, 1928, about the poor farmer and his discontent. Politicians are allowing crocodile tears to roll down over plump jowls as they pour out sympathy for the farmer in his troubles, and draw heartbreaking pictures of the distress in the corn belt and in the dry farming States.

Peculiarly enough, everyone appears to be more wrought up about the plight of the farmer than the farmer is. From the diversified farms of Ohio through the corn belt and up into the great wheat-growing district, the farmer is tucking the legs of his overalls into his brogans, settling his old hickory hat on his hard old head, and chewing a straw while the plow turns over the richest land in the world.

He isn't satisfied. He never has been satisfied. He has been through a period of inflation, of deflation, of high land prices, of low prices for his corn, his wheat, his cattle, and his hogs. He has fed $1.25 corn into sixteen-cent pork. He has gone through drought, through flood, through boll weevil, corn-borer, wild grass, cyclone, and hail, through rust and pest; and, instead of growing discouraged, he climbs into the old flivver, chugs to town, renews the mortgage at a higher rate of interest, has Maw sew another patch on the seat of his overalls, and returns to the plow. His faith in the land, his faith in the country, his faith in the future, may have been jarred, but it is not broken.

He sends his daughter to the State Normal, his son to college; and somehow, through lean years and fat, he manages. He raises his tribe in the fear of God and in the respect of authority.

Politicians and orators hint darkly that he is a bad business man. Ordinarily he is. Business methods with him are simple. His golden rule is to give good measure, pay his debts, get as low an interest rate on the mortgage as possible, and as high a price for the things he grows as the miller, the drover, or the stockyards will pay.

He knows it isn't enough; but having become accustomed to that, he doesn't complain much—understanding that, in spite of interference by middlemen and agitation by politicians, the law of supply and demand will at length prevail. He hasn't much faith in legislation to "aid" him. He has been "aided" so often from the political stump that he is wise. Besides, he figures that God helps him who helps himself, and regards any effort to fix prices or to lend him money as temporary and believes that his only remedy is either to produce at less expense or to sell at greater profit.

He was educated in the little country school. His mathematics did not raise him into the realm of unknown quantities, and he is apt to think that the multiplication table as he learned it was right. The fact that most of his problems of recent years have been in subtraction and division has not convinced him that addition and multiplication are out of existence.

He is not satisfied with conditions. He knows something is wrong and that he is a victim of conditions—the last economic force to be readjusted. But he is not discouraged, nor is he complaining much. He hasn't time to complain—at least until the corn is laid by, the hay made, and the wheat harvested. Until then the politicians must do his complaining.

Now comes the president of the Northwestern Railroad, himself an Iowan. After a careful survey of the entire district covered by his railroad, he says that 70 per cent of the agricultural population are for Coolidge. He says that almost 70 per cent of those in his district—which is the one that has suffered most—believe that the McNary-Haugen bill was impractical and that it would not have helped them.

In other words, the old, hard-headed farmer isn't fooled. He got wise to the patent-medicine fakers, the lightning-rod swindlers, the get-rich-quick confidence men long ago—and politicians attempting to catch him by the same methods make small progress with him.

He is too busy plowing to listen. Next winter, around the stove, he may have time to let them sympathize with him.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

In Our *Next* Issue

DON'T miss THE DEVIL'S MANTLE, the new serial that begins next week. It's a real thriller—a story of pearl-hunting, of pirates, and of a glamorous romance in the South Seas. FRANK L. PACKARD wrote it, and he has crammed rapid-fire action into every chapter. You're sure to like it.

Why go to a boat race? They are thrilling and full of color, it is true. But JAMES HOPPER has written a story about one that is just as exciting. When you read THE MISSING STROKE you'll actually think you're at Poughkeepsie.

Do women who go in for athletics make good wives? Or are they more interested in their games than their homes? GLENNA COLLETT sheds some interesting light on this subject in GOOD SPORTS! GOOD WIVES. And, being the girl golf champion, she speaks with authority.

June 18, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 7

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Do you watch the "danger spots"

What are the critical points in a set, that everything else depends on? The tubes, of course.

There is no set cheap enough to warrant careless tube buying. Genuine Radiotrons get something more out of even the poorest set.

And there is no set so expensive that tube quality doesn't matter. For, nothing short of genuine RCA Radiotrons can get the great music and remarkable performance that a really fine set is capable of. They're the very heart of the whole performance!

Bring your storage battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-171 or UX-112
a *detector* RADIOTRON UX-200-A
and RADIOTRONS UX-201-A for all-round quality.
Bring your dry battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-120
and RADIOTRONS UX-199 for all-round quality.

A WATCHMAN ON THE INSIDE

THE SILVER COLOR inside a genuine Radiotron UX-199 and UX-201-A is a chemically active substance always on the lookout.

How it gets there is an important story. It is caused by the sudden evaporation of a bit of chemical inside the tube, to make the most nearly perfect commercial vacuum still more complete! But, after three methods of exhaust are applied to your Radiotron, there may still float about in it a few atoms of air or gas. They may be invisible to the finest microscope, but they get in the way of perfect reception. The silver color in the tubes, however, is an active film that attracts and holds these air atoms—keeps them away from the vital parts of the tube—makes it work better—last longer.

When you are buying a tube of the silvery type, and want to make sure of the efficiency of that inside watchman, just be sure to get a genuine RCA Radiotron. The mark is on the bottom.

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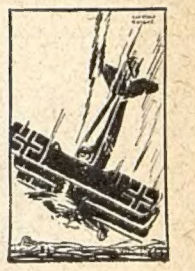
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

The Red Knight of Germany



[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the story of the man the Germans regarded as their greatest war hero and the Allies as their most dangerous single enemy. Before he was killed, he shot down eighty adversaries. His life before the war, his battles in the air, his dramatic death make a thrilling narrative never before told in detail.

The man who tells it, Floyd Gibbons, was the famous war correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* who was severely wounded and won decorations while advancing with the American infantry at the battle of Chateau-Thierry. He spent more than six months collecting the material for this story. From Richthofen's private records, from the German official reports, from the lips of men who fought Richthofen and survived, from the relatives of the men he killed, Mr. Gibbons has written what is probably the most remarkable story of a fighting man ever published.]

RICHTHOFEN at the age of five years (right) and (below) just after his twentieth air victory. The cross he wears was the highest military recognition for valor within the Kaiser's gift.

The Amazing Story of the Life and Battles of

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN,

the Kaiser's Deadliest War Bird—

Before He Was Killed He Shot Down 80 Planes

By FLOYD GIBBONS

TO kill, and kill, and kill, was the cry. To burn, to destroy, to devastate, to lay waste. Men heard the madness and knew it for madness and embraced it, some with fear and some with joy. Kill or be killed. Survive or perish. But—

Kill, kill, kill!

Pink, yellow, and green patches on maps personified themselves. The personifications glared at one another, then snarled, then cursed. Millions of hearts heard and beat faster. Males strutted; females loved them for it.

It was the march beat of tramping feet. It was the staccato of steel-shod hoofs. It was the whir and growl of speeding motors. It was the shriek and roar of troop trains frontward bound.

* * *

His mother had not raised him to be a soldier. She had made him wear curls and dressed him in white pretties. He had looked like a girl and had hated it.

Then came killing-time—war.

He killed a hundred men in individual combat—shot them; burned them; crushed them; hurled their bodies down to earth.

He became the terror of the battle fronts. He grinned at grim death in a hundred duels

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Official Record of Richthofen's 80 Victories in the Air

1—Vickers two-seater	Sept. 17, 1916	
2—Martinsyde one-seater	Sept. 23, 1916	
3—Vickers two-seater	Sept. 30, 1916	
4—Kampf two-seater	No date	
5—B. E. one-seater	Oct. 16, 1916	
6—B. E. one-seater	Oct. 25, 1916	
7—Vickers two-seater	Nov. 3, 1916	
8—B. E. two-seater	Nov. 9, 1916	
9—Vickers two-seater	Nov. 20, 1916	
10—B. E. one-seater	Nov. 20, 1916	
11—Vickers one-seater	Nov. 23, 1916	(Hawker?)
12—Vickers one-seater	Dec. 11, 1916	
13—Vickers one-seater	Dec. 20, 1916	
14—Vickers one-seater	Dec. 20, 1916	
15—F. E. two-seater	Dec. 27, 1916	
16—Sopwith	Jan. 4, 1917	
17—F. E. two-seater	Jan. 23, 1917	Southwest of Lens, west of Vimy
18—F. E. two-seater	Jan. 24, 1917	
19—B. E. two-seater	Feb. 1, 1917	Southwest of Thélus, west of Loos
20—B. E. two-seater	Feb. 14, 1917	
21—B. E. two-seater	Feb. 14, 1917	Southwest of Mazingarbe
22—Sopwith two-seater	Mar. 4, 1917	Over Acheville
23—B. E. two-seater	Mar. 4, 1917	North of Loos
24—B. E. two-seater	Mar. 3 or 6, '17	Souchez
25—Vickers one-seater	Mar. 9, 1917	Between Bailleul and Roclincourt
26—B. E. two-seater	Mar. 11, 1917	Near Vimy
27—Vickers two-seater	Mar. 17, 1917	Oppy
28—B. E. two-seater	Mar. 17, 1917	Above trenches west of Vimy
29—B. E. two-seater	Mar. 21, 1917	Hill 123, north of Neuville
30—Spad one-seater	Mar. 24, 1917	Over Givenchy
31—Nieuport one-seater	Mar. 25, 1917	Over Tilloy
32—B. E. two-seater	April 2, 1917	Farbus village
33—Sopwith two-seater	April 2, 1917	Givenchy
34—Vickers two-seater	April 3, 1917	Between Lens and Liévin
35—Bristol two-seater	April 5, 1917	Southeast of Douai
36—Bristol two-seater	April 5, 1917	Over Quincy
37—Nieuport one-seater	April 7, 1917	Over Mercatel
38—Sopwith two-seater	April 8, 1917	Near Farbus
39—B. E. two-seater	April 8, 1917	Vimy
40—B. E. two-seater	April 11, 1917	Willerval
41—Kampf D. D. two-seater	April 13, 1917	Between Vitry and Brébières
42—Vickers two-seater	April 13, 1917	Between Monchy and Feuchy
43—Vickers two-seater	April 13, 1917	Noyelle-Godault, near Hénin-Liétard (Third in one day)
44—Nieuport one-seater	April 14, 1917	L. K., south of Bois Bernard
45—B. E. two-seater	April 16, 1917	Between Bailleul and Cavrelle
46—Vickers two-seater	April 22, 1917	Near Lagnicourt
47—B. E. two-seater	April 23, 1917	Méricourt
48—B. E. two-seater	April 28, 1917	Woods east of Pelves
49—Spad one-seater	April 29, 1917	Swamps near Lecluse
50—Vickers two-seater	April 29, 1917	Hill 90, near Pariville
51—B. E. two-seater	April 29, 1917	Near Rœux
52—Triplane	April 29, 1917	Between Billy-Montigny and Sellaumines (Fourth in one day)
53—R. E. two-seater	June 18, 1917	Struywe farmhouse
54—Spad one-seater	June 23, 1917	North of Ypres
55—R. E. two-seater	June 25, 1917	Over trenches near Le Bizet
56—De Haviland two-seater	June 26, 1917	Between Keibergmelen and Lichsteinlager
57—R. E. two-seater	July 2, 1917	Deulmont, between the lines
58—Nieuport	Aug. 16, 1917	
59—Spad one-seater	Aug. 26, 1917	Between Poelcapelle and Langemarck
60—R. E. two-seater	Sept. 1, 1917	Near Zonnebeke
61—Sopwith one-seater	Sept. 3, 1917	South of Bousbeque
62—De Haviland 5	Nov. 23, 1917	Bourlon Wood
63—S. E. 5	Nov. 30, 1917	Mœuvres
64—Bristol Fighter two-seater	Mar. 12, 1918	North of Nauroy
65—Sopwith Camel one-seater	Mar. 13, 1918	Between Gonnelieu and Banteux
66—Sopwith Camel one-seater	Mar. 18, 1918	Above road, Moualin Vaux
67—S. E. 5	Mar. 24, 1918	Above Combles
68—Sopwith one-seater	Mar. 25, 1918	Above Bapaume-Albert road
69—Sopwith one-seater	Mar. 26, 1918	Northeast of Albert
70—R. E. (old type)	Mar. 26, 1918	Northeast of Albert
71—Sopwith one-seater	Mar. 27, 1918	North of Albert
72—Bristol Fighter two-seater (Only one occupant)	Mar. 27, 1918	West of Foucaucourt
73—Bristol Fighter two-seater	Mar. 27, 1918	South of Bray-sur-Somme (Third in one day)
74—Armstrong two-seater	Mar. 28, 1918	Forest near Méricourt
75—R. E. two-seater	April 2, 1918	Northeast of Moreuil
76—Sopwith Camel	April 6, 1918	Northeast of Villers-Bretonneux
77—S. E. 5	April 7, 1918	Near Hangard
78—Spad	April 7, 1918	North of Villers-Bretonneux
79—Sopwith Camel	April 20, 1918	Southwest of Bois Hamel
80—Sopwith Camel	April 20, 1918	Northeast of Villers-Bretonneux

(The next day—April 21, 1918—Richthofen was killed by a Canadian flyer as he dived to reap his eighty-first victim.)

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Nine]

above the clouds. He fought fair, hard, and to kill; and the better his foemen fought to kill him, the better he liked them for it.

He shot down eighty fighting planes. He matched his life against that of any man. He fought not with hate, but with love for fighting. It was his joy, his sport, his passion. To him, to dare and to die was to live. He had the courage to kill and be killed, and war was his hunting license. On home leave from man-killing at the front, he hunted and killed deer, elk, boar, bison, and birds, and brought their heads to his mother's home.

He was courageous and gloried in it—flaunted his challenge to his enemies. He made them know him. He put his name on their lips—his name that was unknown when he entered the war as a second "looie."

Wounded and decorated he became the guest of kings and queens. Boys and the youth of a nation made him their idol, cheered him, followed him on the street.

He was young and blond, shy and handsome, proud and serious. Girls by the thousands worshiped his picture and sent him letters by the sackful. One of them he loved. He wanted to make her his wife, but not his widow. He knew he was going to be killed.

He won the admiration and respect of his enemies. His instinct and duty were to kill them. He did. Their duty and instinct were to kill him. They did.

In one of the greatest air battles in history he went down, still fighting, killing. He died a national hero at the head of his fighting men in the service of his country. He was buried by his enemies with respect and military honors in unstinted recognition of his great courage, his sportsmanship, and his tireless, relentless spirit—his indomitable will to kill, kill, kill.

His name was Manfred von Richthofen.

Into the grisly story of the World War there came a refreshing gleam of the chivalry of old, when the pick of the flower of youth on both sides carried the conflict into the skies. In that Knighthood of the Blue, Richthofen has been given a place of highest merit by those he fought with and against.

HIS life and death, his victories and his defeat, his loves, hopes, fears bring a new record to the halls of that same Valhalla in which rest the spirits of Guynemer, Hawker, Ball, McCudden, Immelmann, Lufbery, Quentin Roosevelt, and others who fought aloft and died below with hearts that held emotions other than hate.

Young blood, hot and daring, raced through their veins, even as the winged steeds they rode raced on the wind to conquest or disaster. With keen young eyes glinting along the barrels of their gibbering machine guns, they looked at close range into one another's souls as they pressed the triggers that sent one another tumbling down to death.

Some went down like flaming comets, burned beyond recognition before the charred remains struck the earth, thousands of feet below. Some plunged earthward through the blue in drunken staggers, as their bullet-riddled bodies slumped forward lifelessly on the controls. Some fell free from shattered planes at fearsome heights, poured out like the contents of a burst paper bag, and like bags of formlessness they buried themselves in the ground.

This was the death that Richthofen dealt out to his adversaries in the air. It was the death they dealt to him. As he fought, he died.

How many did he kill? The list is long and appalling. It is a string of victories, a chaplet in which the beads of glory and tragedy succeed one another to defeat and the grave. It never before has been compiled, and only after weeks of research through musty German archives in Potsdam is LIBERTY able to set forth for the first time the date of each one of these combats and identify to some extent the airmen that fell before the German ace of aces.

This list of his officially confirmed victories may be found on this page. It begins when he brought down a Vickers two-seater on September 17, 1916. It ends with the crash of a Sopwith Camel of the Allies on April 20, 1918.

And the next day—April 21, 1918—Richthofen was killed as he dived to drive to death the British flyer selected for his eighty-first victim. Strapped to the pilot's seat, his body traversed with lead, the uhlan of the sky came down between the blazing lines before Amiens. With a dead man's hands on the flying controls, the bright red Fokker triplane of the ace of German aces landed on an even keel in front of Australian trenches. He was twenty-five years old.

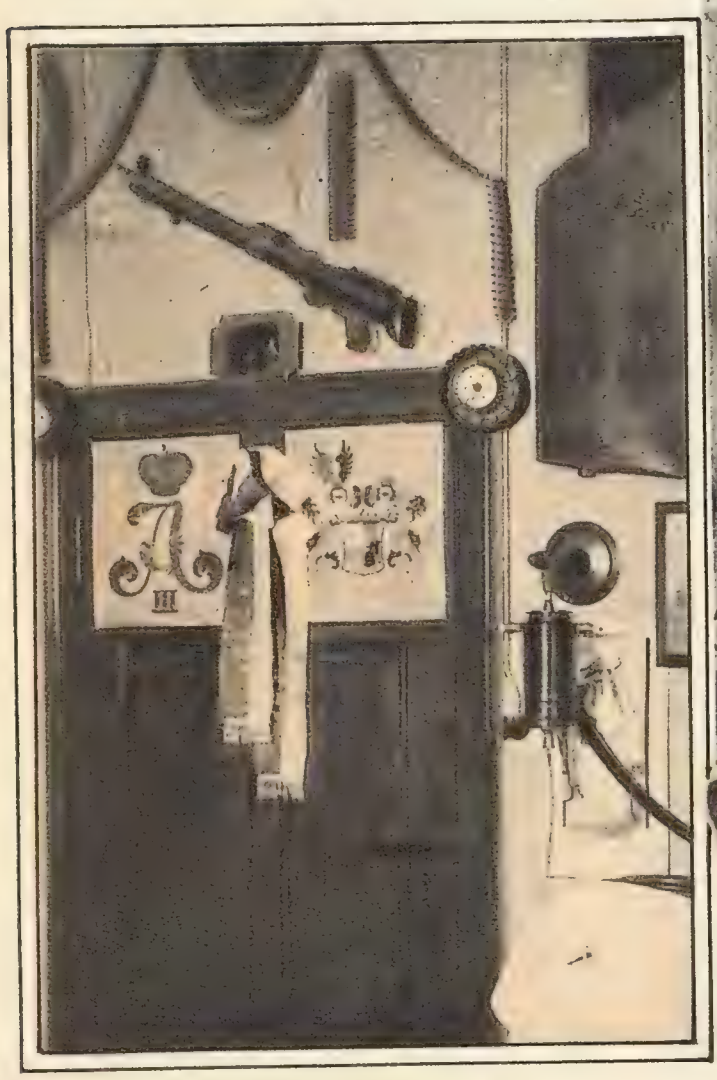
To his country and the cause it was soon to lose the loss of Richthofen was a great one. Ludendorff, when he heard the news, said: "He was worth as much to us as

three divisions." His mother had not raised him to be a soldier, but in the military estimation of his fighting worth he was placed in the balance against 30,000 bayonets.

That mother lives today in the little town of Schweidnitz, in German Silesia —lives in the large, cold, silent rooms and hall of the big white house that once re-echoed to the shouts of the boy that wore curls and looked like a girl. Dearer to this sad-faced, gray-haired woman than Ludendorff's high valuation of her son, dearer than the rows of ribbons and decorations and the acknowledgments of comrades and former foes, are three golden ringlets of fine-spun hair in a plain white pasteboard box, and a mother's memories of the cherubic head that bore them.

Although Prussian junkers from a fighting stock that won its title of baron in the seventeenth century, the Richthofen family took little part in subsequent wars. They were landowners, squires of country seats, who worked their estates with thrift and efficiency and found their sports in hunting and riding. Some held small government posts, but they always returned to the fields and forests and the country houses they loved.

And in the family of Schickfuss, from which came the mother of the famous ace, it was the same. Conservatives to the bone, it was their aim to work hard, respect order, and find their fun in hard riding and hard hunting. Old Uncle Alexander Schickfuss, after shooting the feathers and horns off all brands of Silesian fauna, packed up his guns and sought the huntsman's joy in the wilds of Africa, in Ceylon, and in Hungary.



ABOVE Richthofen's bedroom door there still hangs the machine gun of Major Lanoe G. Hawker, V. C., D. S. O., the first English ace whom he brought down to death. Major Hawker is shown at the right.

"One bullet goes home. He is struck through the back of the head. His plane crashes down, just as I swoop over."

War map showing where Hawker fell.

In the saddle and in the hunt, it was the same with Richthofen's father, except that he became the first of the line to enter the army. As an uhlan, he evidenced a high sense of duty; but the greatest record he has left is on the walls of the Schweidnitz home in the shape of 400 mounted deer heads and stuffed birds, all brought down by his gun. He served through the war as a major of reserve and died shortly after the Armistice.

From this line of modern primitives came Manfred von Richthofen, born May 2, 1892, in Breslau. Organization, reputed to be the great forte of his country, was not inborn with him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Eleven]

He was an individualist. The spirit of the hunter, the stalker, was strong within him, and with it ran pride of conquest, the natural outgrowth of strong competitive and combative instincts.

He felt strongly the same urge that drives the city-bred man to the wilds for relief from the pressure of organized life, to feel once more the discipline of nature, instead of the steel and asphalt of traffic regulations. The hunt was his life and the trophy was his prize. Richthofen was like his father, and no doubt like all his forebears in the matter of trophies: the hunter must show the prey he ran to earth.

Since Stone Age days, man's abode, whether a cave or a tree nest, has been littered with the bones of those he slew in hunt or combat. Armorial halls festooned with captured standards, or having walls studded with antlered or feathered heads, are expressions of the same strain. And so were the tons of German helmets that 2,000,000 A. E. F.'ers brought back from France.

It was no different with the individual air fighters of the World War—the man-birds who hunted in the clouds. The boyhood bedroom of Richthofen in Schweidnitz remains today, with the exception of its owner's portraits, just as the victorious ace arranged and decorated it upon his last trip home.

Its walls are covered with the linen scalps of fallen foes. They are the gayly painted red, white, and blue numbers and symbols cut from fighting planes that went down in defeat under the guns of Richthofen's red Fokker. To anyone that knew the war, the bedchamber is a "room of dead men's numbers." But it is not that to Mother Richthofen, whose son told her that the strips of fabric placed on the walls were taken only from vanquished planes whose occupants survived the fight that forced them to earth behind the German lines.

The chandelier hanging from the ceiling over the center table is the rotary motor of a French plane the ace brought down near Verdun.

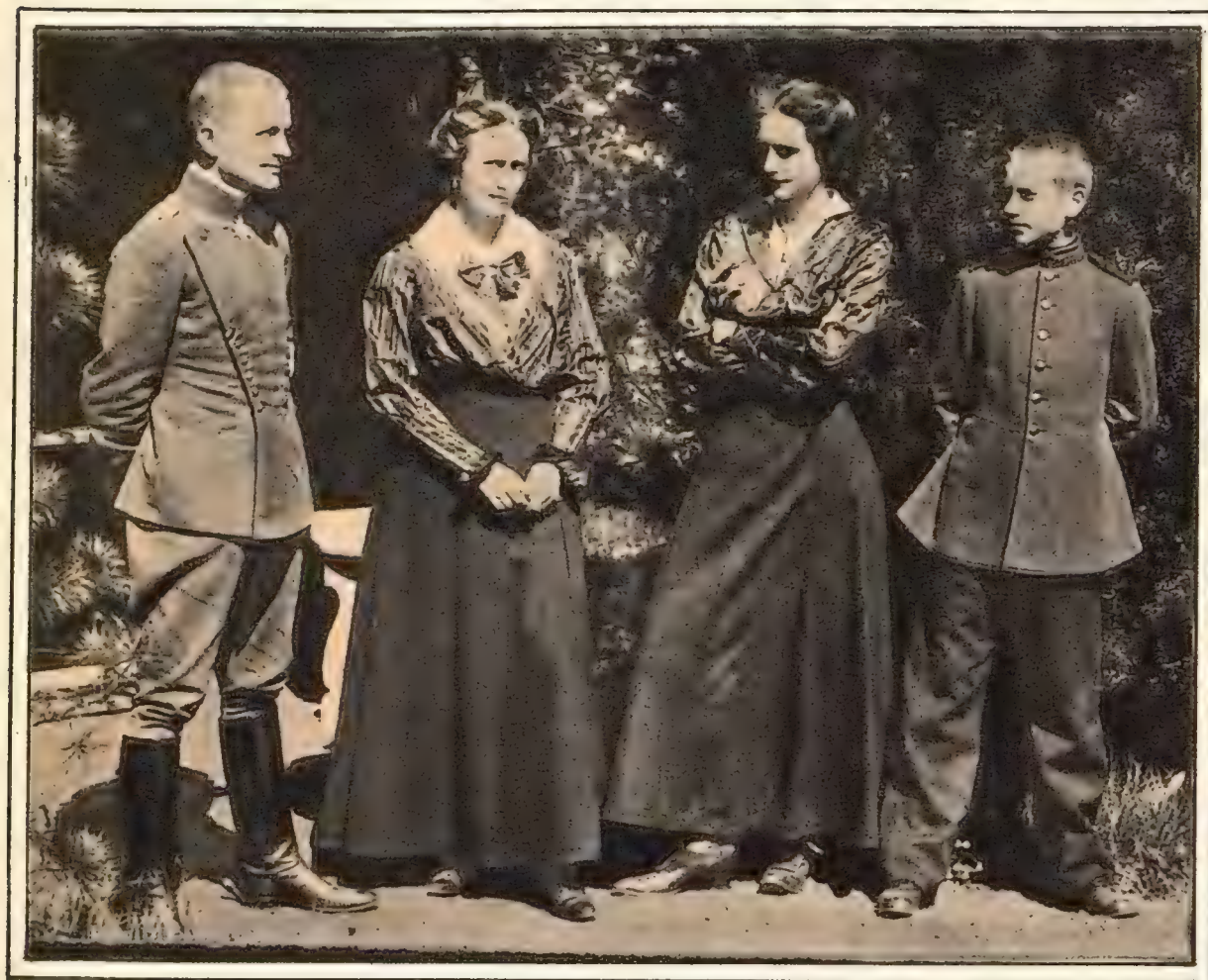
Richthofen had it remade with electric bulbs on each cylinder head; and, in order to support the unusual weight, he had to reinforce the rafters in the ceiling from which it is suspended on chains.

The table is made from parts of broken propeller blades of all kinds. The night lamp on the bed table is formed from the metal hub of an airplane's under-carriage wheel. The centerpiece on the table is a flying compass, and the wall table under the large portrait is loaded with silver cups commemorating battles in the sky.

Among all these gruesome trophies, each representing a death struggle in midair, one holds a position of honor over the bedroom door. It is the machine gun from an English plane that sent many German flyers to their death. It is the weapon of the first English ace, Major Lanoe G. Hawker. Hawker was one of the best flyers in the Allied ranks. He had received the Victoria Cross and many other decorations, and had a long string of air victories to his credit. Richthofen himself had been decorated and had brought down ten enemy planes. It was a battle of eagles, each determined upon the other's death, and it took place high over the lines between Bapaume and Albert in full view of thousands of mud-grimed soldiers.

Richthofen wrote the account of that fight for publication in Germany during the war, and his publishers, Ullstein & Co., have given LIBERTY permission to reproduce it in English for the first time. Here it is:

> I must confess that it was a matter of great pride to me to learn that the Englishman I shot down on November 23 [1916] was the English equivalent of our great Immelmann. Of course, I did not know who he was during the fight, but I did know, from the masterly manner in which he handled his plane and the pluck with which he flew, that he was a wonderful fellow.



THE great German ace (left) at home on leave, with his mother, his sister, Ilsa, and his youngest brother, Bolko, the last male survivor of the family.

The Richthofen home at Schweidnitz, the walls of which are lined with trophies of the young flying uhlan's war victories.

It was fine weather when I flew away from our airdrome that day. I was in the best of spirits and keen for the hunt. Flying at an altitude of about 10,000 feet, I observed three English planes. I saw that they saw me, and from their maneuvers I gathered that our hopes for the day's fun were mutual. They were hunting bent, the same as I. I was spoiling for a fight and they impressed me much the same. They were above me, but I accepted the challenge. Being underneath and in no position to attack, I had to wait till the fellow dived on me. It was not long to wait. Soon he started down in a steep gliding dive, trying to catch me from behind.

He opens fire with his machine gun. Five shots rip out and I change my course quickly by a sharp turn to the left. He follows and the mad circle starts. He is trying to get behind me and I am trying to get behind him. Round and round we go in circles, like two madmen playing ring-around-o'-rosies almost two miles above the earth. Both of our motors are speeded to the utmost, still neither of us seems to gain. We are exactly opposite each other on the circumference of the circle and in this position neither one of us can train our

single forward-shooting machine gun on the other. . . .

First we would go twenty times around to the right, and then swing into another circle, going round twenty times to the left. We continued the mad race, neither gaining an advantage. I knew at once that I was dealing with no beginner, because he didn't appear to dream of trying to break off the fight and get out of the circling. His plane was excellent for maneuvering and speed, but my machine gave me an advantage by being able to climb better and faster. This enabled me at last to break the circle and maneuver into a position behind and above him.

But in the circling fight both of us had lost height. We must have come down at least 6,000 feet, because now we were little more than 3,000 feet above the ground. The wind was in my favor. Throughout the fight, at the same time we kept getting lower, the wind was gradually drifting us back across the German lines. I saw that now we were even behind the German lines in front of Bapaume and my opponent should have noticed that it was time for him to back out of the fight because he was getting farther into my territory.

THE war youth of Germany (left) regarded Richthofen much as young America regards Babe Ruth.

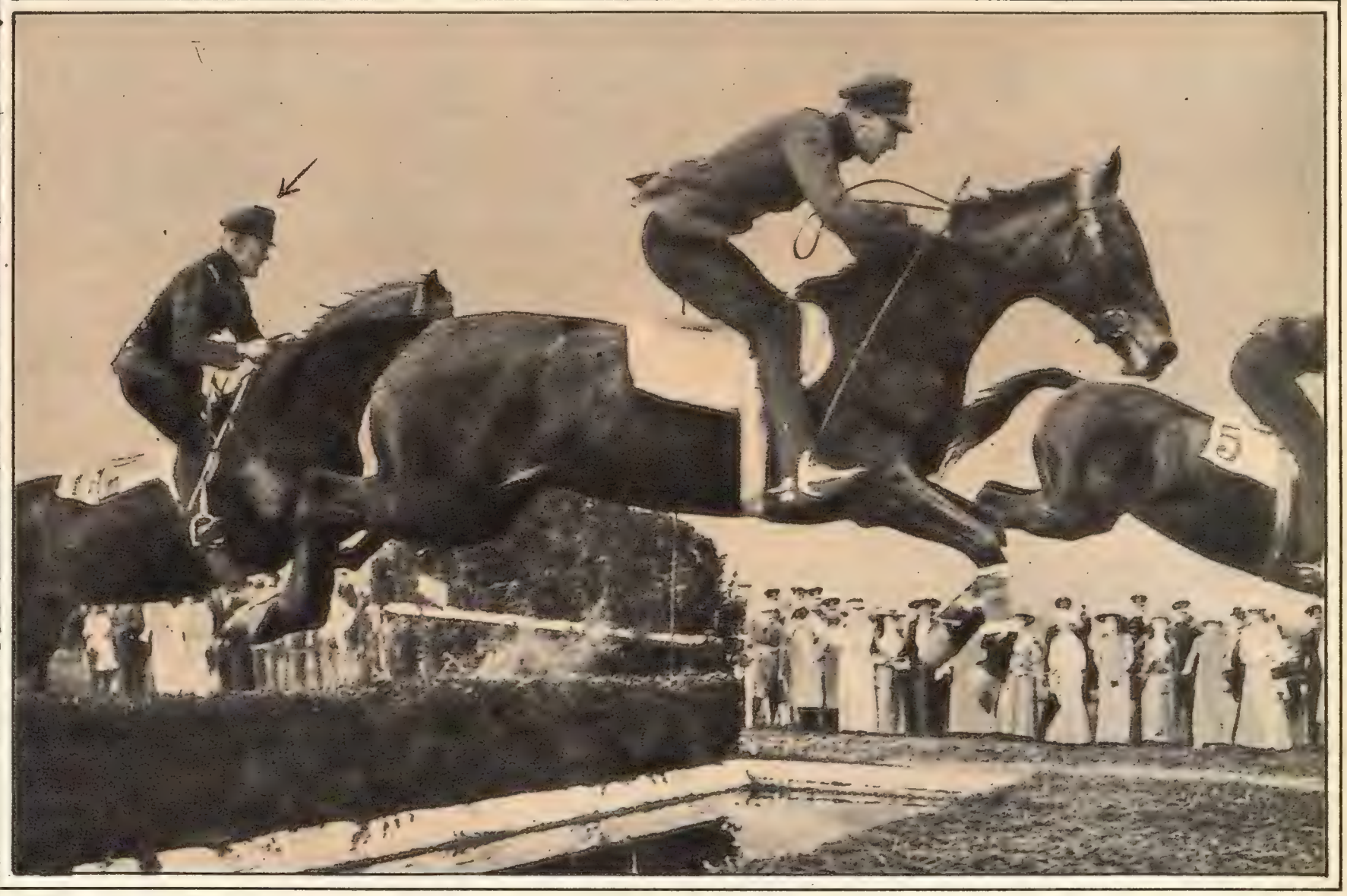
But he was a plucky devil. With me behind and above him, he even turned round and waved his arm at me, as though to say, "*Wie gehts.*" We went into circles again—fast and furious and as small as we could drive them. Sometimes I estimated the diameters of the circles at between eighty and 100 yards. But always I kept above him and at times I could look down almost vertically into his cockpit and watch each movement of his head. If it had not been for his helmet and goggles, I could have seen what sort of a face he had.

He was a fine sportsman, but I knew that in time my close presence behind and above him would be too much for him, particularly as all the time we were getting lower and lower and farther behind my lines. We were getting so close to the ground that he would soon have to decide whether he would have to land behind our lines or whether he would break the circle and try to get back to his own side. . . .

Apparently, the idea of landing and surrender never occurred to this sportsman, because suddenly he revealed his plans to escape by going into several loops and other maneuvers of equal folly. As he came out of them, headed back for his lines, my first bullets began whistling around his ears, because up to now, with the exception of his opening shots, neither one of us had been able to range on the other.

The battle is now close to the ground. He is not 100 yards above the earth. Our speed is terrific. He starts back for his front. He knows I am right behind him and close on his tail. He knows my gun barrel is trained on him. He starts to zigzag, making sudden darts right and left—right and left—confusing my aim and making it difficult to train my gun on him. But the moment is coming. I am fifty yards behind him. My machine gun is firing incessantly. We are hardly fifty yards above the ground—just skimming it. . . .

Now I am within thirty yards of him. He must fall. The gun pours out its stream of lead. Then it jambs. Then it reopens fire. That jamb almost saved his life. One bullet goes home. He is struck through the back of the head. His plane jumps and crashes down. It strikes the ground just as I swoop over. His machine gun rammed itself into the earth and now it decorates the entrance over my door. He was a brave man, a sportsman, and a fighter.



Richthofen's first flying was done in the saddle. He was an officer of a crack uhlan regiment before entering his country's air service, and is shown here at the left.

Hawker's silent gun over her dead son's door is not the prize that his mother likes to look upon. She does not like to think of Mother Hawker somewhere, and she does not like to think that her son's gun today rests in a similar place over the bedroom door of some other airman. But in Richthofen's bedroom is one trophy she loves and that brings moisture to her eyes as she touches it tenderly.

It is a square piece of brown pasteboard on which are three duck feathers, held there by red sealing wax. It was the first trophy of the boy that wore the curls. It is the proud symbol of his first "kill."

"We passed our vacations in the country with grandmother," Mrs. von Richthofen told me. "One day Manfred could not suppress his fast developing passion for hunting. He had his first air rifle and with it he killed three or four of grandmother's tame ducks that he found swimming on a little pond near the house.

"He proudly related his exploit to his grandmother and I started to reprimand him. His good old grandmother stopped me from scolding him because, as she said, he had been right in confessing his misdeed. Today, when I see those three duck feathers in his old room with all his trophies of war, I cannot keep back my tears."

THAT hunting passion which aided him so well in the air marked all his early life. He hunted for prey—and he hunted for the thrill of the hunt. To him it was the expression of living. He had a splendid physique and the keenest vision. His agility became a matter of comment at an early age when he mastered the trick of turning somersaults without using his hands.

His first exploits in the air were made by way of a large apple tree at the age of eight. He reached some difficult fruit on the uppermost branches and returned to the ground not by way of the trunk, but by swinging and bending on the ends of the lowest branches.

"An easily terrified mother is a great obstacle to the physical development of her children," Mrs. von Richthofen said. "When Manfred was little I believe many of my friends considered me rather a careless mother because I did not forbid him to engage in some of the feats he liked. But I was then, and am still, convinced children can only become agile if they are allowed such freedom as will enable them to judge what they can safely demand of their bodies."

The future ace knew the tingle that all humans feel on high places. At the age of ten he climbed the highest church tower in Wahlstatt, made a terrifying ascent over the eaves, and even mounted the uppermost lightning rod, to which he tied his pocket handkerchief.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Thirteen]

He said in after life that flying at dizzy heights, like 20,000 feet above the earth, never reproduced the same thrill that he had as a boy when he looked down on the town of Wahlstatt from the top of the steeple.

His daring extended even into the realms of the unknown, as, for instance, that time in his twelfth year when he had the temerity to hunt a ghost. There had long been a story that the Richthofen house was haunted since the time a man had hanged himself from the rafters in the attic. The boy with serious, questioning eyes made the old caretaker show him the exact spot from which the body had dangled.

He and his brother Lothar moved their bed to the attic and placed it under the spot. They arranged to spend the night there and trap the specter. His mother, together with his sister, decided to impersonate the ghost. During the night they crept to the attic and started rolling chestnuts across the floor. Manfred, who was asleep, was aroused by his younger brother's calling his attention to the unusual noise. The mother recounts that the elder boy was out of bed in an instant, brandishing a stick, and that she and her daughter saved themselves from blows only by hurriedly making themselves known.

Another view of the Richthofen home, showing a wall lined with trophies of the chase. The ace's father was a great huntsman—though of a more peaceful nature.

RICHTHOFEN'S father, a major in the German army. From the trenches he watched his son battling in the air.

Young Richthofen had no special inclination toward the life of a soldier. Concerning the decision that sent him away to a cadet school and marked him for a military career, he once wrote: "I was not particularly fond of being a cadet, but my father desired it and so I wasn't asked about it." Parental authority in the Richthofen home was supreme. Although the future ace had the natural hatred for discipline, his home life developed in him a great respect for superiors, unquestioning obedience to authority, and a keen sense of duty. He despised dishonesty because he considered it cowardly.

As a student he never distinguished himself. But in the gymnasium and on the sports field he found his chief interest. He suffered an early injury to one knee while performing on the bars, and for some time walked with a limp; but this handicap never interfered with his participation in sports. Boxing was not considered manly in Germany in those days, so Richthofen never had a glove on, and his youth barred him from dueling.

After eight years in the cadet corps, he became Herr Lieutenant in the fall of 1912, and, being assigned to the First Uhlan Regiment, named after the Russian Emperor, Alexander I, came first to know and feel the pride of superiority that the man on horseback feels to the man on foot. Richthofen said it was his proudest moment and that for the first time he began to love his duty and his life as a soldier. He liked to ride and to ride hard.

In the saddle he was willing to dare much, but it does not appear that his horsemanship equaled his intrepidity, because there are many stories of his frequent falls and mishaps. Once he was thrown and netted a cracked collar bone, and again at a horse show his mount took the water jump, but left the rider head foremost in the mud.

In one of these early incidents he displayed a Spartan endurance that won him the admiration of his fellow officers and commanders. It was in the cross-country ride for the Emperor's prize in 1913, and Richthofen, true to form, was pitched on his head. Again the collar bone snapped. Painful as it was, he mounted again, rode forty-five miles, and won the race.

WITHIN ten months of this date he was riding to war at the head of his men for the first time. His thoughts of flying were confined to the saddle, toward taking fences and hedges and charging across fields, when the Great War broke out. Quartered with his regiment in a little Silesian town six miles from the German-Russian frontier, he and his fellow officers did not believe it. So many times before, the orders had come to be in readiness to move and nothing had happened.

The cavalrymen, proud of their designation as the eyes of the army, followed orders, but ignored the growing clamor. It would not happen. The evening before the order to be in readiness to move was received, the uhlan mess was playing cards, eating oysters, and drinking champagne. All were gay, and no one thought the world was on the verge of a convulsion that was to last more than four years and from which but few present that night would emerge alive. Richthofen was twenty-two at the time.

The mother of a fellow officer had hastened to visit them, and they had laughingly assured her there would be no war, and she had invited the mess to a special dinner. In the midst of the celebration, a ranking officer from Army Headquarters opened the door and stood there silently. He gazed on the merriment with a stern and serious face. It was August 1, 1914.

HE was on a hastily ordered frontier inspection. From him they learned that all the bridges in the surrounding country had been placed under heavy guard that night and fortifying work was progressing on important places in the area. The news stopped the festivities only for a minute. It was merely another false alarm. War could not be. Life was too good. Peace was too sweet. Why war?

On the following day war became a reality. That night the officers who had attended the celebration invaded Russia.

Richthofen stood beside his horse in the courtyard of the barracks a few minutes before midnight. He had just made a final inspection of his men and horses. In his pockets he carried orders which he knew by heart. He had studied them daily for more than a year. He was six miles from the frontier across which he was to ride on the great adventure.

Using his saddlebag for a desk, he wrote the following:

Ostrowo, August 2, 1914.

MY DEAR PARENTS: These are to be my last lines, written in a hurry. My most hearty greetings to you. If we should never see each other again, take these, my most sincere thanks, for everything you have done for me. I leave no debts behind me. I have, on the contrary, saved a few hundred marks, which I am taking along with me.

Embracing every one of you, I am,
Your grateful and obedient son and brother,
MANFRED.

A sharp command, the rattle of equipment as the troops mounted, the sound of iron-shod hoofs on the cobbles, and they rode off into the night—to war.

Across the frontier into Russia—the swoop of the uhlans—the capture of a Russian town—the thunder of charging hoofs—ambushed in a forest—are thrilling incidents of the next installment, which reveals how a man who was a failure as a cavalryman changed his horse for an airplane and became the dreaded uhlan of the sky.

A Lady of LEISURE

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Story of a Forbidden Kiss in the Dark and What Came of It

By
WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

"WELL!" said Evelyn West, with a slight gasp. "I must say—I mean—well, I do think—"

She stopped, because she realized, all at once, that she didn't know exactly what she did think. Something—but what?

She had just been kissed—very thoroughly, very earnestly. And it really hadn't been usual for any man but Bob to kiss her so since she'd been married. It had happened before, to be sure, but not for some time. And—well, it seemed more—more important, this time. Possibly because Archie Bruce, now that she came to think of it, never had formed the habit of pecking at her cheek, the way pretty nearly every man you knew well enough to call by his first name did nowadays. He'd kissed her hand sometimes, but that had been all.

HE found a book, in time. Evelyn leaned back, relaxed. Neither of them heard Bob's car.

Evelyn looked at him now. But she couldn't see him very well, because, naturally, there wasn't much light. You don't get kissed as she'd just been kissed if there is, of course.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A LADY OF LEISURE Continued from Page Fifteen]

They were in a remote corner of the porch, at the club, and inside, the others were still dancing. Evelyn could hear the music. It was an awfully hot night, and she'd got tired of dancing, even with Archie, who danced better than any other man she'd ever known, and they'd come out to get cool. And the dance was still going on inside. Everything was still going on, everywhere, as if nothing had happened.

Well, nothing much had, after all. Or had it? That was just what she didn't quite know.

"I—look here, I'm awfully sorry," said Archie. "Eve—"

"Are you?" said Evelyn. "Then why—" She broke off with a sharp, high laugh. "No, you're not. You're not sorry a bit. Don't talk rot, Archie."

"Well—" he said, slightly disconcerted. "I mean—I suppose I mean I ought to be sorry."

"Ought you?" said Evelyn. "Maybe. I don't know! I don't think it matters—as long as you're not."

"Eve!" He said this in a low, tense voice, and his arms reached for her again.

"As you were!" she said. "Archie, this is a time for thought, not for action."

"If it doesn't matter so long as I'm not sorry—that means you didn't mind—"

"That doesn't follow. Do try to be rational, Archie. I—no, I didn't, of course. I expect I wanted you to. I don't think gents kiss girls very much unless they want them to. Do you?"

Archie didn't answer. He just looked at her. She hadn't thought he would answer. She didn't have to be able really to see him, much less to hear him speak, to know how he'd taken what she'd said. His mouth was open a little, she knew, and his eyes, if she could see them, would look more than ever like an Irish setter's. Archie was a darling, but he was a little dumb, poor lamb. She had no illusions about Archie. She'd had no need to create any. He was attractive enough without them.

Her mind kept racing on—about Archie, and Bob, and being kissed that way, and everything. It was funny. It was queer how having Archie kiss her like that had revealed, all in a flash, how her subconscious mind must have been working lately. She hadn't known she could possibly ever take Archie seriously till two minutes ago. She'd almost thrown the china at Bob a week ago because he'd got up on his ear about Archie.

SHE might have known, though, she reflected now. Bob never had been wrong about anything like that yet. Not that there'd ever been, before, anything that could compare to what she could see this might very well turn out to be. But there'd been—well, incidents. She'd always behaved herself; but she wasn't—she knew it very well—wholly monogamous by instinct. She wondered if anyone was.

Anyway, Bob always knew. He knew too darned much. She could carry on as she pleased with a man she didn't, and never would, care a snap of her fingers about. But Bob was always on the job in a second if she were really interested—damn him!

"Oh, dear!" she said disconsolately.

"It's all right, Eve," said Archie reassuringly. "It's all right, darling."

"Oh, blah!" retorted Evelyn impatiently. "What do you mean it's all right? It's as mixed up as anything could be!"

"I mean I love you and I'm going to take care of you," said Archie, in a low, stern voice. "I love you, Eve!"

"Yes, I know. And that makes everything perfectly simple, doesn't it?"

"It does if you love me. Oh, Eve—don't you?"

"Heavens—I don't know!" said Evelyn. "Maybe. I shouldn't wonder. It's just the sort of idiotic thing I would do—fall in love with you, when I've got a perfectly good husband of my own—and they're not so common as you'd think, either!"

"Then—" Archie was a simple soul, and a dogged one. He was all for more kissing. But Evelyn wriggled away.

"Don't—" she said almost sharply. "I can't think if you keep pawing me."

He was offended.

"I know I'm an awful pill not to be romantic and everything. But I want to think, and if I keep kissing you I can't—"

"Don't think!" Archie begged. "Trust your feelings, Eve."

"I will not!" said Evelyn. "I'd like to know where I'd be now if I'd always done that! In jail for bigamy or something—"

"Oh, Eve!" he said. "You do love me! Let me—"

"Stop it! Of course I want to kiss you—don't you know that? But if you think I'm going to have any nasty little backstairs affair, like Carrie Blake and Jean Nichols—!"

"Eve!" No husband could have achieved a more reproachful tone. "I won't have you comparing yourself to women like those—"

THAT made her laugh—and it was about time someone did, she thought privately.

"Oh, Archie—you lamb!" she said. "I love it—your being high-minded even while you're making love to another man's wife! But, you see, this is a condition, not a theory—isn't that it?"

"Grover Cleveland said that about the Venezuela crisis," said Archie. "I love you, Eve. I want you to divorce Bob."

"You hate yourself, don't you?" said Evelyn. "And, besides, Bob might object."

"No man has a right to try to hold a woman by force when he can't hold her by the strength of his love!"

"There's something in that," said Evelyn thoughtfully. "I've always said it was a woman's own fault if her husband played around with other women. I don't see why it shouldn't work both ways, do you?"

"No! Oh, Eve, I—"

"You know, Archie, people used to think there was something wrong with a divorced woman, even if her husband had beaten her and flaunted his mistresses in her face and everything." Evelyn went on with her idea as if Archie hadn't spoken. "I guess they were right, too—only they didn't know why. But if a man's in love with a woman when he marries her he won't go chasing off unless she falls down on her job. And I don't think a woman gets interested in other men, either, if her husband's on his job."

But Archie wasn't interested in the speculative workings of Evelyn's mind. He'd had his big, constructive thought for the night, and he wanted to keep on putting it into effect. Once more he tried to kiss Evelyn, and this time she let him. After all—

"I'm sorry! Didn't see—" said a man's voice.

Evelyn jumped. Bob would pick this moment to turn up, of course!

"Oh—it's you, Evelyn! Sorry again. Hello, Bruce."

Evelyn stood up; Archie had already jumped to his feet. She was furious. Getting caught like this! Degrading—cheap—silly!

"You knew perfectly well who it was, Bob," she said coldly.

"Yes," he said. "Forgive me if I seem stupid. But that doesn't, after all, seem to me to be the point—the exact moment, I mean, at which I recognized you. I may be reactionary, but the thing that matters, I can't help feeling, is—"

"We were going to tell you," said Archie sullenly. "You needn't stand there and preach at us."

How like Archie it was to put it like that, Evelyn thought. It made her furious again—with him now. She wouldn't have minded if Archie had said what he did out of cleverness, to commit her to something in spite of herself. But he hadn't. He'd said it because it was the sort of thing a man caught as he was in one of the earlier plays of Pinero would have said. Archie wasn't very adult.

"I see," said Bob.

Evelyn hated his being so quiet. He was dangerous when he was quiet like this, with his voice pitched half a tone below normal. She hadn't the faintest notion what he was going to say or do. One didn't, with Bob.

"Oh, the devil!" she said. "This is too messy. You'd better get out, Archie. Let's go home and talk things over, Bob."

"But—" Archie was persistent. "I don't like—I mean—West, you've got to understand—Eve and I—we haven't been hiding anything from you—we were going to tell you—we've only just found out ourselves—"

"Dear God!" said Evelyn. "All this talk—and the night before me!"

Evelyn went off to get her wrap. Bob departed to retrieve his hat. Then she went out to the end of the porch to wait for him to come for her with the car.

Routine. A nice, useful thing, routine! It got you through so many little crises, and it ought to be useful in a big one. That was what this was going to be—was already, in fact. Things had got rather out of hand, thanks to Bob's appearance and Archie's habit of thinking in familiar quotations.

Bob drove up, and she got in the front seat beside him. And after a minute Evelyn chuckled. She couldn't help it.

"Yes?" said Bob. "Something amusing?"

"Well, isn't it?" she said. "I mean—after all! You turned up like the man they used to shoot up through a trapdoor in the stage in the Christmas pantomimes!"

No comment from Bob. He wouldn't talk at all on the way home. She didn't like that. Nothing had ever happened to them before that Bob wouldn't laugh about. Still, it was asking a lot to expect him to laugh about this, she supposed. She did want to be fair.

BOB stopped at the front door to let her out. Then he took the car around to the garage, while she went in.

She did like her house. She'd made it herself—hadn't let a decorator come within a mile of it.

She'd been a good wife, Evelyn reflected, rather liking herself for it. She hated detail, really. And she could have had a career if she hadn't married Bob when she was nothing but a child. Lots of people had told her so. She did have talent. She could have written, or gone on the stage, or have become an interior decorator. She was an artist by birth and temperament. Bob never allowed for that. Archie understood that side of her perfectly; he'd seen it at once.

She grinned a little sheepishly. She knew what she was doing—bolstering up her own self-esteem, deliberately. She was going to need it all before she was done with Bob tonight. Bob wasn't a lawyer, with a growing reputation for his deadly and pitiless treatment of opposing witnesses, for nothing. She knew what she had to do—strike first; take the offensive. She wouldn't have a chance with Bob if he put her on her defense.

She was sitting back in a deep chair, smoking a cigarette and looking quite marvelous, when Bob came in. She looked at him. He went into the dining-room without a word; came back in a minute with a bottle and glasses and mineral water.

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" he echoed.

"I thought you would want to talk."

"I'm at your service. But—it was you who suggested that. I took it you had something to say."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"This is rather silly," she said. "This—

"I'm sorry! Didn't see—" said a man's voice.
"Oh—it's you, Evelyn!"

fencing. After all—you saw what you saw. You've a right to an explanation."

"That would be the—ah—conventional view," he agreed.

"And—it's a condition, not a theory, that confronts us, as Grover Cleveland said about the Venezuela crisis—"

"He said that about the tariff—in 1887, eight years before there was any Venezuela crisis," said Bob.

"WELL," she said, a little flattened, "he said it, anyway, and it's true, isn't it?"

"You should know," said Bob.

"Well, it is, then!" she said defiantly.

She felt herself going. She loathed Bob, but she also admired him beyond words. She might have known he'd have an entirely new tactical method just as she had figured out how to meet his old one! Damn Archie, anyway! Why, if he'd had to tell her about what Cleveland had said, hadn't he had it straight?

"It's obvious, isn't it?" she said desperately. "I mean—you know what's happened—you saw—"

"I know Bruce was kissing you, that's all," he pointed out.

"Well, I wanted him to—I'm glad he did!"

"I should have suspected that, I think. There is a certain element of mutuality about most kisses."

"Don't you object?"

"I confess to a certain lack of enthusiasm for the spectacle."

"Oh, stop talking as if I were a jury! Of course you don't like it. But it's your own fault."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It's always a man's fault if a woman is attracted by another man. It's a woman's, too, if her husband isn't true to her. I'd never have blamed you if I'd caught you kissing another woman—I'd have blamed myself."

Bob had been standing by the fireplace, sipping, now and then, the drink he had mixed. Now he drew up a chair.

"This is interesting," he said. "I wish you'd expand that."

"It's as simple as a, b, c!" said Evelyn. "Do you suppose I'd have bothered with Archie Bruce if I hadn't been bored to death? Dear Heaven—what sort of life do I lead? You marry me—you give me everything I need—you remove every obstacle from my life! I—I'm just your housekeeper.

"I might have had a career, too! I have talent—everyone knows it but you. I could have gone on the stage—been a writer—anything! Instead, I stay out here and amuse myself as best as I can, and always am ready to entertain you when you want me! I might as well be in a harem!"

"I see," said Bob.

"I doubt it!" said Evelyn waspishly. "And if you do you ought to have seen it ages ago!"

He said nothing. She waited.

"What are you going to do?" she asked finally—and hated herself for being the one to break the silence.

He got up, finished his drink.

"Go to bed," he said. "Silly idea, these dances. I've got to get the early train."

SHE awoke rather late. As she stirred she wondered why Marie hadn't brought up her coffee and rolls. It was after ten, and they were always to be brought at ten unless she rang earlier.

She pulled the bell cord that hung beside her bed. She waited. No one came.

She got up crossly, at last, and put on a negligée, and went downstairs. The table hadn't been cleared after Bob's breakfast; the dishes still stood at his place.

As she stood in the dining-room, staring, her eyes drawn together in a puzzled frown, Marie came through the swinging door from the pantry.

"Oh, Mrs. West, I was just going up to call you," said Marie. "The taxi's here—we're just going. Miss Betty's at school."

"Going?" Evelyn gave her a blank stare.

Tears stood in the girl's eyes.

"Mr. West—he dismissed us all this morning. He gave us our wages for an extra month."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A LADY OF LEISURE
Continued from Page Seventeen]

Evelyn stood perfectly still, every trace of expression banished from her eyes.

"Of course. I didn't—I'd forgotten it was today that you were to go," she said.

She was seething; but one had to keep up appearances.

"We're all sorry to go. We thought we were giving satisfaction, Mrs. West."

"It's not that, Marie. It's just—it's too complicated to explain—"

"Mr. West said we must catch the ten-forty. "But—I'd like to get your breakfast, Mrs. West."

"No; run along. Where's cook—and Olga?"

"In the cab, ma'am. I'll call them."

"No—no—never mind. Good-by, Marie."

She heard the car go off. Dully, she went upstairs, bathed, and dressed.

Feeling rather headachy, she came down, and wandered around in a strangely unfamiliar kitchen, getting herself fruit and toast and coffee.

THE coffee revived her and cleared her head.

She went to the telephone. No smiling voice said, "Number, please?" She gave a fierce little nod. Oh, Bob was thorough! He'd had the telephone cut off, too.

She put on a bright sweater and a sports skirt, and now she added a hat and went around to the garage for her coupé—Bob took the touring car to the station every morning, and left it there.

The garage was empty. No coupé! She went back into the house and looked at the clock. After eleven. At twelve she'd have to go for Betty at kindergarten. The child would have to have her lunch as soon as she came home, too. This wasn't her fault; she mustn't be allowed to suffer. Evelyn started lunch.

A little before three she caught her breath for the first time since she'd come downstairs. Lunch was out of the way; the dishes were washed; the house was in order. She'd answered a thousand questions about M'rie and Olga and cook. She'd explained why things didn't taste the way they usually did at lunch. Betty subsided, finally, and went off to play.

Evelyn had been trying all day to figure out what Bob's idea was. It seemed to her to be just silly, inflicting this series of petty annoyances upon her. It was funny, too. At least, she'd have thought it was if it had happened to anyone else.

Late in the afternoon Archie came around, looking worried and a little pale around the gills. She opened the door in an apron, said, "Oh, hello!" and fairly dragged him back to the kitchen.

SHE got up crossly, put on a negligée, and went downstairs.

"Sorry," she exclaimed, "but I've got to watch these damned potatoes or they'll scorch. And that youngster won't touch anything that's burned."

Archie gaped. He didn't understand at all. She got it through to him finally.

"I've been worried to death," he complained. "I waited for you to telephone, and when you didn't and you didn't I tried to get you; and first they said the number didn't answer, and then they said the line was out of order. My God—what a day I've had!"

"You!" said Evelyn. "What a day *you've* had! No wonder men have all the good jobs. Women haven't enough gall."

"I could see you lying here—he might have gone crazy and killed you!"

"Oh, stuff!" said Evelyn. "Bob's defended too many murderers ever to be one. This is a lot more like him."

And she chuckled. She couldn't help it. This was funny—you couldn't get away from that.

"Come on," said Archie. "We'll go for a drive and have tea somewhere."

She shook her head.

"Can't be done. Betty has to have her supper at six sharp."

"Do you mean you're going to do the housework—you?"

"Who else? Someone's got to see that the child's fed. It's not her fault that you kissed me."

She was busy, all the time, over the fire. She was flushed and rosy; Archie had never seen her look so well. And she was like a three-ring circus. Potatoes here, being boiled to make them ready to be mashed. Soup there, which had to stirred every now and then and tasted.

"You can't keep this up!" said Archie.

"I can—but don't worry, I won't!" said Evelyn. "What ideas have you got, if any?"

"You must leave him," said Archie promptly. "Oh, Eve—let me take you out of all this!"

He took a step toward her, his intentions plainly to be seen.

"Please!" she said, retreating. "Archie, I couldn't bear to be kissed when I looked like this. Oh, Lord—what's that?"

She lifted a hissing saucepan from the fire and scooped out a scorched potato. Then she sniffed.

"I guess the others are all right," she remarked, relieved.

She moved about, seeing to this and that. Archie followed her, stopping when she stopped, moving again when she moved.

"We've got a lot to talk over, you know," he said at last.

"I know; but you see how it is! Give me that colander over there, will you?"

He didn't know a colander from an egg-beater, and proved it. She got it herself, with a rush. He continued to follow her around. But it didn't get him anything. He gave up when Betty came home.

"I'll come around tomorrow early," he said. "This can't go on."

"It won't!" said Evelyn grimly. "Yes—come tomorrow, Archie, do."

Betty had her supper. She didn't think much of it. She insisted that the potatoes tasted smooty—scorched that meant, Evelyn supposed—and she made a face over her chop.

Evelyn heard Bob drive up as she was hearing Betty say her prayers. He was in the living-room, looking perfectly normal and quite cheerful, when she came downstairs. She broke down when she saw him, and grinned. He'd taken the first trick, and she might as well admit it and be a sport about it.

"Hello!" she said.

"Hello! How are you?"

"I'm a wreck. You are a brute, Bob."

He gave her a pained look.

"Sorry! Why?"

"As if you didn't know! But just what good do you imagine this performance is going to do? What's the idea?" she said. "Well, anyway, you can take me out to dinner."

"Sorry," he said. "Not tonight. I'm dining with the Blaines. They needed a fourth for bridge, and I happened to say you'd be kept at home looking out for Betty."

She didn't say a word. Bob opened up the local evening paper and read it with profound interest. He looked up after a while.

"I fancied you'd be wanting to see Bruce, too," he said. He looked at his watch. "Hello, it's later than I thought. I'll have to be going. I'll be rather late getting back, I'm afraid. Blaine said I'd have to take Mary Clarke home afterward."

SHE watched him, still stonily silent, as he went upstairs. He came down in white flannels and a blue coat, and a new and vivid necktie. Her lip curled.

"Well," he said, "so long. Oh, I don't have to get the early train. Eight o'clock will be time enough for breakfast."

"Oh, will it?" said Evelyn. "Bob—do you think that I'm going to stand for this?"

"I don't know," he said. "And—I'm not sure that I care. You see," he said, "this—this particular incident is just a climax, really, isn't it? I mean, your—ah—attention has wandered before, hasn't it? But last night was the first time you ever came out with your reasons. Your reasons for being—well, receptive toward extramarital osculation, as it were. You said it was my fault."

"So it was!"

"I'm inclined to agree. You made out rather a good case. I'd supposed I was doing rather well here—that you had the sort of establishment you liked, that you enjoyed your leisure. I was wrong. You've been bored to death, you tell me. The pragmatic test shows I was wrong in taking it for granted that this place was what it ought to be. It—well, it hasn't worked. So I abolished the organization.

"One of your complaints was that I'd removed every obstacle from your path. That can be remedied. With your permission, I'll continue to see to it that you're properly fed and decently clothed. Anything else you want, beyond these minimum needs, you can get for yourself. One of the ways you can get it, of course, is by asking me for it."

She turned her back, and he stopped talking and went out whistling—as usual, a little off key. Evelyn was standing by the mantel. Her eye fell on a wedding present—a china cat of a heavenly blue. It made the most gorgeous and satisfying crash against the bricks of the fireplace. She felt better as she contemplated the blue fragments against the red bricks.

Evelyn got her own dinner. She had to eat: one did, no matter what was going on. What was going on, anyway? She wasn't sure. But

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Why soup is the perfect one hot dish of the summer meal

IN THE summertime, naturally enough, your appetite ceases to enjoy many of the foods which are usually served hot at other times of the year. Cold meats, salads, iced foods and beverages now appear with regularity. So even more than ever it becomes important that your appetite and your digestion should have the benefit of a hot dish with the meal.

Indeed, a savory, hot, invigorating plate of soup is all the more appetizing and attractive at this time. It seems to taste better by very contrast with the rest of the menu. And those cold, inviting dishes you like so much in warm weather, take on added zest after a bracing soup has aroused and refreshed your appetite. For good soup stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and their freer activity promotes digestion.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

she felt surprisingly gay as she washed the dishes.

About 10 o'clock the doorbell rang, and she went to the door and found Archie.

"Oh, hello!" she said. "Come on in. Betty's in bed and I'm through work."

"Where's your husband?" said Archie grimly. "I'm going to have this out with him!"

"Oh, he went out for dinner and bridge. Heaven knows when he'll be home—he's got to taxi Mary Clarke over back of beyond, where she lives, first."

"Mary Clarke?" said Archie. "Isn't he—wasn't he—didn't he—"

"He used to be engaged to her ages ago, if that's what you want to know—yes!" said Evelyn. "Come in, if you're coming!"

She sounded like a shrew, and she knew it; and she couldn't help it, and she didn't care, anyway. But he came in, just the same.

"This can't go on," said Archie.

"Why can't it? What's to stop it?"

"I!" said Archie. "I'm going to wait till West comes home and have it out with him!"

"Oh!" said Evelyn. She looked at the clock. A quarter past ten. And there wasn't a chance that Bob would be back before twelve! "All right—if you want to."

"It's not what I want, darling — it's what's best," said Archie gently. "Trust me. Hereafter I shall stand between you and the world. You shall have leisure and freedom to develop your talents—"

"Leisure!" said Evelyn, and laughed hysterically. "I never knew until today what leisure was."

He let that pass. It didn't seem to mean anything, but it didn't matter.

She sat down. So did he, beaming.

"There will be room for beauty in your life," he went on. "There will be—"

"Archie—" Her voice was a little desperate. "I—I'm so tired—would you mind if we—if we just sat and read? I—I'm really too tired to talk tonight."

He took it very well. He really was a lamb.

"Are you reading something?" he said. "Can I get your book?"

"Yes! That detective story over there on the table—the one with the green cover—"

He brought it to her tolerantly.

"I shall have to direct your reading later," he said. "Let me see—I dare say I can find something—"

He strolled over to the bookcases beyond the piano.

"You might try some American history," she said, her voice slightly acidified. "It was about the tariff, not about Venezuela, that Cleveland said it was a condition, not a theory—"

"Eh?" said Archie, honestly puzzled. Then he laughed. "Oh, was it?"

He found a book, in time, and lighted a cigar, and settled down, opposite her. Evelyn leaned back, relaxed, and read her detective story. But once in a while she raised her eyes and looked at him. At other times she nodded for a moment, and then roused herself. She was very sleepy. Eleven o'clock. Twelve. Still Archie read.

"Darling, darling—" he murmured, and kissed her. Then—

She Told on Herself

A story of a woman with a guilty conscience

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

In Next Week's LIBERTY

NEITHER of them heard Bob's car. But they heard him come in the house. He saw to that. He whistled; he coughed; he all but knocked over the table in the hall on which the card tray stood.

"Hello!" he said. "Ah, Bruce! Thought that was your car outside."

Archie rose.

"Good evening, West," he said ponderously. "I — ah — thought we'd better have things out."

"Quite," said Bob. "Just as you say. You and Evelyn, of course."

"Eve and I—" Archie began.

He looked at Bob—and at Evelyn.

"Yes?" said Bob encouragingly.

"Well—what are you going to do?" said Archie. "That's what I—what we—want to know!"

"I see," said Bob. "I don't know."

"There's no use in temporizing!" said Archie vehemently. "Our minds are made up—"

"I'm not temporizing," said Bob mildly. "Only—after all, you know, the fact that your mind is made up doesn't wholly deprive me of my right to make up my own along different lines."

"You can't hold Eve against her will!"

Bob bowed. He looked at Evelyn. She said nothing.

"You've starved her spirit ever since she married you! You've subordinated her—her talent—to the humdrum task of being your housekeeper! Today you've humiliated her by turning her into a drudge — a cook — a maid-of-all-work! She's going to be free—free to develop her mind. She's going to have leisure to—"

"Oh, stuff and nonsense, Archie!" said Evelyn, getting up. "I've been an idiot, and you're being one now."

She faced them both. For Bob she had a deprecating, sheepish smile. Then she turned to Archie.

"I'm sorry, Archie. You'd better go along."

He stared, amazed, disconcerted, utterly bewildered.

"Eh?" he said. He did look like an Irish setter, Evelyn thought again. As handsome and—and as dumb.

"I'm sorry," she said again. "But—it's all off, Archie."

"But—but—don't you love me?"

"No," she said. "I'm sorry—but I don't; not a bit."

"But—your career—your stifled talents?"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Evelyn. "Why couldn't I have had all the career there was? Nothing to do from morning to night except to tell three of the world's best servants what to have for dinner—and if I forgot, it didn't matter: they had it anyway! If I'd had any talent I could have developed it all right—if I'd had any guts! Go away, please, Archie—right away—now."

He went. What else could he do? He went—with Bob helping him, with grave courtesy, to find his hat and stick.

Evelyn was still standing by the fireplace when Bob came back into the living-room. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. He didn't say a word. He seemed to be giving serious thought to the notion of smoking a pipe.

"Bob—" said Evelyn.

"Well—?"

"Love me?"

"Idiot!"

THE END

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Why Every Actress Wants to Play "CAMILLE"

NORMA TALMADGE *as the seductive* Camille *transplanted to a modern setting.*

Woman's Ideal Romance— Love, Joy, Sacrifice— Was Hers

Says NORMA TALMADGE

Harold Seton photo

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *Jr., who conceived the famous character of fiction.*

CAMILLE knew love, passion, and remorse. That is why I chose to play the part; that is why every actress wants to play it. When *Camille* loved, really loved—and she loved only once—she loved without counting the cost. Her passion was deep, profound, consuming. And her remorse pierced her soul.

Not that there is anything mysterious about these emotions—all people feel them. But the "Lady of the Camellias" had the courage of her emotions. They absorbed her—they went over her like the waves of a violent surf.

In every rôle that actresses consider, they look for a combination of emotions that in *Camille* are perfectly blended. To be absolutely frank, it gives them more chance to act. An actress always searches for a part that gives her a complete range of emotions to play on. I had, of course, many new rôles to choose from, but always my mind reverted to *Camille*. The rôle of Alexandre Dumas' greatest heroine seems to be to an actress what a canvas is to Zuloaga, what a stage is to David Belasco, and what a good plot is to John Galsworthy.

Camille had become an obsession with me. Do you remember George Sand's answer to someone who asked, "How do I know that I'm a writer?" "If it's an obsession," she said.

I read the book five years ago. Ever since I have been preparing for the rôle. I have based my portrayal on Marie Duplessis. Dumas based his *Camille* on her. Why shouldn't I? She was a young French girl who had an extraordinary sex appeal. Dumas knew her at the height of her popularity. His novel is practically the story of her life.

When I was in Paris a few years ago I saw the house she lived in. It is near the Church of the Madeleine. And I saw her grave in the Montmartre Cemetery. Here is a strange and pathetic fact that I found out: For quite a while after her death, girls of her kind often left a few camellias on her grave with their names and addresses on cards, to catch the attention of men passers-by. Poor creatures! In the midst of death they had to think of living.

I went everywhere in search of facts about her. I dived into memoirs, magazines, newspapers, anything to find out something of that girl with the mysterious charm. Often I read all afternoon in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Isn't it interesting that often, hidden away in the middle of an article, will be the most reveal-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Foremost in the Brilliant Society of Europe

PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT ~ DUQUESA DE ALBA

AMONG the many distinguished and beautiful women high in the ranks of European society, perhaps no two are more unlike than the Princesse Eugène Murat and the Duquesa de Alba.

The Princesse Eugène Murat, granddaughter of Maréchal Ney, Napoleon's brilliant officer, and wife of a leading prince of the historic family Murat, is a leader in the most interesting circles of French society. Vigorous, original, dominating, she is French—and an aristocrat—to the backbone.

The Duquesa de Alba, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of Spain mingled with a noble strain from the England of the Stuarts, plays a vivid role in Court society at Madrid and San Sebastian. And all Europe pays tribute to her romantic youth and beauty!

Different though they are, this Princesse and Duquesa have much in common—both take the same pride in maintaining the high standards which tradition demands of them. Each knows that charm and refinement of appearance still play an important role in women's lives; that in today's brilliant pageant of European society, beauty keeps its place of first importance.

The glamour of the centuries of Spanish grandees lives again when the Duquesa de Alba dons the national costume

BOTH believe that a clear, fresh skin should be carefully guarded. "I know of no better way," says the Princesse Murat, "to protect it from the pilfering of years than by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams." The Duquesa de Alba, says: "In using Pond's Two Creams, I have found my skin to be receiving the sum of all good care."

All the world has learned to depend upon these Two cool, delicate Creams prepared by Pond's. Your skin will be clearer, firmer, finer, if you give it every day the following care:

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For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day, pat this light cleansing cream generously over face, throat and hands. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing and let it stay until morning.

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For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly—over face, throat, hands. Do this after every daytime cleansing with the Cold Cream and always before you powder, and before going out into wind, dust or hot sun.

For this delicate cream not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder softly, naturally, but it gives unfailing protection from the irritation caused by dry winds, dust and soot. Mail the coupon for free tubes.

The DUQUESA *de* ALBA

Aristocrat to the manner born—fourteen times a Spanish grandee, Seventeenth Duquesa de Alba and Tenth Duchess of Berwick. The very name spells romance! She is moreover, fashionable, young and perhaps the most beautiful woman attached to the Spanish Court today. The Palace of Liria at Madrid is her home, but the smart world of Paris and the chic resorts pay tribute to her beauty. Dream shadowed eyes with velvet depths, soft dark hair brushed simply back, skin of moonflower whiteness—these weave the Duquesa de Alba's irresistible allure

The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

A vivid, interesting figure in French society. In Paris she entertains in her house in the Avenue d'Eylau, while on her country estate, near Versailles, she indulges her hobby for breeding white animals. Violette Ney by birth, a great granddaughter of Maréchal Ney whom Napoleon I created Prince of Moscow, she married into one of the leading Catholic families of France whose founder married Napoleon's youngest sister

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

ing fact? For instance, Jules Janin, a French critic of that time, wrote in his story of Marie Duplessis that one evening in the green-room of a theater, she came over to a table at which he was sitting with Liszt.

"It was difficult to tell," he said, "whether she was a duchess or a courtesan. She told Liszt that his music had set her dreaming. His music had set her dreaming—doesn't that give you some light on the girl? Doesn't it make you realize that she was *not* just a conventional, pleasure-loving, soulless demimondaine?

The part really prepared me for itself. I found that I had planned many details of my acting long before the camera was turned on me. When you face a camera, what you feel is revealed not only in your face but in your entire body. I couldn't play a rôle I didn't believe in. I wouldn't dare face the camera, for the camera has the subtlety of Whistler and the breadth of Michelangelo.

Albert Davis Collection

Many people have asked me whether I thought the screen could better reveal the story of this young courtesan than the stage. My feeling is that the scope of the screen is much greater. One is able to show the many small events in a character's life that change a destiny. All these can be caught and registered for the screen. But of course I would favor the screen! I can't imagine any form of expression that equals it. It is my life and has brought me tremendous happiness.

I HAVE made the picture with a modern background — modern, because *La Dame aux Camélias* belonged to no particular period. She is universal. She has lived and will always live—the woman who sacrifices herself for love. After all, there isn't much difference between 1847 and 1927. A difference of clothes, perhaps, but our nerves react to the same forces. It seemed easier for me not to play the part in costume, as I didn't want to be conscious of anything but emotions.

I don't mean that the clothes didn't enter into my analysis of the part. Of course they did. I loved having them made for me, those romantic, voluptuous things that I am sure such a woman as *Camille* would wear—very different from what my usual parts require.

Here was a chance to give full vent to floating draperies, exotic jewels, and exquisite headdresses, not to mention the background against which she lived, with its French furniture, canopied beds, and the thousand and one things with which she would surround herself.

While my costumes were being selected for the rôle, Madame de Gresac, author of the screen adaptation of Camille, presented me with a gift that romanticized the character I was interpreting more than ever. The gift was the white cashmere shawl that actually had been worn by Marie Duplessis.

After her death Dumas bought a number of her possessions. The one he treasured most was this shawl that he often had seen her wear. Always cold, Marie Duplessis was called by her friends *La Petite Frileuse*. Dumas willed this shawl to Victorien Sardou. Madame de Gresac, goddaughter of Sardou, inherited the shawl from him.

I felt intensely touched by this gift — there seemed something of Marie Duplessis left in the frail cashmere shawl.

Occasionally one is able to catch that intangible thing called atmosphere. This may be a difficult thing to put in words, but what we always try to get when we are working on a picture is a certain sense of reality, even though we are aware of the roofless houses, Kleig lights, and cameras.

Charles L. Kitzman photo

SARAH BERNHARDT and Eleonora Duse (above), two of a host of famous actresses who have portrayed the Lady of the Camellias.

It's only once in a blue moon that one gets lost in the glamour of a story. But that is what happened in Camille.

We would come to the studio each morning, and somehow, day by day, the sets seemed to become real. Often, long after we were through, we would sit about the rooms. And you only do these things when you are happy at your work. Such a thing comes only with a great and true work. Even those interpreting it are caught by its depth and significance.

Here's a strange fact I discovered in my research about the play: When it was first written the part was refused by every actress in Paris. Then, after it had gone begging for months, it was picked up and played by Mme. Eugénie Doche, who needed a part very badly because she had been ill and off the stage for a long time. So Mme. Doche goes down in history as the first to play *Camille*.

SINCE then it is probably true that *Camille* has been played by more and greater actresses than any other rôle in the world. Of course I feared it. I knew I would have to stand comparison with the greatest. It was the part that won Sarah Bernhardt her first universal praise. Eleonora Duse played *Camille* to cheers and tears, though quite differently. And there were so many others—Helena Modjeska, Clara Morris, Réjane, Fanny Davenport, Nance O'Neill, Olga Nethersole, Margaret Anglin, Ethel Barrymore.

No wonder that *Camille* has been called the world's greatest emotional rôle.

If there can be such a thing, *Camille* has become the standard by which great actresses are measured. Do you blame me for fearing it?

Nowadays, sophisticates are likely to slur over Camille as a rather drippy piece of romance. But the story needs no defender.

After all, it has lived for eighty years and its appeal is as strong today as it was in 1847.

As great a stylist as Henry James has described the story in these words:

> Written by Dumas when he was twenty-five, Camille remains, in its combination of freshness and form and of the feeling of the springtime of life, a singular, an astonishing piece of work. The novel and the play have been blown about the world at a fearful rate, but the story has never lost its happy juvenility, a charm that nothing can vulgarize. It is all champagne and tears—fresh perversity, fresh credulity, fresh passion, fresh pain. We have seen the play both well done and ill done—in strange places, in barbarous tongues. But nothing makes any difference—it carries with it an April air: some tender young man and some coughing young woman have only to speak the lines to give it a great place among the love stories of the world.

THE END

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THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Paramount News

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EMANUEL COHEN EDITOR

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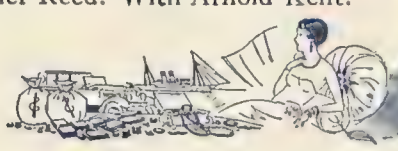
Esther Ralston in Ten Modern Commandments

ESTHER Ralston, blonde goddess of the screen, explains the code of the modern jazz girl and shows how it works. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

Florence Vidor in The World at Her Feet

FLORENCE Vidor, aristocrat of the screen, as an actress who fights her way to the heights of fame only to make an amazing discovery. A love story with a tremendous appeal to all women. Directed by Luther Reed. With Arnold Kent.



Rolled Stockings

With Louise Brooks and James Hall

EVERYBODY wants to see the stars of "Fascinating Youth" again, so here's another with the same faces and some new ones. With Louise Brooks, James Hall and the Debutantes of 1927. Directed by Richard Rosson.

Coming Soon!

A Drama of the Wilderness

CHANG

PRODUCED by Merian Cooper and Ernest Shoedsack in the untamed jungles of Siam, with only natives and wild beasts of the jungle in the cast!

Old Ironsides

PRODUCED by James Cruze, story by Laurence Stallings with Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell.

The Rough Riders

VICTOR Fleming production with Noah Beery, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft, Mary Astor and Frank Hopper.

Wings

The epic of the American Ace. Directed by William Wellman. Starring Clara Bow.

The Wedding March

A romantic story of old Vienna. Directed by and starring Eric von Stroheim.

To Every Guest Bad Air Whispers

DON'T COME BACK

That shy young couple who occupied a table in the far corner the other night—why didn't they come again? The elderly gentleman who wanted his meal in a hurry—and got the best service you knew how to give—why haven't you seen him since? The lady who told you how deliciously your salad was prepared—why hasn't she been back?

Why don't more of your casual customers become regulars? You watch the quality of your food; you plan menus carefully; your cooks are experienced and capable.

But what about Bad Air? Do you permit this thief of profits to linger and insult your guests with smoky, greasy fumes from the kitchen; to kill their appetites with stale odors of other meals? Do you allow him to whisper "Don't come back," as each guest departs?

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Conduits	1 to 10 minutes
Ship Holds	10 minutes
Kitchens (Home)	2 to 3 minutes
Laundries	5 minutes
Theatres	5 to 10 minutes
Assembly Halls	5 to 10 minutes
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*This table based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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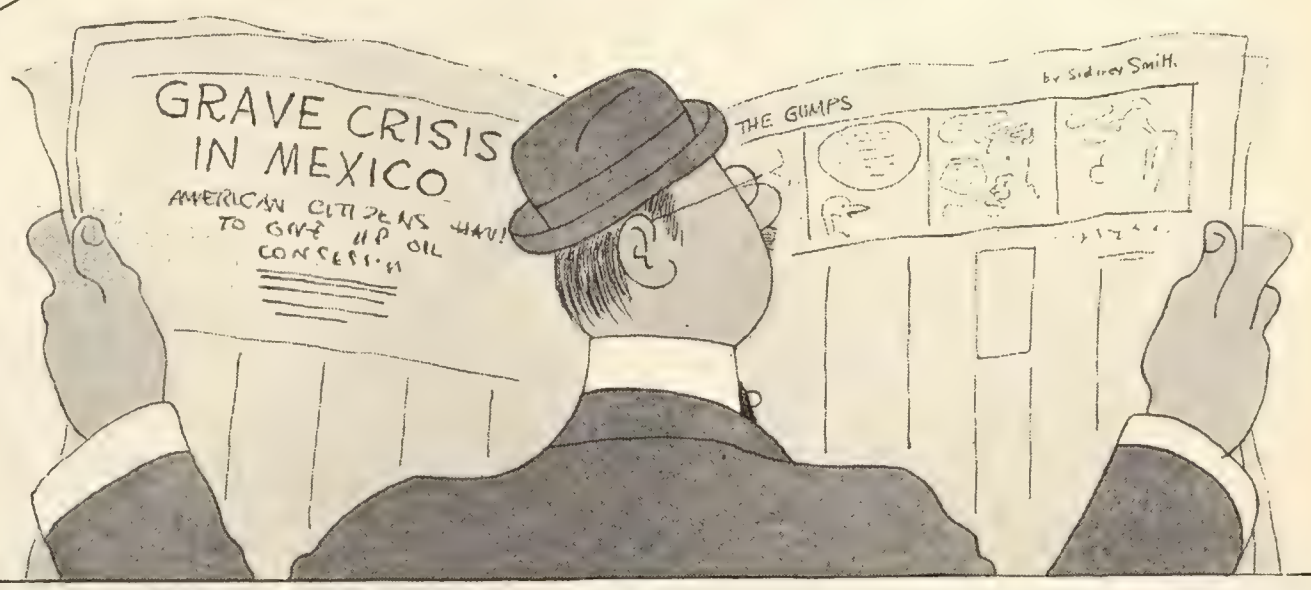
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

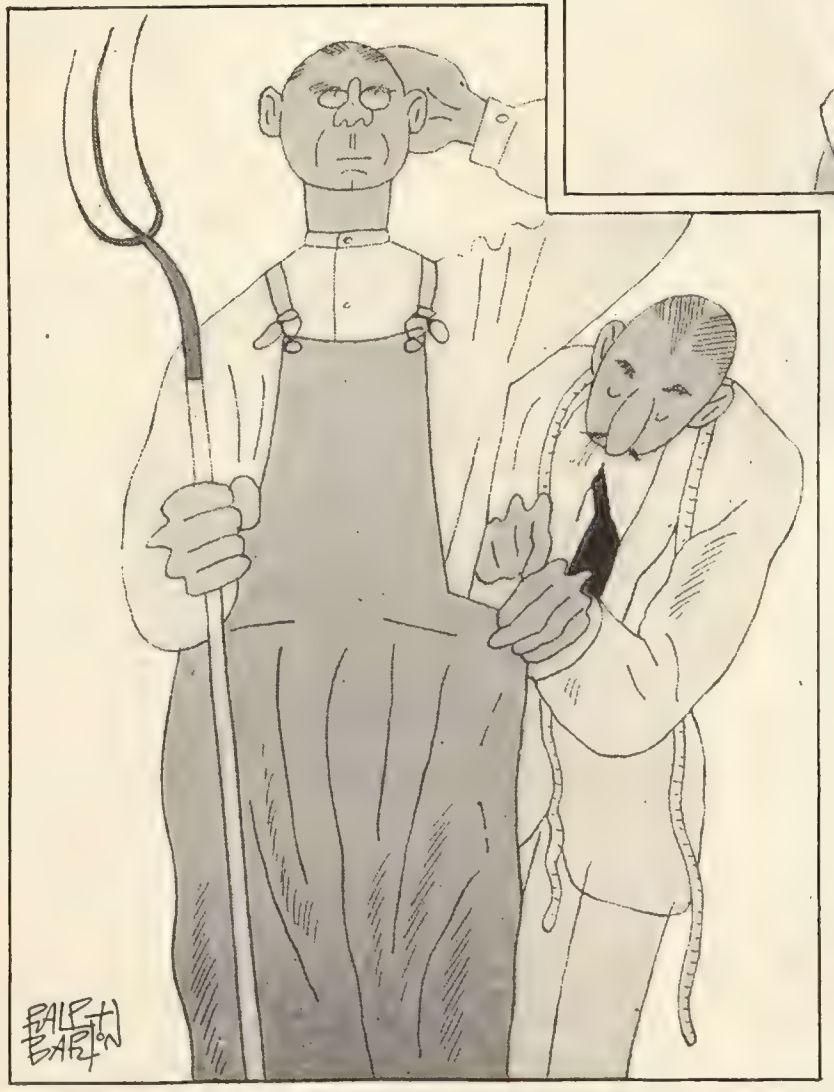
By RALPH BARTON

AN ACTOR WHO DISLIKES BEING PHOTOGRAPHED! Friedrich Kühne, German actor, hiding his face from the camera before the *Festspielhaus* in Salzburg. (Affidavits attesting to the authenticity of this photograph have been deposited with the United States Bureau of Standards, where they may be examined by the incredulous.)

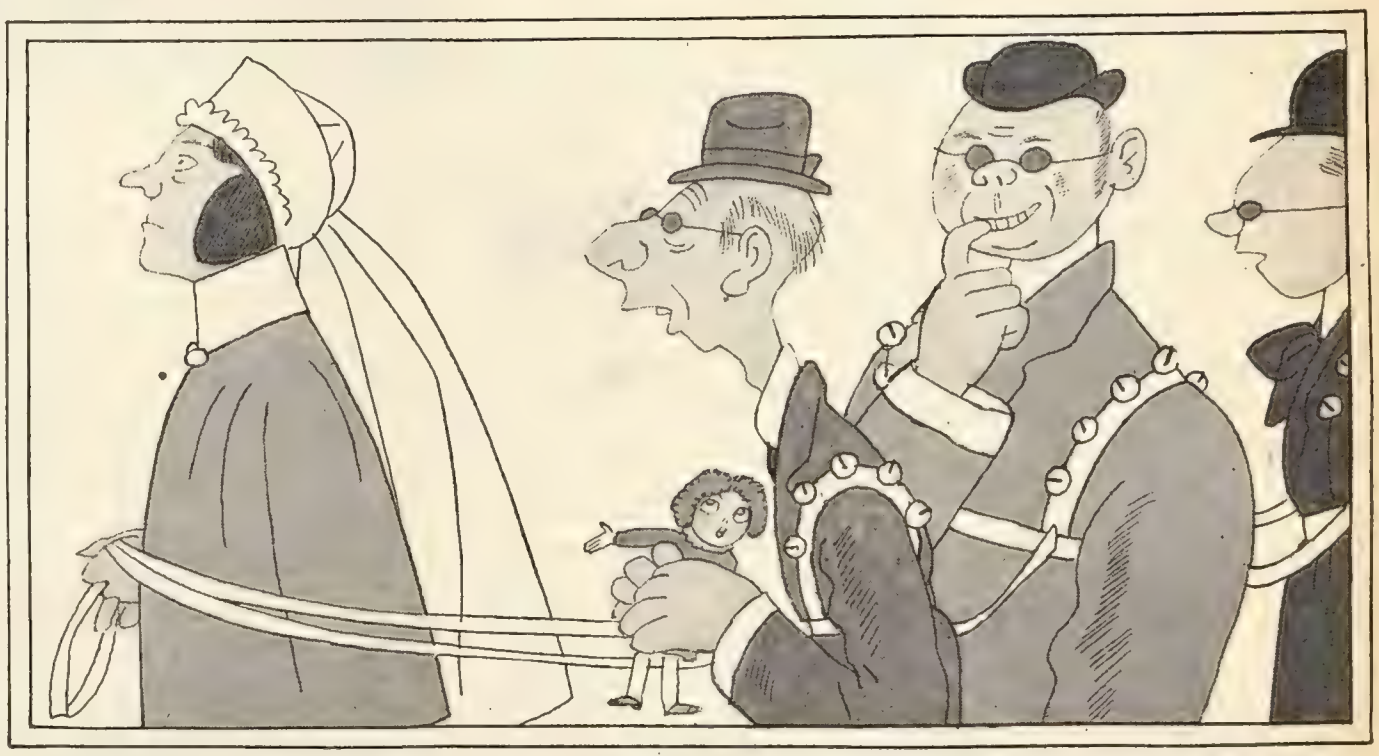
HOW AMERICAN TOURISTS IN EUROPE THIS SUMMER CAN HELP TO MAKE THINGS WORSE INTERNATIONALLY: A pocket mallet and chisel, for collecting souvenirs, have been found even more effective than chasing the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco or expectorating from the Eiffel Tower.



WHAT DOES MORE TOWARD PREVENTING WAR THAN FIVE HUNDRED DISARMAMENT CONFERENCES and a hundred years of actual disarmament: The public's utter indifference to the oil interests' recent bid for a little war in Mexico.



NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THE PARTY: Hopeful candidate getting himself fitted out in the old hokum overalls and pitchfork to round up a few farmer votes in the coming campaign.



APOLOGY. This picture, printed in the Graphic Section last month with the caption, The Pennsylvania Board of Moving-Picture Censors Out for an Airing, turns out to be actually an airing of the Philadelphia Home for the Feeble-Minded. Our mistake—and we apologize to those of the Pennsylvania Board who can read.

JUNGLE *Shadows on the* Screen

Two Adventurers Dodge Tigers to Make a Film of Primitive Life in Siam

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE screen has another record of primitive human life to take its place with Nanook of the North, Moana, and Grass. Indeed, this newcomer, Chang, was filmed in Siam by the men who made Grass—Major Merian Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack.

The cable and the wireless have eliminated the war correspondent. But the movie news cameraman has fallen heir to this field of adventure. Schoedsack was a news photographer. Major Cooper was a soldier of fortune. They met in the Polish trenches.

Both are Americans. Cooper was born in Florida. He was a student at the Annapolis Naval Academy, but did not graduate. In turn he was a sailor in the merchant marine and a newspaper reporter. He served with the American troops on the Mexican border in 1916 and was an aviator in the World War, rising to the rank of captain. After the Armistice, Cooper joined a squadron of Polish aviators and fought against the Soviet forces. He was captured twice.

Schoedsack, on the other hand, was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, although he calls himself a Californian. For two years he was a cameraman with Mack Sennett. In those days Gloria Swanson was featured in one-reelers and Wallace Beery, then her husband, was captain of the Keystone cops.

Schoedsack next became a news-reel cameraman, hunting adventure, after the Armistice, in Poland, Greece, and Turkey. It was in Poland, as already noted, that Cooper and Schoedsack met.

Their first venture, Grass, was filmed in Persia. It presented the annual migration of a primitive tribe in search of food for its cattle. The film was enthusiastically received, but Cooper and Schoedsack had been forced to cut their plans through lack of funds. Grass was not completely the picture they had hoped to make.

They had a new idea—to get a more searching study of man in combat with nature. A jungle was to be the background. They took the idea to Jesse Lasky, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. He financed it personally, just as he did the recent making of Stark Love.

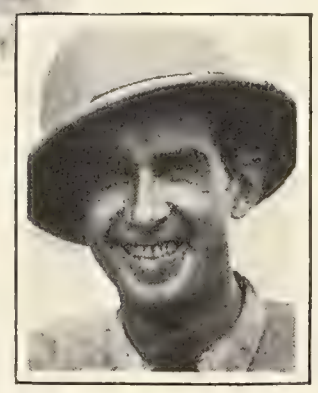
With the financial problem solved, Cooper and Schoedsack started out to find their jungle.

They searched Indo-China and lower Siam, but everywhere the jungle had given way before the automobile. Finally they found the Nan district of North Siam, near the Indo-China border. This is not a large region, but its people—the Laos—are still face to face with the primal problems of existence. Here tigers still have almost as good an average as pyorrhea on Broadway. Then began the difficult task of winning the natives. The plan was to show how a native family faced the saber-tooth problems of the jungle. It was not possible to get a ready-made family with camera qualities, so a composite group of husband, wife, and three children was assembled.

A close-up of a real villain.

Chan Tui, native Lao heroine of Chang, with two full-grown gibbons. The white gibbon is Bimbo, the comedian of Chang.

Major Merian Cooper, whose rifle kept the "extras" from eating the leads.



Ernest B. Schoedsack, photographer of Grass and Chang.

Soon the hero, one Kru, was speaking pretty good American, and the native crew could rig up a stalwart camera platform of logs and vines in a few minutes. These had to be built at varying heights, according to the camera needs of the moment. One was ninety feet in the air.

The two adventurers had plenty of thrills in filming Chang. Once a tiger jumped up a tree in which Schoedsack was perched with his camera. The force of the leap carried the animal's nose nearly into the camera's lens. Watch for this shot in Chang.

In catching the remarkable sequence where a wild herd of maddened elephants charges the native village, Schoedsack, six feet four, held his post until the trumpeting pachyderms were within twenty-five yards. Then he dropped into a prepared pit and filmed the elephants as they thundered by. The protecting logs just above him bent a bit, but they held. This scene was filmed from a tree, too, by Cooper, whose usual task was to cover the animal participants with his rifle while Schoedsack did the camera work.

This climax to Chang is an amazing thing, for the elephants completely wipe out the settlement. You are not likely to see a more thrilling scene on the screen in a long time.

Major Cooper did his bit in clearing up the Siamese tiger menace. Frequently the tiger you see leaping from one shot to another is not the same animal. Often it was a case of Schoedsack, the native hero, or the tiger, and Major Cooper picked off the animal. That, of course, meant hunting up another tiger to continue. Consequently, Chang took eighteen months in all; fourteen in the jungle itself. In watching Chang, too, watch for the Sennett touch. Schoedsack has a scene where a tiger chases a pet white gibbon that out-Sennetts Mack himself. Indeed, Chang is the first film of this kind with a lot of comedy.

Do you know that—

Anna Karénina is going to be released under the title of Love? . . . Pauline Starke is leaving Metro-Goldwyn to free-lance? . . . Paradise Alley will be the title of Mary Pickford's new five-and-ten-cent-store comedy? . . . Clara Bow, threatened with a breakdown from overwork, is taking a vacation?

"Why do I?" asked the Grocer

"Why do I sell Heinz 57 Varieties?" asked the grocer.

"I'll tell you why—and it's a good 'why'.

"Some years ago a salesman came into the store and introduced himself as the Heinz man.

"Full up," said I, "don't want a thing, so don't open your sample case.

"Well, that young fellow came right back at me—'I'm not here to *sell* you anything— I'm here to *tell* you something, and if that's the only thing I do today, then I'll call it a good day's work'.

"Go ahead," said I.

"Said he"—'Did you ever hear of a food concern that developed its own tomato seed under a million square feet of glass, grew the seedlings in its own hot houses, supervised the growth of the tomatoes until they were red on the vine, and then converted them into Tomato Ketchup the same day they were picked?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern that sent its own buyers to a dozen different parts of the world to procure spices where they actually grow, instead of buying them at home, on paper sight unseen?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern that picked over beans twice by hand in order to have every bean perfect?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern which really baked its beans, in real ovens, to make them delicious, golden brown, easy-to-digest?—

'Did you ever hear of an olive oil producer who used only the first pressing for his olive oil, or of an importer of olive oil who pressed his own oil at the source abroad?—

'Did you ever hear of a pickle house that made its own vinegars and aged them in the wood to develop the finest flavor, aroma, and zest?—and that, by the way, is what makes Heinz Pickles so good—Heinz own vinegar.'

"Well, sir, that young fellow talked on for a full hour—told more about real pure food making than I had ever dreamed of.

"Then he said: 'That's it. That's why I represent the House of Heinz. I quit selling food long ago. Now, I'm selling quality—not just merchandise.'

"I've been a Heinz 57 dealer ever since. Why, you might just as well take the furnace from under my store as to take the 57 line off my shelves.

"Why?

"Because the quality of the 57 line means prestige for my store and myself.

"Because if the House of Heinz has built its success on quality, so can I.

"And there is this about it—the House of Heinz makes the 57 Varieties the best it knows how, then adds only a reasonable price for its services. "The best or nothing" is its motto.

"That is why the House of Heinz has been in business for 58 years. It has built its business on quality—and that's good enough for me." • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

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Proud of their athletic prowess — their graceful suppleness — their clear bronzed skin! — The modern man! — The modern girl! In whatever sport they engage, this out-of-doors age demands that they look the part. If swimming, they must be as trim coming out of the water as before getting wet. Since every eye is a searchlight, an ill-fitting water garment, though a bargain, is no longer tolerable. To appear on the beach today as a Raggedy Andy or Raggedy Anne is unpardonable.

TRIMNESS — AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY

When selecting your swimming suit, strive to banish all fear of criticism by insisting on a good one — one that will richly adorn your body — fit as perfectly as though fabricated by nature — rival in smoothness the sleek coat of the seal. You need exercise only a little vigilance — look for the Wil Wite label. The fit of this swimming suit is designed into it — lasting part and parcel of it. Modestly conceals yet charmingly reveals the graceful contours of the body! The trimmest swimming suit you have ever seen! If you accept a substitute, you are sure to be sorry. The better shops clear across the country are now displaying it. Style folder, "The Sealskin of Swimming Apparel," free on request.*** Olympia Knitting Mills, Inc., Olympia, ("End of the Old Oregon Trail") Washington.

Wil Wite

The Sealskin of Swimming Apparel

Bunker Hill

The True Story of the First Real Battle of the Revolution

An Article by CLIFFORD RAYMOND

THE Battle of Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill was fought in the afternoon of an exceptionally hot June day—the 17th, 1775. New England militiamen, in a redoubt behind breastworks and back of a stone and rail fence stuffed with hay that had been drying on the fields, met the British regulars in three charges and nearly won their fight.

If there had been a better headquarters organization behind them, they might have kept the hills on which they had intrenched themselves the night before. When they were forced out, their furious commander demanded other regiments, that he might go back that night and chase the British to their boats.

Their success was the success of virtues that were their own. Their failure was the failure of an extemporized militia command to meet the staff requirements of a battle.

They lost the hills, but they accomplished their purpose. The British did not again attack the patriot lines. The siege of Boston continued, and nine months later to a day the enemy took to his ships and sailed away, evacuating the city.

The Revolution had begun, but it was not known then that it was for national freedom. It was then a fight for English rights under the British crown. The Declaration of Independence was not to be proclaimed for yet a year and seventeen days.

Two days before the battle, George Washington had been made commander-in-chief of the Colonial Army by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. The men in the breastworks did not know that, or that all the colonies had joined New England.

The men who fought had marched and dug all night and all morning before the battle. They were the men of three Massachusetts militia regiments—Prescott's, Frye's, and Bridge's. To them was added a detachment of 200 Connecticut militia and Captain Samuel Gridley's company of artillery. The object in fortifying the Charlestown peninsula hills was to keep the British troops from coming out of Boston again, as they had done April 18 for the raid on Concord.

After the fight at Concord and the retreat of the British to Boston, the militia companies and regiments of New England came hurrying to Cambridge. Massachusetts raised about 11,500 troops; Connecticut, 2,300; New Hampshire, 1,200; and Rhode Island, 1,000. General Artemas Ward of Massachusetts, a veteran of the French and Indian wars, was commander in chief; but if the other colonies recognized his authority, it was by courtesy. With him were Putnam, Stark, Pomeroy, Gridley, Greene, Prescott, and others from the four colonies who had served in the colonial wars against the French.

The patriots, with their headquarters at Cambridge, had learned that General Gage intended to occupy Dorchester Heights on the night of June 18. That was the only land connection of the Boston peninsula and was to the south. The American commander had word of this by June 13. The military intelligence to the patriots out of Boston was good. As a stroke in anticipation and prevention, it was decided at the Cambridge headquarters to occupy and fortify the Charlestown peninsula to the north.

Some of the patriots, even the intrepid Dr. Warren, thought the attempt rash. The order for it, as preserved, reads:

THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY
Cambridge, June 15th, 1775.

Whereas it appears of importance to the safety of this colony that the possession of the Hill, called Bunker's hill, in Charlestown be securely kept and defended and also some one hill or hills on Dorchester be likewise secured.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

ABOVE, the scene of the Battle of Bunker Hill as it looks today. (1) Long Wharf, where the British left Boston, and (2) Moulton's Point, where they disembarked. The position of the colonists' defensive is shown (3 and 4) and the opposing British line (5). Copp's Hill (6), in Boston, from which British artillery shelled Charlestown and the patriots. Bunker Hill Monument is shown at the right.

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Topeka, Kan.
Utica, N. Y.
Waterloo, Ia.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Williamsport, Pa.
Winona, Minn.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Therefore Resolved unanimously that it be recommended to the council of war that the above mentioned Bunker's hill be maintained by sufficient force being posted there and as the particular situation of Dorchester is unknown to this committee they advise that the council of war take and pursue such steps respecting the same as to them shall appear to be for the security of this colony.

BENJN WHITE Chairman.

It was wise to select the ground on which to meet the British. Bunker Hill to the north was preferred to Dorchester Heights to the south. It would require water transport for troops attacking to the north of Boston.

Bunker Hill today.

The Charlestown peninsula, across the Charles River tidewater, was about a mile in length, and its greatest width, a half mile, was opposite Boston. The Charles, known also as the Cambridge River, flowed south of the peninsula into Back Bay, and the Mystic, or Medford, River widened into a bay north of Charlestown Neck, which was the ridge connecting the peninsula with the mainland. Both "rivers" were actually bays of tidewater flats.

The town of Charlestown was on the Boston side of the peninsula. The Mystic River side was farm, orchard, and grazing land.

Bunker Hill began at the neck. It ran up to a height of 110 feet, sloping toward the water on two sides and descending by a ridge to a hill of seventy-five feet elevation. That was Breed's Hill. It was pasture land. Later it was all Breed's Hill. The redoubt and intrenchments were on the lower slope, which was Breed's Hill. Later it was given the name of Bunker Hill, and as such stands as granite in American love of country.

WHEN the seizure of the hill had been determined upon, the regiments of Prescott, Frye, and Bridge were ordered to parade with intrenching tools in the Cambridge camp the evening of June 16, a Friday.

Prescott's regiment had 436 men; Frye's 493; and Bridge's 315. The men were ordered to equip themselves with packs, blankets, provisions, and water for twenty-four hours. Captain Samuel Gridley's artillery company had forty-nine men and two fieldpieces. Later two other artillery companies added four more small cannon.

Colonel William Prescott of Pepperell, in command of the detachment, had the orders of the war council, and knew where he was going and why. The men were not to know until they had marched from Cambridge across Charlestown Neck. President Langdon of Harvard College prayed with them for the success of the expedition.

Two of Harvard's halls standing then are standing now. Massachusetts Hall was a barracks for those American troops. About 9 o'clock at night they set out toward Boston. Silence had been ordered. Dark lanterns showed the way.

At Charlestown Neck Colonel Prescott called the officers to give them the orders.

The orders were to fortify Bunker Hill; but the officers decided that it would be better to meet the attack, if it were made, on Breed's Hill, and have works on Bunker Hill to fall back on if forced to retreat.

Colonel Richard Gridley, the chief engineer, marked out his plan of fortification on Breed's Hill. The men stacked their arms, took the intrenching tools, and went to work, at midnight.

A detail was sent to the water's edge to guard against an alarm.

A thousand patriots, working noiselessly in the dark, were building famous military works, and the watchers at the shore could hear the call of the enemy patrols across the water. The British ships, the Falcon, Lively, Glasgow, and Cerebus, with some floating batteries, were within gunshot. The listening patriots on shore guard could hear the "All's well," of the enemy patrol.

PRESCOTT went several times to the water to observe if there were any signs of British apprehension. His anxiety was to get his men covered. He was an experienced soldier and he did not trust green troops on an exposed field. Israel Putnam had replied, when asked if they would stand: "Cover their legs and they'll not worry about their heads."

The intrenchments were six feet high when day revealed them to the sailors on the Lively. Here was a new rebel audacity accomplished overnight. The captain of the Lively opened fire on the works without waiting for orders, but was stopped by the British admiral. Shortly afterward a battery on Copp's Hill in Boston and some navy guns were ordered to fire, and the Americans continued their intrenching under bombardment.

A soldier was killed by a cannon ball, and that dismayed some of his companions. Prescott and one of his captains mounted the parapet and walked about to show their own indifference, and the men regained their composure.

Boston was excited by the spectacle of this pushing forward of the rebel lines, and the patriot countryside was throbbing with exaltation and apprehension. The day was hot and oppressive. The Americans had neglected orders to provide themselves with proper supplies of food and drink, and were suffering from the lack of them. They thought they should be relieved after their night's work. Prescott insisted that the post of honor was theirs. They had dug their works. They had become accustomed to the cannonade. They should remain to defend the position.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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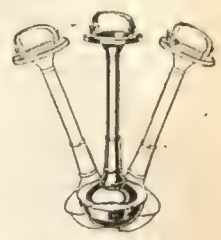

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MILWAUKEE

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

General Gage, looking out from Boston, saw Prescott on the top of the works and asked the American's brother-in-law, Councilor Willard, who the rebel commander was. Willard recognized and identified him.

"Will he fight?" Gage asked.

"As long as a drop of blood remains in his veins," said Willard.

"We must carry the works," said Gage.

WHAT the Americans had been able to do in the night and morning was to build a redoubt about eight rods square. It stood where the monument now stands. The strongest side faced the town. A breastwork extended from it 100 yards to a slough. From the slough was a fence of stone with two rails. It was taken as a line to the Mystic River to prevent flanking by the British right, and Gridley's two fieldpieces were placed there. The Americans at the rail fence used some new hay from the fields in their makeshift defense. Prescott's redoubt and breastworks were sound military engineering, and a credit to Gridley, the engineer.

The British in Boston knew that the rebels had to be cleared out of their position, but were divided in council as to their procedure.

Gage was urged to land his troops in the Americans' rear at Charlestown Neck and cut off the intrenched party, but he decided against that. He said he did not think it wise to walk in between the rebels at Cambridge and the rebels on the Charlestown peninsula. The chances are that he was wrong. Bunker Hill might have been a sad affair for the Americans if he had sent Lord Howe against Charlestown Neck in the rear, instead of storming up the hill slopes in front.

General Artemas Ward, in chief command of the New England troops, with his headquarters at Cambridge, was a patriot of devoted and prayerful character, extending himself to meet the strangest perplexities New England yet had encountered, and lacking a military staff with which to do it. He did not have the mechanics of military organization with which to receive intelligence and to issue orders. And he was still persuaded that the British, if they came out, would make Cambridge the object of their attack. Under these conditions, Gage might have attacked in rear of Prescott before the patriot army could have begun to function from headquarters, and driven the intrenched colonials helpless to the water's edge.

The Bunker Hill Monument, on Breed's Hill, marks the site of the American redoubt.

There was a great stir in Boston when Gage's decision had been made. By noon the regiments were parading to the Long Wharf and North Battery to take to the boats. The heat of the June day increased, but the men were ordered out in full pack, with blankets and provisions, to storm a position just across the estuary of the Charles.

The cannonade increased as the barges took on the regiments. They were landed at Moulton's Point, the easterly water edge of the Charlestown declivity. General Howe looked over the work ahead of him and sent back for reinforcements. Meanwhile, the troops sat down to eat their noonday meal.

Cambridge headquarters learned that the regulars were landing and reinforcements were ordered to Charlestown. Few got across the neck in any order or to any purpose. Prescott's men in the American works, who had marched and dug all night and had dug all the morning of June 17, were tired.

Because of the breakdown of military administration behind them, some of the men thought they had been betrayed. There is a record, in some soldiers' depositions, that a few barrels of beer were got to them. They got some food, but with a sense of being abandoned they watched the barges bringing over the disciplined troops of the British Empire to rush their exposed and intrepid front and erase its affront to the permanence of that empire in its greatest possession.

IN almost every complaint against their circumstances they were right, but their enthusiasms were freshened when Dr. Joseph Warren and General Pomeroy came across the Neck to join them as volunteers. Dr. Warren was the outstanding patriot of the day and a member of the Committee of Safety. He had sent Paul Revere and William Dawes on their midnight ride of warning. Now that fighting had begun, he was to be a general, but his commission was not yet signed.

When he appeared on the hills, Prescott asked him if he would take command, and he said no. He had come to contribute his presence. When Howe learned the next day that a body on the slope had been identified as that of Dr. Warren, he said it was worth 500 men.

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the British preparations for the attack were completed. General Howe addressed his troops.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am very happy in having the honor of commanding so fine a body of men. I do not in the least doubt that you will behave like Englishmen and as becometh good soldiers. If the enemy will not come out from their intrenchments we must drive them out at all events; otherwise the town of Boston will be set on fire by them. I shall not desire one of you to go a step farther than where I go myself at your head. Remember, gentlemen, we have no recourse to any resources if we lose Boston but to go on board our

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

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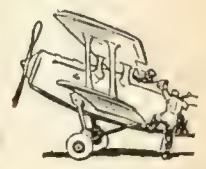

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The old car's running like a million dollars—cooled with clean, fresh, full-of-power oil.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ships, which will be very disagreeable to us all."

The British then attacked under the cannonade from Copp's Hill in Boston and from the ships. Charlestown Neck was kept under fire to prevent the crossing of reinforcements. Howe himself led the right wing along the Mystic River against the rail fence. General Pigot, at the head of the left wing, was to storm the redoubt and breastworks. Three thousand British regulars had been barged over for the attack. Prescott's original detachment was about 1,200 and his reinforcements had been negligible.

The British charged in what seems to have been complete disdain for the practicalities of their situation. That they disregarded the musket fire they were to encounter was not so illogical as their disregard of heat and the physical exhaustion that the heavy marching equipment would mean to them.

Musket fire was not dreaded as very punishing. The discharge of a volley by regular troops was a complicated and involved ritual of arms, and in European practice the infantryman did not draw a bead on an enemy. He only obeyed the commands of the elaborate manual and the bullet went where it would.

A frontal attack on breastworks was not thought to be murder; although if the British officers had reflected on their recent American history, they would have recalled that at least once it had been—when Abercrombie sent the Black Watch against Montcalm's breastworks of trees at Ticonderoga.

THE British disregard of the proper equipment for the charge was actually military imbecility. The men had a near-by objective. They were under the guns of the fleet. Their communications were undisturbed. They didn't need blankets or provisions. They went to the assault as victims of a formalist.

Prescott made his men hold their fire. Some of them were nervous and fired when the advancing redcoats came within musket range. He sent officers along the parapet to stop that and to kick up guns that were being aimed.

Copp's Hill and Old North Church. At the left is the old cemetery where many Colonial soldiers are buried.

Some records say that the British advanced firing, while the Americans steadily withheld their fire. If that conveys the idea of a lively peppering of the intrenchments, the picture is an illusion. The regulars may have been ordered to fire for moral effect, but to keep on advancing precluded loading and firing again. The men who fired came on with bayonets and unloaded muskets.

The point is of no consequence in view of what happened. Pigot's charge reached the point where Prescott intended it to get the fire, and there it staggered under the sweep of lead at close musket range.

The New England militiaman was not a sharpshooter. For one thing, his smoothbore musket was not the thing for it. It had a confident range of sixty yards or less. For another thing, he had not had the powder for target practice, or even to shoot crows. It was too scarce. For still another, the New Englander was no longer a frontiersman. The Colonial riflemen were from the Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina mountain fronts, where they had been fighting Indians.

IT was because the militiaman was not a sharpshooter that the order for holding the fire was wise. It was delivered at close range in a deadly concentration, and it knocked Pigot's charge cold. With disciplined stanchness the stricken troops stood in broken rows on the slope. They retreated in order.

On the right, Lord Howe had charged along the Mystic River at the stone and rail fence that was the flanking protection of the redoubt. The American artillery, such as it was, was there.

There are two stories of the artillery used in the fight. One is British and serious comedy. The other is American and a personal tragedy.

The guns the British landed to support the attack could not fire shells or balls, because ammunition for a different caliber had been sent ashore. This, it was found by the outraged British line officers, could be traced to a red-faced headquarters officer, who was so engaged in making eyes at the handsome daughter of a Boston school-teacher that he should worry what supplies reached the guns.

Gridley, the American engineer, had one small battery; Captain Callender had another; and Captain Foster the third—six guns in all. Callender found that he was in exactly the same plight as the British: his ammunition would not fit his guns. He abandoned the pieces down the slope and went up to Bunker Hill.

Israel Putnam ordered him back to his post. He returned but again deserted with his artillerymen. Ford's company of Bridge's regiment came up, and Putnam had these men drag the deserted cannon to the fence, where later some suitable ammunition was found and they were used against Howe's right-wing charge.

Callender was tried by court-martial after the battle, and Washington, when he took command, declared him to be "dismissed from all further service in continental service as an officer."

He met the charge of cowardice by enlisting as a volunteer, and in the disastrous Long Island campaign he so distinguished himself that Washington ordered the previous sentence erased.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

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It is now known that the way you *remove* cold cream is far more important than the way you *use* it. Scores of skin disorders are traced now to wrong ways.

You must remove cold cream thoroughly; you must remove it completely from your skin. Old ways will not do it.

This new way does. Does what no other way has ever done. Removes *all* grease, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores. Skin specialists thus widely urge it.

The most prominent stars of stage and screen—almost without exception—employ it. Women are flocking to its use. It costs less to use than soiling and ruining towels—*less than laundering them.*

Ends two beauty mistakes

It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus *rub dirty cold cream back into the skin.* That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it *all* from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper substitutes, etc., won't do it.

It ends, too, the mistaken use of too harsh paper makeshifts; not sufficiently absorbent to thoroughly cleanse, too harsh for delicate skin fabric.

End those mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.

Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchief beyond all question. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

Ends

—Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.
—The expense of ruining and laundering towels.

Keeps

—Make-up fresh hours longer than before.
—Lightens skin several shades — quickly.

For COLDS

Never Again Use Handkerchiefs

They Re-infect — Spread Germ Contagion

LARGELY on medical advice, thousands now use Kleenex 'Kerchiefs for colds. *For thus one discards at once the excretions that spread — that re-infect as well.*

Soiled, damp handkerchiefs are bad. They carry possible contagion — *re-infection*—with you. Remember this when you or your children have a cold.

Damp handkerchiefs, too, tend to chap and irritate the nostrils. Kleenex 'Kerchiefs are dry, fully absorbent and fresh every time you use them. Thus no chapping or skin irritation. You discard like paper. Next cold, try them.

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream — Sanitary

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.
Professional size: Sheets 9 x 10 inches . . . 50c

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., Lib.-6
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Big Kleenex 'Kerchiefs — *absorbent*—as offered.

Name .....
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City ..... State .....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

The first charge of the regulars had been a failure. Their dead and wounded were on the slopes, from which the remaining effectives had been ordered to retreat. The elated Americans saw them reforming, but were not dismayed. They had turned them back once and were confident they could do so again.

The 400 houses in Charlestown were in flames. Most of its people had deserted it days before in anticipation of this. The British had fired incendiary shells into it, from Copp's Hill and from their floating batteries, to prevent use of the position by skirmishers on their left flank. The flames fascinated the observers in Boston.

The British regiments had reformed and started to the assault again, still in the formal parade manner, with blankets and rations.

The elated and eager musketmen awaited them. Prescott and his officers had told them that one more calculated dose of bullets, and the British would be in flight to Boston on their barges. It was, indeed, probable.

Up came the charge, this time retarded and distressed by the need of stepping over the dead and wounded, and again at the prescribed distance came the deadly musket volley.

RECENTLY an American regular army officer told the readers of LIBERTY that when troops see one out of four men knocked down they weaken, stop advancing, and may bolt back through their reserves. A 25 per cent loss is not a record casualty. It has gone as high as nearly 70 per cent in exceptional cases; but officers do not expect their men to carry positions while taking such punishment. The British went down the slope again, right and left. But the Americans were shot out.

Prescott found his men were short of powder. The British were forming for a third charge, and Prescott knew he could not meet it as he had met the other two.

The Charles River today, with Charlestown in the background.

The Americans got some powder by breaking cannon cartridges. Prescott ordered the men who had bayonets to positions in the redoubt that could be entered most easily.

A failure of ammunition is an alibi that can retrieve reputations, but the New England militiamen were actually out of it. They had fired so rapidly that there was a British report that each musketman had two men who loaded pieces for him.

Some of the British officers had tried to dissuade Gage from attacking a third time, but he knew it had to be done. The badly punished regiments were disheartened. For the third assault the soldiers were ordered to take off their packs and blankets. They were to withhold their fire and the attack was to concentrate on the redoubt. The artillery was to gain a position on the right to enfilade the breastworks and drive the patriots out of them.

The British, peeled for the climb, came back. Their persistence must have seemed fatalistic to the militiamen waiting with less confidence. The amateur must win early against the professional if he can win at all—which usually he cannot.

THESE trained troops were doing a thing the militia could not have done, brave as they were. They were taking nearly a 35 per cent loss in three separate assaults on a position. Three thousand militiamen might have made one assault in the open against 1,200 regulars in a fortified position. It may be doubted that they would have made a second.

There was exceptionally good rough military material in the defenders, but the third attack reached its objective. The musket fire, as twice before, shook the attacking lines, but the troops stood it. They wavered, but they came on and got under the walls of the redoubt. From then on the battle was in the style and manner to which disciplined and trained regular troops were accustomed and for which they were equipped. The militiamen were not.

It was fought out for a few desperate moments, with the British coming over the parapets and through the passages. The New Englanders were not afraid of this body conflict, but not many of them had bayonets and few had powder. The combatants soon were so intermingled that firing would have been as costly to friend as to foe. Clouds of dust added to the confusion.

Prescott ordered the retreat. He was among the last to leave the redoubt, using his sword to turn bayonet thrusts against him. He had his uniform ripped by the bayonets of soldiers too fatigued and winded to thrust effectively with their weapons.

The American loss was greatest when the retreating detachments had struggled out of their works and out of the dusty confusion with the regulars. The British in possession of the redoubt formed and fired.

Dr. Warren was killed then and left on the field. Gridley was wounded. Bridge was again wounded. Reinforcements were coming down the Bunker Hill slope. Colonel Gardner, at the head of part of his regiment coming to the relief of the retreating men, was killed; but his major, Jackson, took the men on and they, with other American detachments, kept a protecting musket fire between Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill, covering the retreat. The companies at the rail fence, under Stark, Reed, and Knowlton, with some reinforcements, held their position and prevented the main force from being flanked and cut off. Then they retreated in fairly good order.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE].

Here comes the GROOM!

All eyes are on *him* this June. For the old chap's got something more than the cutaway coat, the striped trou, the spats and shiny topper. He's got a handsome face that fairly smiles:

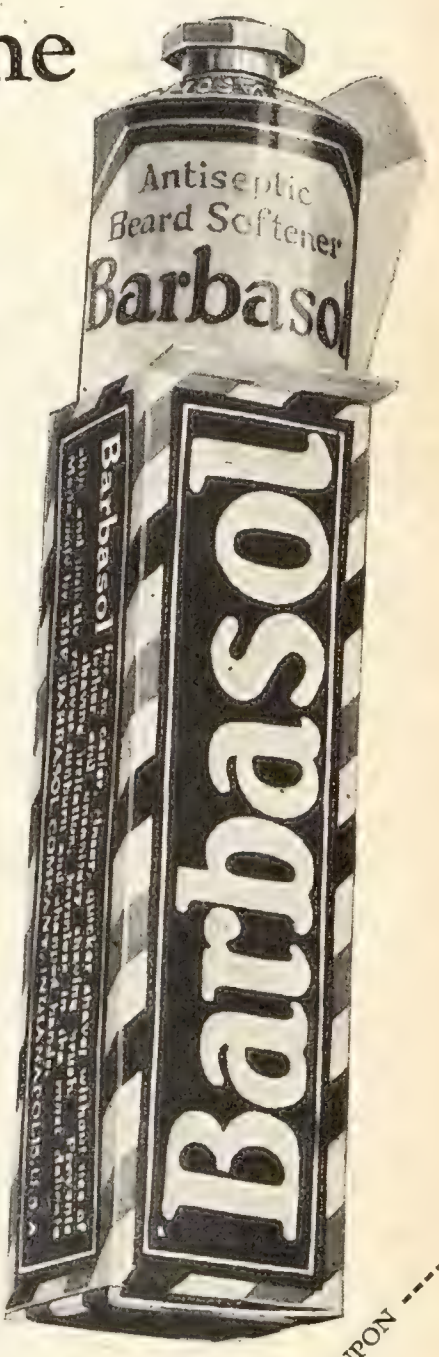
"I shave with Barbasol!"

So grateful to the skin. So easy on the temper. So saving on the time. So smooth and silky-nice while the razor's working, and so cool and clean for hours after. Here's the Barbasol Shaving March:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3. Shave

No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers. Great for chap and ingrowing hairs.

Mister, you're next! Try Barbasol 3 times, according to directions.



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

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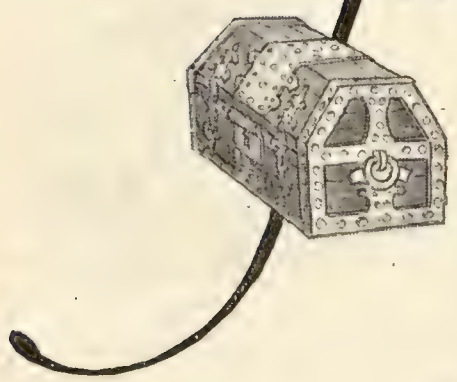

NOW the supreme home entertainer—the wondrous Wurlitzer Treasure Chest of Music—The Piano that plays *for* you—and at a price the world has been waiting for.

Press a button, and Presto!—you dream with the songs of long ago—thrill to the splendor of a symphony—or dance to the strains of modern Jazz!—and more, for here is the whole world's Treasure Chest of Music, OPEN to you!

Before you consider buying a reproducing instrument of any kind, *see* the matchless beauty of the Treasure Chest, *picture* the classic proportions of this rich case in your home, hear the amazingly mellow and bell-like tones of this piano that plays *for* you.

Entertainment at its best—entertainment made possible only by Wurlitzer's crowning effort of 200 years craftsmanship—and at a price within the reach of all.

Yes, the Treasure Chest of Music is open. Come in and enjoy this supreme entertainment at Wurlitzer stores and dealers—everywhere.

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Please send me the Key to the Treasure Chest of Music—no cost or obligation on my part.

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TREASURE CHEST OF MUSIC

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

The great adventure was ended. Charlestown was smoking embers. The hills were lost and the dead were on them. The barges were taking the British dead and wounded to Boston. The American wounded were treated by British surgeons and died in the Boston jail—the greatest sufferers from the battle.

At the Cambridge headquarters there was alarm. It was thought that the British, having taken the hills, must surely be coming on. Israel Putnam spent the night with his troops fortifying Prospect Hill. But they were not coming on. They had had enough.

Massachusetts Hall, Harvard, where the American detachment chosen to hold Bunker Hill was quartered before advancing to the peninsula.

PRESCOTT, getting to the rear, was violent. He could not explain the failure by incompetence behind him. It must have been treachery. Give him new troops and he would drive the British from Bunker Hill that night, he declared. He was calmed by explanation and advice that such an attack was not possible.

The British remained in the fortified positions on the Charlestown peninsula, but in the following nine months they never got farther ashore.

In General Ward's orderly book the battle was entered as the Battle of Charlestown, and there its record was: killed 115, wounded 305, captured 30. Gage's report of the British loss was 1,054 killed and wounded.

There was so much confused movement back of the American lines — troops trying to cross Charlestown Neck under fire from the navy guns, detachments getting across and then wavering, and of now courageous, now feeble, reinforcing advances—that it is difficult to determine precisely the number of American combatants. Eighteen American regiments are recorded as having been on or near the peninsula at one time or another; but of the 140 killed Prescott, Bridge, and Frye lost 72.

There were forces on Bunker Hill that did not suffer until Prescott's men had been driven out of the redoubt. Washington, from his later investigation, was convinced that not more than 1,200 were engaged in the defense at any one time. In the attack, 3,000 may be taken as the number. There were 5,000 regulars in Boston.

Washington came from Philadelphia and took command. The army was reorganized. Troops from the southern colonies, including riflemen from the frontiers, joined up. Ticonderoga was taken. Canada was invaded. The siege of Boston tightened. The winter passed with suffering on both sides. Washington wanted to attack—once by rowboats; another time across the ice of the Back Bay. Both times he was overruled by his council.

In March, 1776, the Colonials carried out the second part of the resolution of the Committee of Safety of June, 1775, ordering the seizure of Bunker Hill. They occupied and fortified Dorchester Heights to the south. Another battle like that of Bunker Hill impended. A gale drove the supporting British vessels off their course. Howe, succeeding Gage, who had been recalled, yielded to circumstance, to the Colonial army, and to Washington, and took to his ships.

Boston was evacuated. The port was opened. The redcoats were gone. The patriots were in, the first of the occupying troops being a detachment of 1,000 men immune to smallpox. Boston had been plagued by the disease.

The Revolution—its great meaning still unknown—had begun with a great victory.

What the Americans fought for on Breed's Hill to the north, they won nine months later on Dorchester Heights to the south. Boston was clear of the enemy. Prescott's dead had their achievement.

An American visitor at the citadel of Quebec will be shown today, by the British guide from the garrison, a small cannon just inside the main gate. It is one of the five taken at Bunker Hill.

The favorite American reply is: "You have the cannon and we have the hill."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Cause and Effect

Jerry's parents seldom took him with them when they went visiting. This time, however, he came too. He was somewhat unruly in the neighbor's home, and his mother reproved him several times.

At last, when the time came to go home, Jerry was having such a good time he didn't want to go. He stopped teasing the cat long enough to look up at his mother and say:

"Muvver, are we going home 'cause I'm naughty, or anyhow?"—O. Y. P., Madison, Wis.

Of Course!

A boy five and a half was told the story of the shepherd and his sheep. Then he was given crayons and told to draw the scene as he pictured it in his memory. He made the sky blue, the sun yellow, the grass green; then drew a small sheep, with a shepherd's crook stuck in the ground beside it. Not knowing exactly how to draw the shepherd, he omitted him altogether. When asked where the shepherd was, he replied: "He has gone to answer the telephone."—Mrs. M. C., Savannah, Ga.

Trub's Diary

A Double-Barreled Lesson in Love

By

John Taintor Foote

Picture by EDWARD RYAN

August 20.

I HAVE a new friend. Her name is Bridget. She is not a close friend. I saw her first at the Beach Club. There is a long row of little rooms at the Beach Club. The Molecule went into one of the little rooms. He took the things he wears in the water with him. He tried to shut me outside. I squeezed through the door in a quick way.

The Molecule took off his coat. He took off his shirt. I grabbed the shirt. I played Helpless Prey with it. The Molecule said, "Exit, smiling!" He pushed me outside. He shut the door in my face.

I scratched on the door.

The Molecule said, "Positively no admittance."

I lay down in front of the little rooms. I thought I would take a nap. I didn't, on account of a girl. She came along the row of little rooms. She was a wet girl, but nice in the face.

She had a towel over her arm. She put a key in the door of a little room. When she opened the door she dropped the towel. I picked it up. I ran with it. I ran up and down in front of the little rooms.

The girl ran after me. I dodged. She stopped running. She called out loud. She said, "Does anyone in here own this dog?"

The Molecule answered from the little room. He said, "Describe dog!"

The girl said, "White bull terrier without a ray of sense."

The Molecule said, "Description perfect. What's he doing now?"

I PICKED up the towel and ran up and down in front of the little rooms. The girl ran after me.

The girl said, "He's got my towel."

The Molecule said, "Hold his nose and say 'Drop it!'"

The girl said, "He runs when I try to get near him."

The Molecule said, "Fancy that—the poor nut. Be with you in a moment."

A dog came in a quick way. It was a Boston terrier with a crinkly tail.

The girl said, "Oh, Bridget, he's got my towel."

I said, "Is your name Bridget? My name is Trub. Take hold here and we will run down the beach with it."

Bridget said, "You let go of that!"

I said, "What for?"

Bridget said, "If you don't let go, I'll give you a bite you will remember."

I said, "Oh, you will, will you? Let's see you try it!"

Bridget started over to where I was. Things began to get red. The girl said, "Bridget! Come here, Bridget! Oh, won't you come out, whoever you are?"

The Molecule said, "I blush at the thought."

The girl said, "I'm afraid they'll fight."

The Molecule said, "How many dogs have you got out there?"

The girl said, "One."

The Molecule said, "The name is Bridget?"

The girl said, "Yes. Please hurry."

The Molecule said, "Calm yourself, fair stranger—there will be no fight."

A QUEER thing happened. It happened when Bridget got close to me. I didn't see red any more. I liked Bridget in a sudden way. I liked her a lot. She clicked her teeth at me. I gave her a tail-wag. She snarled right in my face. I gave her a wiggle. She snapped at me. I gave her a paw-poke.

She said, "You let go that towel!"

I let go of the towel.

Bridget said, "Take your dirty paws off it!"

I took my paws off the towel.

Bridget said, "I've a notion to give you a bite you'll not forget in a hurry."

I said, "You can if you want to."

Bridget said, "I'll say I can."

I said, "I'll say so too."

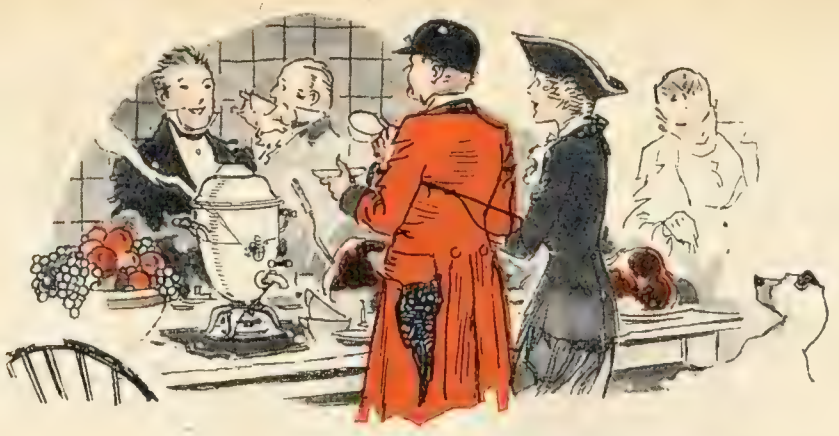
Bridget said, "You needn't say anything."

I said, "All right, I won't."

Bridget said, "Get away from that towel."

I did.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]



"Statesmen, through coffee, feasted and content,
Form happy schemes of better government."
—ALEXANDER POPE

"The Flavor is Roasted In!"

MANY a hot political combat has turned into a genial glow when this good coffee, steaming and fragrant, has graced some friendly Capital table. Guests at many a distinguished dinner have basked in the warm well-being which seems to spread with its aroma. Yes, White House Coffee for 40 years has made hospitality all the easier, because it enables any hostess to make her coffee a never-failing success. Blended of the choicest coffee berries—its rich round flavor *roasted in*—White House Coffee brightens the eye of the sternest coffee critic.

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

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DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY · BOSTON, MASS. · CHICAGO, ILL. · PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Oh, for a bathroom

Even though reared in luxury, she was hardly prepared for this.

For in the remodeling of the lovely old manse where she had bloomed into womanhood, one thing had been overlooked.

And because she had always lived without it, she had never come to miss it... until now... and now she blushed at the very thought of how her own guests must have felt.

like this in our home!

WHETHER your home is ever so modest or ever so pretentious, nothing writes into it such a note of discrimination as a well behaved bathroom.

And good behavior is very largely a matter of faucets, fittings and fixtures.

How about your house guest . . . would she exclaim, "Oh, for a bathroom like this in our home!" Or would she be annoyed . . . by faucets that refuse to be turned fully off or on, that habitually and audibly drip, that stick, that squeal, that groan? . . . by a lavatory slow to fill, slower still to empty? . . . by other inadequacies even more embarrassing?

With Mueller hardware installed in your new or remodeled bathroom, such abominations are things of the past. Your bathroom would maintain a discreet silence, would behave itself—would become one of the greatest sources of comfort and pride in your home.

And with a like installation of the new Mueller vitreous ware, your picture of bathroom beauty, utility and economy would be complete.

Don't be indifferent—look into this matter. If not entirely satisfied with the detail of your bathroom, call in your merchant plumber. Get Mueller figures. And by no means build without Mueller specifications.

Faucets, fittings, fixtures and vitreous ware of quality for all buildings, residential or otherwise.

To the plumbing merchant of every community Any plumber thinking in terms of a larger, better satisfied clientele welcomes Mueller equipment. Every faucet, fitting and fixture is tested through every stage of production as well as upon completion. Nothing can leave the Mueller factory until, down to the smallest detail, it is worthy of the Mueller quality reputation! The 200-lb. pressure test given each Mueller faucet is typical of the Mueller method of precaution. Every part of every fitting where extraordinary strain or wear may occur is reinforced.

Through 300 plumbing jobbers located in the main distributing centers of the United States and Canada, and with complete stocks on hand, plumbing merchants can get quick service in Mueller.

MUELLER CO. *{Established 1857}* Decatur, Ill. *Branches:* New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles

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Seventy years ago when Hieronymus Mueller founded this institution, it was for the specializing in brass goods. Today Mueller faucets and fittings are accepted by the trade as the last word in quality. Mueller vitreous ware is a logical development. It measures right up to Mueller standards and because of modern production methods and established trade outlets, is priced most reasonably. Before committing yourself to any plumbing appurtenances, look into Mueller. It would be well worth your while to ask your architect, plumber, or water work executive about its underlying merits.

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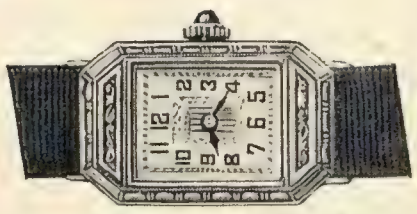

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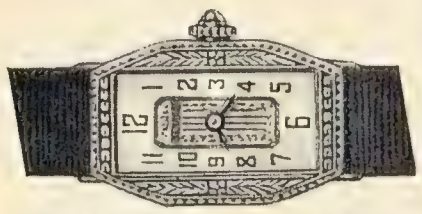

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Your gift, a BENRUS

Give a genuine Benrus watch to modern youth! Benrus wrist watches are selected as gifts when royalty is to be honored —Benrus strap watches are trophies for great sportsmen and explorers. If you would give a gift of *lasting* beauty and service, choose a Benrus. Your jeweler has a wide range of Benrus watches, to suit your taste and your purse. Benrus Watch Company, 62 West 47th Street, New York City.

A REVOLUTIONARY IMPROVEMENT

In the perfected new Benrus 3-piece case, a special stem guard seals stem opening, and protects stem. Unbreakable crystal covers *back* of movement, making it completely dustproof.

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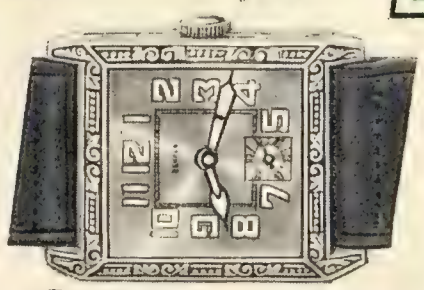

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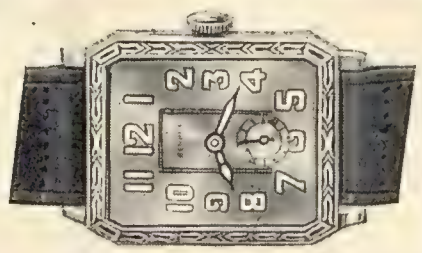

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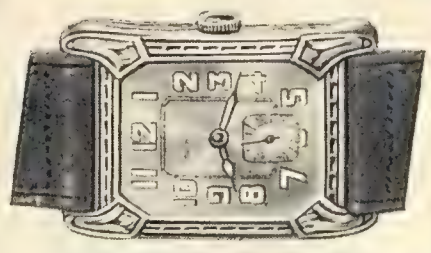

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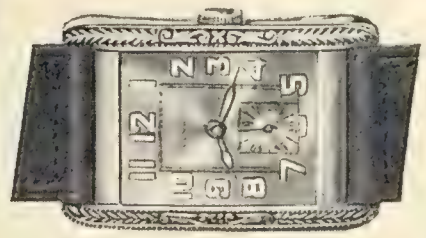

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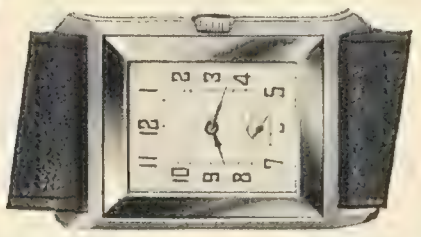

CROMWELL · · $110.00

The wrist watch of Fashion

BENRUS

The strap watch of Sportsmen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

The girl who was wet picked up the towel. She went in a little room. Bridget went with her.

I scratched on the door.

Bridget said, "Get away from that door!"

I did.

The Molecule came out of his little room. He went to the beach. The girl called Polly was sitting on the beach. The Molecule said, "Not disporting in the billows?"

The girl called Polly said, "Got a cold."

The Molecule went in the water. I dug a hole in the beach.

The girl who was wet came along the beach. She had on a dress. She sat down by the girl called Polly. She said, "Who owns that dog?"

The girl called Polly said, "Bob Prescott."

The girl who had been wet said, "What's he like?"

The girl called Polly said, "Frightfully good looking. Terribly indifferent."

The girl who had been wet said, "Sounds interesting. You'd be surprised how indifferent I can be myself."

Two youngish men came along the beach. Each youngish man had a youngish girl with him. They all sat down by the girl called Polly.

BRIDGET came running along the beach. I ran to meet her. I said, "Say, this is great! I've got a dandy hole started."

Bridget said, "Well, what of it?"

I said, "You can help me dig it."

Bridget said, "Dig it yourself!"

She sat down in the sand. She looked out over the water.

The Molecule came out of the water. The girl called Polly said, "Oh, Bobby, come and meet Adelaide Price, from California. She is staying with me a whole month. Aren't I the lucky one?"

The Molecule looked at the girl called Adelaide. He said, "So nice to see you again."

The girl called Polly said, "Why, you've never met her before!"

The Molecule said, "Yes, once before. Ah, well, boys will be boys—it was through a keyhole."

The girl called Polly said, "Keyhole?"

The Molecule said, "Yes—a bathhouse keyhole."

The youngish men laughed.

The girl called Polly said, "Are you being funny?"

The Molecule said, "Not very."

He sat down in the sand beside the girl called Adelaide.

The Molecule said, "So you're from California?"

The girl called Adelaide didn't say anything.

The Molecule said, "It must seem awful to you here where men are just rotten golfers."

The girl called Adelaide didn't say anything.

The Molecule said, "Tell me one thing. How do your boy friends keep their hair so slick? If I so much as mingle in the fox-trot I look as though I'd just seen a headless woman in a graveyard at midnight. It's so different where you come from. Out there they swan-dive over precipices or knock low characters for a loop, and not a hair moves. I've watched them do it hour after hour, sick at heart. It's discouraging, if you know what I mean."

The girl called Adelaide got up from the beach. She said, "Polly darling, what about lunch?"

The girl called Polly got up from the beach. She said, "Are you hungry, darling? We'll trot along. By-by, everybody. Drop in this evening, Bobby!"

The Molecule got up from the beach. He said, "Thanks. I've asked Miss Price a serious question about the home talent. I'll toddle over for the answer."

The girl called Adelaide looked at the Molecule. She said, "I can tell you one thing about the men I know—they don't make misleading, suggestive remarks about a new girl the first time they meet her."

She went away from there with the girl called Polly.

Bridget got up from the beach. I said, "Let's run along the sand together."

Bridget said, "Go chase your tail!" She went away from there with the girl called Adelaide.

Picture by F. STROTHMANN

SOMEBODY gave me a paw-poke. It was Bridget. She said, "Let the wiggling little fool go home."

August 24.

I AM seeing Bridget every day. It is at the house of the girl called Polly. I try to make Bridget play Wrestle-Wrestle. She never does. Sometimes she snarls at me. Sometimes she tells me to chase my tail. Sometimes she doesn't say anything.

The Molecule talks to the girl called Adelaide. He doesn't talk long. Sometimes the girl called Adelaide says she has to write letters. Sometimes she says she has a headache. She goes in the house. The Molecule sits on the porch. He smokes a cigarette. He smokes another one. Then we go home.

It happened like that today. The Molecule was talking to the girl called Adelaide. I tried to make Bridget play Wrestle-Wrestle.

Bridget said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, let me alone!"

She went and lay down in the corner of the porch. I lay down by the Molecule.

The Molecule said, "Well, then, how about the country club dance? That's Thursday night."

The girl called Adelaide said, "I think Polly's planned something for Thursday. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must finish my letters."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

This digestive aid knows when to stop!

TO relieve after-dinner distress, many people take alkalies like soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it. And they get the relief they want, because these chemicals neutralize the acidity that usually causes indigestion, heartburn and flatulence.

But the drawback to alkalies of this class is that they don't know when to "call it a day." After they overcome the hyperacidity, they keep right on working. Unless you know exactly the right amount to take, they are apt to alkalize the contents of the stomach.

And that is a great handicap to normal digestion, for the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of 1 per cent) properly to perform its work.

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The commendable thing about Gastrogen Tablets is that no matter how many you take, they do just one thing—neutralize the acidity that causes your discomfort. Then they stop. They can't possibly alkalize your stomach. Any excess that you might take simply passes harmlessly and unchanged through the system.

So, next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try Gastrogen Tablets. They are mild, effective and 100 per cent harmless. They quickly quell digestive disturbance—within 15 to 20 minutes. They are aromatically pleasant to the taste, and they are surprisingly good for sweetening the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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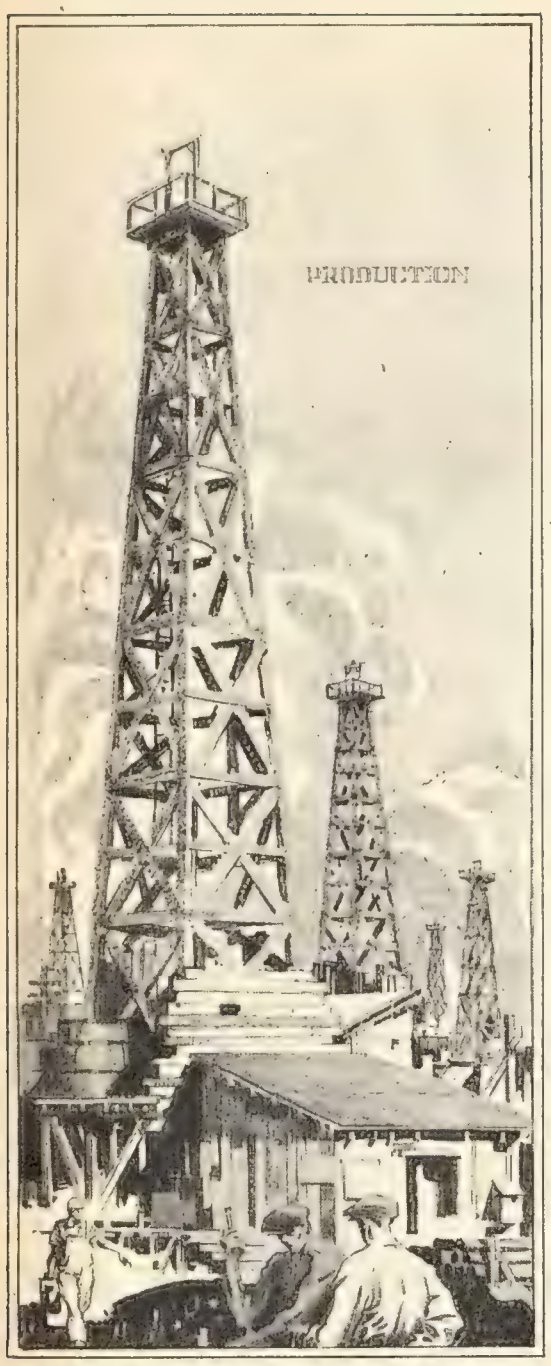

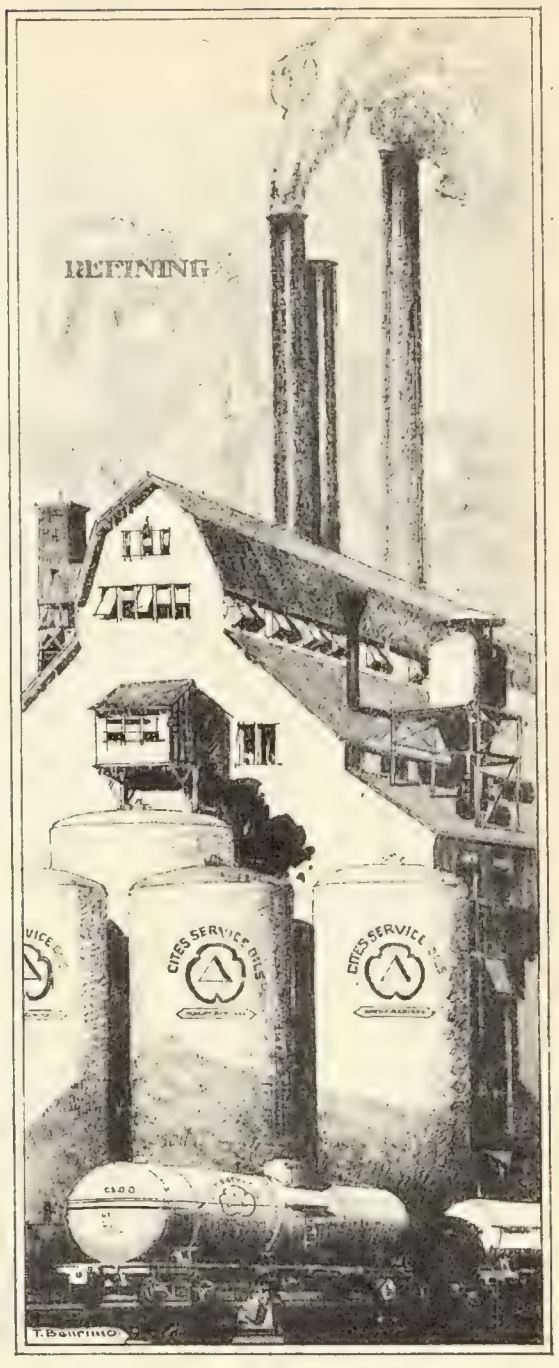

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

She went in the house.

The Molecule laughed. He said, "We're a warm pair of sheiks, old companion!"

He lit a cigarette. He smoked it. He smoked another one. Then we went home.

August 25.

WE were at the house of the girl called Polly again today. The Molecule was waiting on the porch —waiting for the girl called Adelaide. Bridget was lying in the front hall.

I said, "Come on out."

Bridget didn't say anything.

I said, "I'll bet you can't catch me twice around the house."

Bridget said, "Hmph." She stayed in the front hall.

A dog came through the hedge in a quick way. It came from the place next door. It ran up to the porch steps. It was a little silky dog. It wiggled all over.

The silky dog said, "I'm Princess Woo. I win ribbons and sometimes cups. I was best in the show at Bar Harbor. What's your name? Don't you loathe cats? My, it's nice to be home. Let's touch noses."

I went down the steps. I touched noses with Princess Woo. I said, "My name is—"

Princess Woo said, "I think you're just splendid. Let's have a romp."

I said, "You're on. We'll play—"

Princess Woo said, "We'll play Chase and Worry-Worry. No fair off the grass. If I get in the dirt Mumsum won't like it. Don't you loathe being brushed?"

Somebody gave me a paw-poke. It was Bridget. She said, "Come on, Trubsy—twice around the house."

Bridget ran one way; Princess Woo ran another. I ran after Princess Woo. She dodged. I dodged. I caught her. I gave her a neck-chew.

Somebody gave me a paw-poke. It was Bridget. She said, "Let the wiggling little fool go home. I want to show you something in the garden."

A voice called from the other side of the hedge.

Princess Woo said, "That's Mumsum. Is there any dirt on my coat? Good-by, everybody. Delightful time." She went through the hedge in a quick way.

I went up on the porch. Bridget came after me. She said, "Good riddance, I think." She gave me a nose-rub. She gave me an ear-lick. She gave me a paw-poke. She gave me some wiggles.

The Molecule was watching us. He laughed. He said, "A light is dawning, old companion. Ain't nature grand!"

He went to the end of the porch. He called out loud. He said, "Moira! Oh, Moira! Come on over!"

A girl came through the hedge. She was carrying Princess Woo. She said, "Can't; my mother won't let me." She saw the Molecule. She said, "Hello, Thug!"

The Molecule said, "Hello, chased woman! Listen, how are you at drama!"

The girl that had come through the hedge said, "I'm good at everything."

The Molecule said, "Come and sit with me in yon porch swing!"

The girl said, "And then what happens?"

The Molecule said, "I want to make love to you for a special purpose."

The girl said, "They always do —with their slick city ways."

The Molecule said, "This is a new sort of purpose."

The girl said, "You intrigue me." She came up the porch steps. She sat in the porch swing. She held Princess Woo in her lap. The Molecule sat in the porch swing. The girl said, "Shoot the works, Don Juan."

The Molecule said, "Remain in neutral, Sappho. When the audience appears, drop into high and step on it."

The girl said, "The plot sickens. Is it Polly or the guest?"

The Molecule said, "From the Sunkist Slopes of California direct to you."

The girl said, "Has the hussy been ritzing you, Robert?"

The Molecule said, "I'll tell the cockeyed— Here she comes! A bit of love-light in the baby blues!" He took the girl by the hand.

The girl gave the Molecule a look. It was a very kind look. She said, "It's simply thrilling to see you again, darling. You haven't been playing about, have you, while mama was away?"

The girl called Adelaide came through the front door. She gave the girl a look. She gave the Molecule a look. The Molecule jumped up from the porch swing. I jumped up from the porch. Bridget jumped up from the porch.

Bridget gave me a nose-lick. She said, "Guess what?"

I said, "What?"

Bridget said, "I've got a perfectly huge bone buried in the garden."

I said, "Don't care if I do."

We went away from there.

August 26.

I HAVE a new name. The Molecule gave it to me. It was at night. We were at the girl's called Polly. The Molecule had been sitting in the porch swing with the girl called Adelaide. They had been sitting there a long time without talking.

The girl called Adelaide said, "I'm afraid you'll have to go, dear; it's frightfully late."

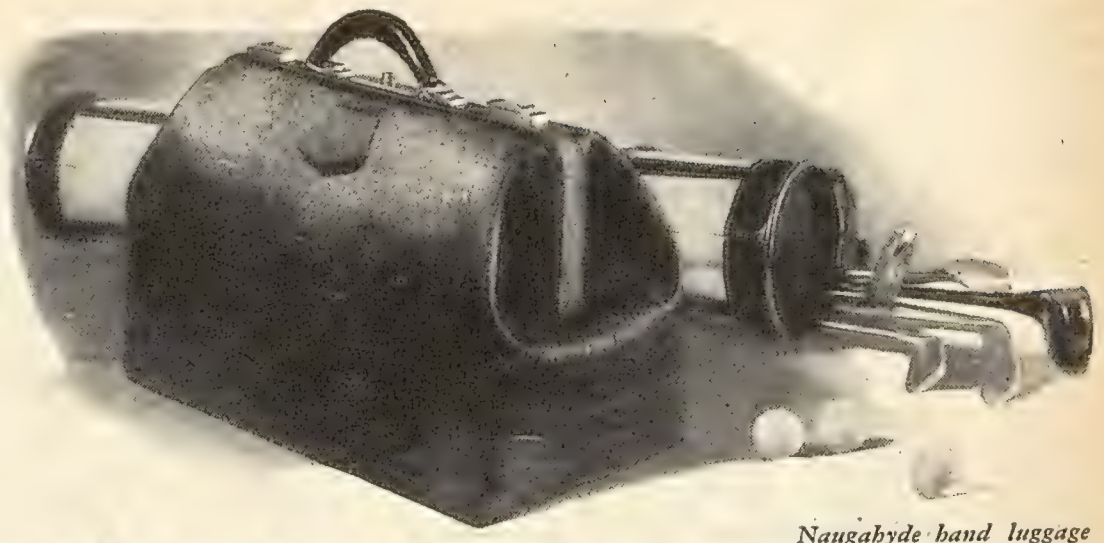
The Molecule said, "One more and we will call it a day."

He put his face to the face of the girl called Adelaide. He got up from the porch swing. He said, "Come on, Columbus!"

The girl said, "Why do you call him Columbus?"

The Molecule said, "Through him a new world was discovered."

Further revelations from the Diary of Trub, the canine Pepys, will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY.



Naugahyde hand luggage is made in several styles at prices $6 to $15

A Smart Bag *for half the money*

THIS smart bag is patterned after the de luxe imported bag. Lustrous ebony color; rich grained surface; tasteful, durable. Tear-proof lining.

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When you fix a puncture with the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer the patch is there to stay for the life of the tire. Even under the constant flexing of Balloon tires which loosens ordinary cemented patches, Shaler improved Patches are not affected. The Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer also takes the work and muss out of puncture repairing. It is so *simple* and *safe* a child can use it. Be sure you have one in your car today. In stock wherever auto accessories are carried. Be sure you have a supply too, of the improved Shaler Patches especially designed for Balloon tires.

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EASY TO USE

Be sure you have this handy outfit in your car today. Fixes punctures in a jiffy anywhere —and fixes them right. Complete outfit—$1.50. Extra Patch & Heat Units, 75c per box of 12. *(Prices slightly higher in Canada and far West.)*

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PRINTED COTTONS • • PRINTED SILKS • • SO SMART • • SO NEW

FRESH • • UNFADED *till the* Season's End

It is hard to believe they are washable—those prints in the marvelous new colors. Yet almost every one is safe in Lux

THEY ARE SO SMART—the new printed cottons—so colorful, so utterly charming that no truly feminine soul can resist them!

Nor the gorgeous new printed silks with their designs—some in gay splashy colors, others alluringly soft and subdued.

It seems incredible that such lovely fabrics will wash.

But they will. Time and again! If you guard them from the *two enemies* which could so easily ruin their color and freshness.

The *first* of these enemies is rubbing with cake soap. Rubbing spoils the lustrous sheen of silks, weakens both silks and cottons and often causes colors to "run."

There is a smart print for every hour of the day

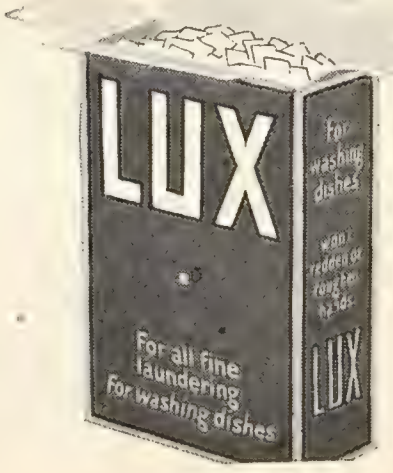
The *second enemy* is the injurious alkali in so many soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes. Alkali fades colors, makes them streaky and washed-looking, undermines the strength of sensitive fibres so that they wear out too soon.

There is no harmful alkali in tissue-thin, transparent Lux diamonds. With bubbling, sparkling Lux suds *no rubbing* is necessary.

Before the first washing try a sash-end or the under side of the hem in water to be sure the color is fast. If your lovely print is safe in water, it is just as safe in Lux!

A thorough sousing up and down in lukewarm, almost cool, Lux suds—then several rinsings—and printed frocks are magically clean with patterns clear and sharp as new.

If the color "runs" at all in rinsing, dry the frock inside out, with old towels stuffed into the sleeves and between all folds of the material. Silks should be ironed on the wrong side while still slightly damp. Then no sprinkling is necessary and the "spotty" look of sprinkled silks is avoided. You can let printed cottons get thoroughly dry, then sprinkle lightly and iron on the right side to give them the soft sheen that is part of their charm. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux

Get the convenient big package

The PRODIGAL Angel

A Drama at the Crossroads of Marriage

By
William Dudley Pelley

Pictures by J. W. Schlaikjer

HOW or when Jabez Miner reached Paris, Vermont, has not been clearly established. Jim Pease, station agent, failed to see him alight from any incoming train. No local motorist of record picked him up on a near-by highway.

Yet early summer's evening saw him wandering up and down Main Street, standing overlong on corners, glancing with wistful anxiety into the faces of persons who passed.

Stolid and seedy and flat-footed he looked, with frostbite in his hair and a pipe in his lips—a stubby clay pipe with string around its stem. He wore an oversized derby hat pushed down on his ears, much smudgy linen, and a green baggy coat of the type known as a "cutaway." His trousers were rumpled. There was dust on his shoes.

After 11 o'clock it was that this queer old nondescript approached a lemon-colored cottage out on North Beech Street.

It was a square, shutterless structure of five or six rooms; a packing case of a home that faced the west. The veranda had a roof, with rain troughs out of plumb, but no latticework or railings.

A weak, bluish gaslight was the only illumination that showed in this house, and it came from the kitchen at the side. A great coral moon, which had risen late, bathed roofs and premises with a soft sheen of copper—a light, fairy copper that was changing to silver.

A doorless outhouse, with a battered touring car run beneath; a hen yard choked with wild mustard and rhubarb, a derelict pear tree with an old automobile tire suspended by a rope, a woodpile and sawbuck, the wreck of a baby carriage—these epitomized the social status of the occupants of the little house.

"WHY, I built it! With my own two hands I built it—me!—Jabez Miner."

Yet, somehow, the stranger found them of interest. He leaned his forearms atop the weather-chewed picket fence and stared at the composition for almost twenty minutes.

At length the little man moved into the yard. The kitchen door was ajar behind a rusted, bulging screen. From inside the room came a dull, stolid thumping, followed occasionally by a sharp metallic clank—a woman was ironing clothes.

The veranda creaked sharply beneath the little stranger's weight. But the thumping and clanking failed to stop till his stubby knuckles rapped on the jamb.

"Who's there?" cried a startled woman's voice.

"Jabez Miner," responded that person.

WITH a final clank of the iron on its stand, the woman came and opened the door. She regarded the Miner person blankly—with one forefinger at her lips the while, where a cruel burn smarted.

"Who are you, anyway? What do you want?"

The egg-shaped stranger bowed three or four times, like a mechanical toy that was hinged at the hips.

"If it ain't too much trouble, ma'am, do you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

"You can't High Hat a sniffle"

For June Nest Builders

To encourage the excellent ordinance of matrimony this June, we publicly offer, absolutely free, one special honeymoon trial treatment of Rinex. It's just *double* the single size, warranted to keep *two* happy people free from any suspicion of summer colds. Use the coupon. Mark it "Honeymooners".

YOU can't High Hat a sniffle, so don't try. If you're one of those blights who spoil every party by giving imitations of Niagara Falls on a rainy day, *stop!*

Leave your pals and seek the silent places where you can be alone with your nose. Whadda y'u hear?

No . . . . it's *not* a nice noise. That's why it has sounded the break-up of many a promising friendship. And you never did suspect. What a whale of a difference just a few sniffs make.

Nobody wants to be all wet. Surely *you* don't. You know that *always snifflin'* isn't giving your best self a fair shake.

And Would Madame or Mademoiselle Enjoy a Secret?

Surround your inmost personality with the most delicate of *odeurs*—let cheeks blossom like *fleurs le pomme* — lips seduce in *cerise* kissableness—and then don't spoil the *tout ensemble* by *always snifflin'*.

Men—coarse, gross creatures that they are—have a way of standing up dates who broadcast beakwise. They're heartless in their comments on the girl who's whoops my dear!

And for those who've lost that school-girl infection their praise is — "No sniffles — easy on the ears".

Now here . . . heads up on this. Fill in the coupon for a *free* 24-hour test treatment of Rinex. Mail it to us. We believe your experience with Rinex will make you a Rinex booster—and, if that's high hat, make the most of it!

You know who needs Rinex in your crowd. Maybe it's for two other fellows. Mail it for them.

Always Snifflin'

All sorts of sniffles—weepy eyes and inflamed nostrils, mild catarrh, chronic catarrh, head colds, rose fever, rose colds, summer colds, hay fever, hay asthma — respond magically to Rinex. Try it! Sure, safe, easy to take — not habit forming. No bad after effects.

Full size packages, $1.00 at druggists in the United States and Canada. 5 shillings at all chemists in England.

DR. PLATT'S **Rinex** PRESCRIPTION

Snuffs out Sniffles *Cuts out Colds*

At Druggists

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1200 West 9th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Send that free anti-sniffling test treatment in a plain unlabeled package to

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[If your druggist has overlooked a good bet and has let his Rinex stock get sold out—mail a dollar direct to us and we will send a full-sized bottle postpaid.]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

mind me lookin' through the insides of your house?"

"Why on earth should you want to look through my house at this time of night?"

Vaguely, as the gaslight fell on the homewoman's features, Jabez Miner perceived that more than the pain of a finger burn gave that wide-open, overbrilliant glitter to her eyes and that flush to her countenance.

"A long time ago I lived in this house—me and Marthy and Julie and the baby. And tomorrer I'll be goin' on, ma'am. I'm only—passin' through. Yaas, only passin' through."

The woman took the finger from her lips. Sharply she cried:

"Has Jack sent you here?"

"Jack?"

"My husband. You want to look over this property to buy it?"

Alarm, not anticipation, put the edge on her voice. And Jabez Miner blinked.

"Buy it? Me? How could I buy it if I'm only passin' through?"

The woman lifted the corner of an apron and smeared her tired face. She was young—between twenty-five and thirty, the old man estimated—with coal-black hair.

"You're sure you're not a tramp wanting something to eat? I don't feed tramps."

An expression so rueful and hurt appeared on the sallow, puckered features that the woman felt a heart-pinch.

"I ain't no tramp, and I don't crave victuals. Had my supper to the hotel, ma'am, just before dark."

"You don't live here now—I mean here in town?"

"No'm. I'm a stranger to this place. I guess I found that out tonight, all right. Thought I'd find some old friends here, but every blessed one is gone." His hand went into his right trousers pocket. "I got money—see!"

HE did have money, a respectable roll of greenbacks. The woman's nervousness subsided.

"Come in," said she.

Jabez Miner set his feet in that kitchen as pilgrims have been known to enter shrines.

At once he halted and stood glancing around him. His eyes glittered queerly. His mouth puckered worse than ever. He twisted the peck-measure hat in his hands.

The woman took note of all this peculiar distress.

She spoke gently:

"Jack and I have lived in this house ever since we were married, and our oldest boy is nine years old. The Wallaces had the place before that, some twelve to fifteen years. I don't know who had it before the Wallaces."

"I'll tell you, ma'am! *I* did! That's the name o' the folks I sold to—Wallaces."

"Then you owned this place?"

"Owned it? Course I owned it. Why, I built it! With my own two hands I built it—me!—Jabez Miner."

"Sit down, Mr. Miner. You look rather tired."

"Thankee kindly, ma'am. Thankee, thankee. Yaas, I hoofed it quite a piece since mornin'. Thought I'd come back and take a last look at the property where—Marthy and me—was so happy—s-s-so happy—without perzactly knowin' it."

"Your wife—she's dead?"

"Yaas," he said hoarsely. "Upstairs—in the front room—was the last place I ever seen her alive."

"What do you mean? What happened?"

But Jabez Miner was reluctant to rehearse it. The details cost him much effort.

"We'd had a bit o' trouble that month, Marthy and me," he got under way at last. "Y'see, after we got marriet and the babies started comin', it not only took a lotta money, but things warn't perzactly the same as before between Marthy and me.

"Before the babies come I had Marthy all to myself, sort of. Got sort o' used to it—as any man might. But after the babies was born Marthy sort o' forgot I was around. Leastwise, I felt it so. They took so much of her time there warn't much left for passin' on to me."

THE young woman sat across from him, hands twisted up in her apron, staring. The faucet dripped in the sink. On a shelf above, an alarm clock ticked brassily.

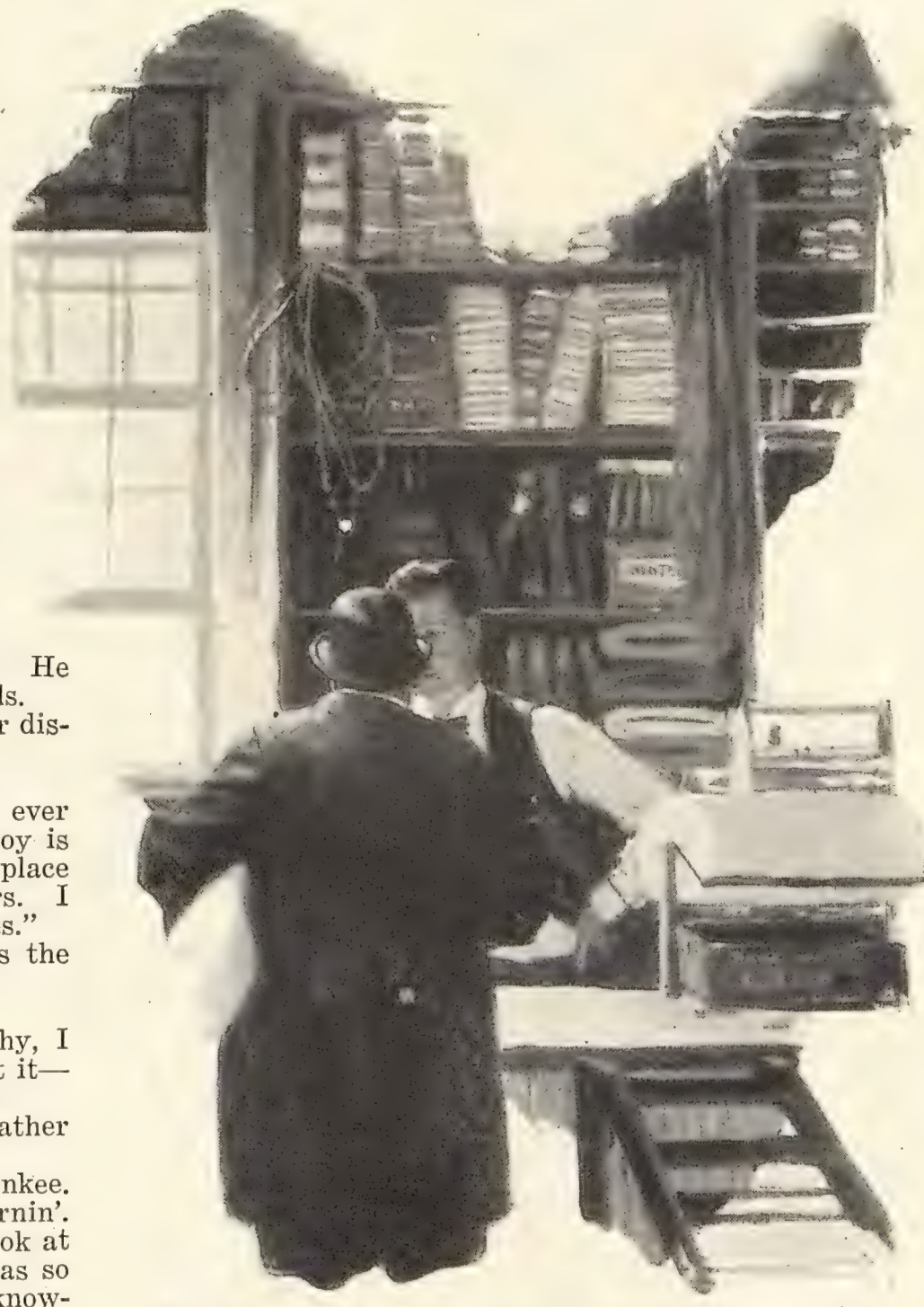
"I guess I sort o' grudged them babies the care Marthy'd been handin' out to me," he went on. "Anyhow, as I was sayin', Marthy and me run along with expenses pilin' up and me actin' peevish without givin' the reason a name. Then at last, when we reached the fuss about the tubs and the hoss, I bolted."

"What tubs? What horse?" A nerve was quivering in the young wife's throat.

"Well, my Uncle Charley up and dies and leaves me a little money—hundret dollars—and I figgered it'd just about get me a hoss. But Marthy claimed her back was broke washin' clothes in the sink and wringin' 'em by hand. So the hoss and tubs, they smashed our lives."

"You mean—"

"She wanted I should buy her a new set o' tubs, with a tank o' hot water hitched to the stove, and nice shiny faucets all shipshape. But if I went in for tubs it'd spoil the payment I must make for the hoss. And so—well, I g-g-got out."



"You want a what? *" cried the storekeeper, looking Jabez over.*

"You d-d-deserted your wife?"

"Didn't mean to get out for keeps. Just thought I'd teach her a lesson—show her who was boss. Every man gets the feelin' now and then, seein' there ain't much to stop him from doin' it. So I told her I was goin' off where my talents was appreciated—on the stage.

"And one night I didn't come home. Stayed away three or four nights, in fact. And she thought I'd went for good.

"But I hadn't gone on no stage. After a while I was darn good and homesick. Y'see, marriage ain't really a contract—it's a habit. And my tiff warn't really agin Marthy, but agin the general situation: bad bills, slow luck, keepin' my nose too close to the grindstone. Anyhow, third or fourth day o' me traipsin' off by myself, I picks up a big city paper. And there 'twas—spread all over the whole first page."

"What was?"

"The train wreck. Thinkin' I'd flew the coop for good, she'd packed up some things and started back to her folks. And—well—just below Hastin's Crossin' it happened. Train split a switch. 'Most two dozen others lost their lives in that accident. So I say—the last time I seen Marthy alive was in the front room upstairs.

"I used to go to work before she got up. That mornin' I'd left her still sleepin'. I've never forgot how drawn she looked—how many white threads there was in her hair. Her eyelids was red, too, and in one of her hands was the wobbed-up handkerchief she'd used to cry through the night. Never even told her good-by. It might 'a' happened in any family, between any young marriet folks. Why—it might even happen to you!"

"Yes—it might—even happen—to me!"

"I sold the place here and went up into Canada. Left off sign-paintin'; got to be a photographer. Terribly lonesome the last few years. Never had the stommick to take another woman. Seems the older I grow the more I miss the first. And everything goes back to some tubs—and a hoss!"

The woman dropped her forehead a moment along her arm on the still warm ironing board. When she raised it, her features looked old.

"MR. MINER, are there any happy marriages—anywhere?"

"Yaas," answered Jabez Miner huskily; "I've seed happy marriages."

"When there were children?"

"But it's children that fetch the real happiness to marriage, ain't it?"

"That's the popular notion," the woman went on bitterly. "But do they? Not that I don't love mine, but sometimes I think nothing wrecks married happiness quicker."

"For the land's sake, how?"

"Because they demand a woman's time and attention. And so long as she's only got one pair of hands, and there's only twenty-four hours to any one day, she can't give the care to her husband that she could before they came. And the man gets mad, thinks he's neglected, and sooner or later bolts!"

"They don't all bolt," declared Jabez brokenly. "Thank God for that. And they's happy marriages if the young folks can only get through that period of adjustin' theirselves to the presence of children."

The woman arose with an effort, moved toward the sink, and took down a hand lamp.

"The Wallaces only had the lower floor piped for gas," she explained.

"I was wonderin' why you didn't use a gas stove instead o' that hot coal range this time o' year."

"A gas range costs money. I've found that out."

"Pshaw, it don't cost much."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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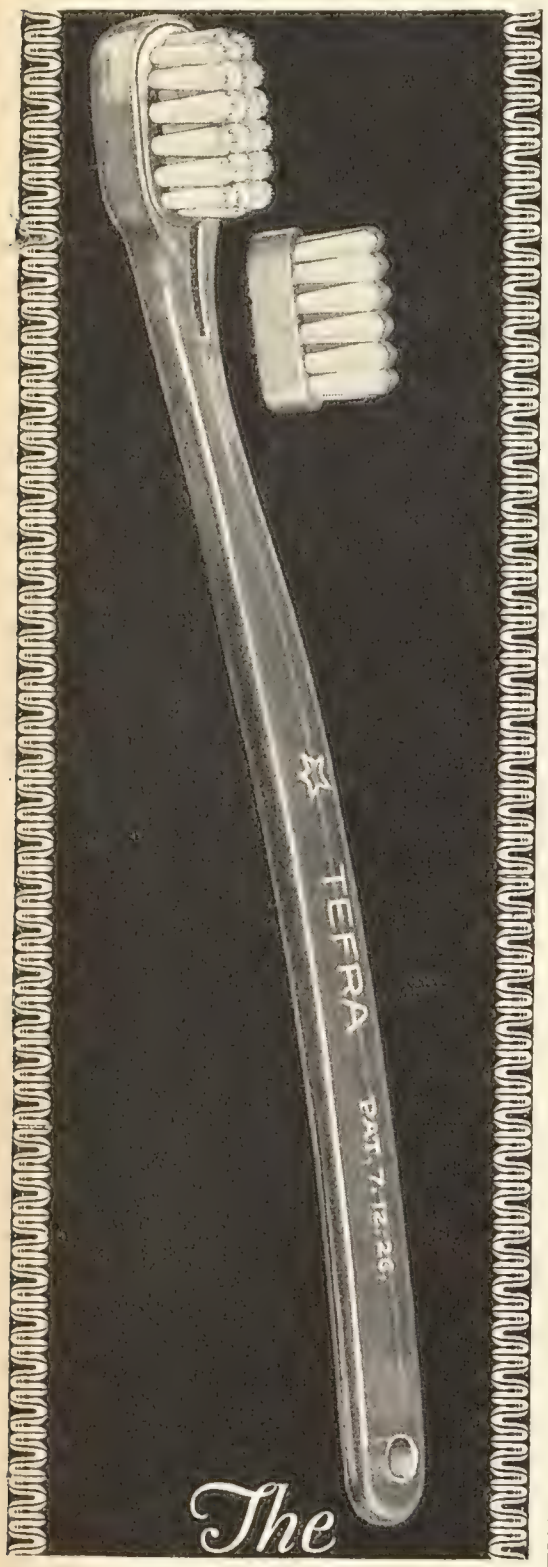

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Name.....

Street.....

Town..... *State*.....

Druggist's Name.....

[THE PRODIGAL ANGEL Continued from Page Fifty-three]

"No? Well, the tubs your wife wanted, they probably didn't cost *much*, either."

Old Jabez stared.

"Come on," the woman ordered. "But, remember, the rooms aren't on exhibition. I've got two small boys; and, besides, I've been ironing late tonight to get their clothes ready. In the morning we're leaving on—a little vacation."

Jabez looked at the dining-room and parlor. When he reached the top of the stairs, he cried out excitedly:

"That cupboard across the corner—I built that! With my own hands I built it, when Marthy wanted some place to keep Julie's playthings. We called it Julie's warehouse. And here—hold the lamp closer!—here on the side—y' see these little straight horizontal scratches? That's where we stood Julie up every birthday and marked off her heighth. I guess every family's got such a markin'-place somewheres around—when they's children."

"Yes," admitted the woman faintly; "Jack had, too. It's down on the back-kitchen door jamb."

"Your husband works nights? He's away, or somethin'?"

THE other rested the lamp on an old chest of drawers.

"Yes," she admitted; "Jack's away. It's lucky you came here tonight. One more day and you'd found the place closed."

"Y'mean he's dead? You're a widder?"

"No, Mr. Miner. Not a *regular* widow."

Jabez looked around him for something on which to seat himself. In the fearfully familiar hall he glanced from point to point, wholly unaware that his hands were wrecking his hat brim.

"Y'mean—for the second time in the life o' this house—a man's run off—got out—hoofed it?"

The woman's answer was a cackling laugh.

"You and your wife came to grief over some tubs and a horse, you say. Human nature doesn't change much. I wanted a secondhand gas range. Jack wanted a set of new tires for the car. We had fifty dollars to spare. He finally bellowed at me that he'd ruined his life, getting married so young—that a man who couldn't have a new set of tires for a flivver was nothing but a slave.

"That was last Thursday morning, and it's now Tuesday night. He hasn't been seen in town since, and his shop is locked—I haven't even a key."

"And you're thinkin' of goin' home to your folks?"

"Yes. At least, until I decide what to do."

"You could have the law on him for doin' such a thing, same as Marthy might have on me!"

"I d-d-don't want the law on him. He's my husband, and the father of my boys. I love him—even though I have to show it somewhat differently than he'd like. I don't want the law on him. I just want him to understand how tired I get—how frightfully tired—because I have all his worries and my household worries too. I wish a man would think of that!"

"Some of 'em do, ma'am—too late!"

"Jack hasn't left because he hates me—or because he doesn't love his boys. He's left in a kind of crazy spell, because he's frantic at what I and the boys represent."

Jabez Miner was stunned. "You got no idea where he might 'a' gone? He took nothin' with him?"

"That's another reason why I'm sick with worry: *He took his double-barreled shotgun!*"

"'Tain't huntin' season—June!"

"Of course it isn't."

"But he can't do this!" cried Jabez. "Why, he's makin' my mistake all over. Suppose tomorrer your train went off the track?"

"Mr. Miner, nothing but Father Time or an angel from heaven can make some men see that no woman can be more successful as a wife than her man is as a husband!"

According to one Jim Puffer—who lives across Pine Street from the German Lutheran church—a disturbing, egg-shaped human figure came pacing along under the maples shortly after 1 o'clock, sat down on the church steps, and remained there till almost four in the morning. Puffer was remarking about it in the Metropolitan Drug Store when the new day was well under way.

"That must be the same funny little coot who come trundlin' in here just after I opened up!" exclaimed the druggist. "He drunk a milk shake and then bought all my flashlight powder."

"Flashlight powder!" cried three or four voices.

"Yeah, from my photographic department. And his hat was busted, and over his arm was a

lot o' white cloth—looked to me like bed sheets. But they wasn't stolen from anywhere, because the wrappin' paper was from Alexander's Department Store."

"Did you sell him the flashlight powder?"

"Yeah—enough to make daylight at midnight for a couple o' miles."

Chief Hogan soon heard. Either

"Y'mean—for the second time in the life o' this house—a man's run off?"

the flatfooted nondescript was a lunatic or he must have designs on the citizenry that were nothing short of anarchy.

Jabez Miner, however, was totally unaware of this official anxiety. He got into the Modern Bargain Store and accosted the lone proprietor.

"You want a *what?*" cried that grimly amused storekeeper, looking Jabez over.

"A trumpet, sir. A trumpet! Don't you know whatta trumpet is?"

"Don't know that I've ever seen a regular trumpet. All I've got in the line of horns is some little toy trumpets left over from last Christmas."

"Would they make a fairly good tune-noise in the woods at night?"

"Tune in the woods at night! That where you calculate to bust out in harmony?"

"Yaas, sir. Sort of. You won't tell anybody, will you? But it just shapes up to me—I gotta be an angel!"

An uneasy suspicion leaped across the merchant's mind that this queer, cracked little man was implying an imminent suicide.

"Tell me about it," he suggested tactfully.

The old man laid aside the torn paper bundle and lesser packages containing photographic equipment.

"There's a time in the lives o' young marriet folks, before the love from the courtship dies, when they're steerin' through the troubles o' matrimony without a rudder. Dangerous things happen in them years, sometimes. I come to this town and found two such people."

THE storekeeper frowned. "And who are the people?"

"The parties is the Bromleys. Local folks calls the young husband Jack. Mebbe you know him."

"I'll say I know Jack Bromley. What about his situation?"

"Him and his woman has had a bust-up. Over tires for an automobile and a gas stove. He's gone to the woods, this Bromley. Don't know why 'tis, but it's allus the fellers who like to roam the big outdoors which chafe hardest in the martingale o' matrimony. His woman told me he goes quite frequent to a cabin up on the shore o' Lake Hathaway. And I bet her a cooky I could find him there—"

"But what's this about you playing an angel?"

"Well, I figgered it out that this young feller's gotta have some preachin' done to him under circumstances he ain't never gonna forget. If I could locate him off up to this shack on Hathaway, I'd wait till dark, when the woods was all quiet. Then I'd drape these sheets around me so's to be all white. Then I'd manage a tune on the trumpet."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" cried the merchant.

"Yeah—sumpin' like that. Y' know what it might be like: this sorrowful husband off by himself in lonely summer woods suddenly hearin' holy music come from the brush—"

"I'll say it might scare him cockeyed!"

"That's it. And while he's scared cockeyed, I let off an awful blast o' my flashlight powder—I been a photographer and know how to use it—and out o' the vision I come walkin' towards him. Then, if I told him I was an angel, visitin' earth a-purpose to tell him to go back and keep his woman from traipsin' off to St. Louie—"

"But still," persisted the merchant, "I don't see why you're going through all this fuss to shock a man you've never seen."

"I been through his trouble once m'self—don't you understand?"

Whereupon Jabez told the story of his own poignant associations with the Beech Street house, and the nocturnal visit with the Bromley woman.

But Jabez told more. He rehearsed the distraught young wife's cry: "I love him. I want him back. If I only knew where he'd gone I'd follow and tell him that he's won—that I'm whipped—that he's punished me enough—that he can have tires for a whole garage of touring cars, if he wants them. But I've been through too much with him not to find out how much I love him. And, more than all else, he's the father of my sons."

"Y'see," continued Jabez, emphasizing his contentions with a little crooked forefinger and great earnestness of countenance, "'tain't because they hate each other them two young folks has struck this snag. What ails 'em is havin' their noses rubbed in too much trouble to get along. Because they can't take it out on the world, they natcherly take it out on each other. I'm old and been through it. I see now that all most young folks needs in that time o' their lives is a healthy little vacation from each other—but not the kind of vacation that's started from a fuss!"

"But still I don't see why you're going to all this trouble, if these people aren't even relatives of yours."

"Don't have to be relatives. Young woman's cried every night since her man's been off, and that's enough for me. Them Bromleys don't understand the consequences they're playin' with, and I do. I can't let 'em make my mistake. I can't! I can't!"

"You're a good man, Mr. Miner," replied the toy merchant, swallowing with difficulty. "Are you going back to the Bromley house when you've carried out your idea?"

"I guess I oughta. Seein' I've stopped this little missus from leavin' for St. Louie this mornin' and leavin' an empty and broken home for her man to find when he comes back sorrowful, I gotta see it through."

The merchant hunted around beneath a counter, and came back blowing the dust from a tiny trumpet with eight tinny keys.

"I don't want any pay for it, sir," said he. "Accept it as my contribution for helping Mrs. Bromley."

SO Jabez departed and Chief Hogan heard of the visit to the Modern Bargain Store later in the afternoon.

"Well, Oi got traces of who he is," declared Hogan. "Just a pore, harmless ol' duffer who ain't been quite right in his hid since his folks was kilt to a railroad wreck—and who's missin' from the Old Men's Home up to Brandon. Sad sort o' case. Too bad he ain't got relatives somewheres who'd take him in and try to make him happy."

Meanwhile, Jabez had gone forth into the leafy Green Mountains to find a hot-headed young husband and show him the error of his ways.

He got across the covered bridge that spans the river on the east of town, and mounted the road up Cobb Hill. He finally branched off into the Green Mountain trail.

It was seven miles to Lake Hathaway by the Haystack Mountain highway—nearly fifteen by the trail. Jabez kept to the trail because he felt Jack Bromley would use it.

Nine miles up the northern spur of Haystack, exhaustion seized him. The hour was four in the afternoon—three hours to sunset, six miles yet to traverse. In pleasant leafy woods, he succumbed on a mossy bed beneath some juniper and reclined for temporary rest.

He rested many hours. And in those hours he slept.

The trumpet dropped on one side, angelic sheetings on the other; pockets bulging with the accouterments for manufacturing a celestial burst of fire as time and occasion might warrant, little Jabez Miner slumbered on and on, snoring at times.

The sun dropped down the west. Birds went higher into the trees and chipmunks flashed home to their nests in old stone walls. For a little time the afterglow lingered.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GOLFERS SMASH RECORD

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GOLFERS have overwhelmingly indicated their preference for the new improved Black Dunlop golf ball.

The demand for the Black Dunlop has established a world's record. To the thousands of golfers who helped to establish the previous record with that renowned ball the Blue Dunlop—this new accomplishment is truly phenomenal.

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Golfers quickly recognize that Dunlop science has again achieved the unbelievable in producing the new improved Black Dunlop golf ball.

THE NEW BLACK DUNLOP

DUNLOP

GOLF BALL

[THE PRODIGAL ANGEL Continued from Page Fifty-five]

Then, far, far away, lowland lamps showed in valley homes. Once again a copper moon arose and slowly turned to silver.

ABOUT half-past twelve the following day, Mrs. John Bromley went to the side kitchen door, where someone had knocked.

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"Jabez Miner," responded that person.

Jabez Miner was bruised and barked. He was tight-lipped, too. On his cheeks were dried tears.

"I had to go and falter by the wayside, ma'am," was his simple, miserable confession.

"What happened, Mr. Miner?"

"The weaknesses of the flesh overcome the best intentions of the spirit, ma'am. I stopped to rest, and fell asleep. And when I woke up I couldn't find my trumpet."

"What became of it?"

"I'd woked up and walked a little piece when I thought of it and put my hand in my pocket to see if I had it all right. The trumpet was gone. I went back to where I'd slept, but 'twarn't no use. Everything was spoiled, 'cause how could I ever be a real angel without a trumpet to sort of introduce me?"

"Come in, Mr. Miner," said the Bromley woman tenderly. "You must be hungry and you're just in time to eat. As for Jack, he's come home."

"He's *what?*"

"He did go off in the woods, as you suspicioned. He took along his gun for the feeling of security it gave him, that's all—till he'd thought things out. But if it hadn't been for your interest in us, I and the boys might have started for Missouri. And then maybe Jack and I would have been beyond all understanding—ever—again."

"When did he come home, ma'am?"

"He got back into town early yesterday morning. But he didn't come around to the house and make up till long toward noon. Don't you think you'd better come in and stop with us after this, Mr. Miner?"

"Stop with you?"

"Come in. Please do. I think things'll be different with Jack and me after this. And we'd like to repay you for your kindness. You see, Jack let you go on that trip up to Hathaway because he didn't want anyone around while we talked things over."

Jabez looked glassily at the husband who had come into the kitchen beyond the young wife's shoulder. He was the merchant who had donated the angelic tin trumpet.

THE END

Choosing the Love Nest

Lil and Sandy Find a Cozy Spot for Their Bungalow of Dreams

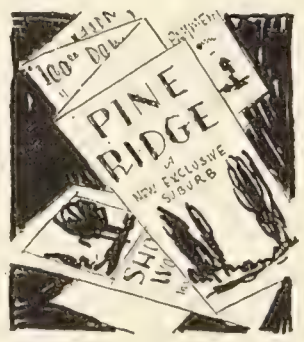
A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Romantic Cover Continuity

For the Love o' Lil

By Leslie Thrasher

THE sudden storm scaring off other prospects, Lil and Sandy were alone in the Pine Ridge Realty bus. It had turned off the State road and was now cantering over a rough stretch of bumps and deep puddles.

"I think we're nearly there," Lil said, gasping from the shock of a super-bump. "There's the sign."



"Here we are!" a cheery voice called, as the bus stopped at a two-by-four realty office marooned upon stilts.

"Mr. McAdams, meet Miss Morse," Sandy announced.

"Miss Morse," said the agent, "you're standing in the center of an exclusive suburban development." He was rapidly chewing a cigar.

She was standing in the center of a mud puddle. "Let's walk around," she suggested, feeling like Mrs. Noah after the flood.

"Lots are now selling like—like hot dogs!" Mr. McAdams continued.

Lil thought he meant hot cakes, but she didn't say anything. She decided the development had been christened Pine Ridge due to a modest elevation a few lots away, crowned by a row of trees. Perhaps they were pines—but they looked more like oaks to her.

"A year from now you won't know this place," the agent went on. Lil rather hoped she wouldn't. "Twelve lots are sold, and when the fifteenth goes—we'll put in the water supply."

Now, Lil thought, each lot certainly *had* its own full water supply. And she jumped when she heard Sandy ask:

"How much?" His voice implied that each lot was so many ant hills and he could buy one or twenty if he chose.

"Ten per cent down, forty-six dollars monthly," Mr. McAdams said.

Lil looked at the chart filled with sketches of English manor houses, a public school, a church, a country club, and a civic center.

"All right," Sandy said. "I'll take this one!" And he indicated the muddy, puddle-filled lot at his feet.

(To be continued next week)

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Underwood & Underwood

BOBBY JONES on the fifteenth green of the Sunningdale course in England, where he set a course record of 66 in qualifying for the 1926 British Open.

Bobby Jones *Super-Champion*

The Story of Golf's Greatest Amateur and His Bag of Tricks

As Told by Himself to **O. B. KEELER**

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The National Open golf tournament at the Inwood Club, Long Island, in 1923, which Bobby Jones won, was the turning-point of his career. In previous installments of his memoirs he has told how for sixteen years he had played golf, during the last seven of them participating in eleven National Open and Amateur tournaments in this country and in Great Britain, without winning a major title, although he usually finished among the leaders. This period has become known generally as his "seven lean years."

His first major victory was followed in the same year by a trouncing in the National Amateur tournament at the Flossmoor Club, Chicago. In this concluding installment Bobby tells of other victories, and especially of his winning both the British and American Open tournaments last year—a feat unprecedented in golfing history.]

PART EIGHT

MY next stop after Flossmoor was Oakland Hills, Detroit, for the National Open, where I managed a finish that consoled me somewhat for bogging down so shamefully at Inwood. I made a birdie 4 on the very last hole, a matter of 475 yards against a hard wind, to go one stroke ahead of Bill Mehlhorn, who had finished with 301 and was leading the field. And then Cyril Walker beat me by three strokes.

I was runner-up again. And I went to the Merion Cricket Club at Philadelphia, where I had started my National tournament career eight years before, rather curious to see who would beat me this time in the National Amateur, and in what round. Also, I was going to try out the medal-play system in matches.

It worked pretty well. None of the boys went crazy against me, and I wasn't pressed hard after the second round, where Ducky Corkran gave me a grand scare after I had him dormy 5. Playing against Old Man Par kept me from worrying so much when Rudy Knepper started our afternoon round with a flock of birdies. And it saved me with Francis Ouimet.

I simply couldn't play against Francis, so I concentrated on playing against Old Man Par, and the match ended on the twenty-sixth green, where my break against Bob Gardner had begun eight years before. Of course, I don't mean I shot precisely par all through that tournament; but I played close enough.

So I had won an Amateur championship, too. And still I had shot just about the regular old brand of golf, it seemed. I remember a rude sort of thought while waiting for the cup presentation. I thought:

"Now I've won the blamed thing. And I didn't do anything, either!"

I meant I hadn't done any more than I'd been doing. This time none of the boys went crazy against me. Neither did anyone at Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, in the next Amateur championship of 1925.

Nobody shot a round under par at me, and only Watts Gunn, my own protégé from At-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns

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[BOBBY JONES—SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

lanta, started to do it. Watts was by all odds the sensation of that championship. He came up unknown to his first great tournament. Against his first opponent, Vincent Bradford, he was three down through the eleventh hole, and then started an unequaled run, winning the next fifteen holes in succession and beat his man 11-10 at the twenty-sixth green.

Andrew Jamieson

He then continued a string of fifty consecutive holes on the great Oakmont course in par, incidentally defeating Jesse Sweetser, 10-9, the worst beating Jess ever got; worse even than the one Jess had given me at Brookline three years before.

WATTS and I came together in the finals: club-mates and warm friends—master and pupil, they called us—and before we reached the turn of the first round I wondered why I had begged Watts' father to send him to Oakmont.

I was a stroke better than par as I stood on the twelfth tee, and I was one down. Watts was shooting the hottest inspirational golf I had ever faced. I was going at top speed and the huge gallery was dizzy. So was I.

And this No. 12, remember, was the Ghost Hole, where the megaphone blast had struck me six years before in the match with Davy Herron. The writers speculated as to whether its haunting memories would break my nerve in 1925.

Robert Harris

My third shot—the hole is of 600 yards — was bunkered at the green, and Watts was well on for a sure par five. When I went down into that bunker I was morally certain of one thing: If Watts took that hole from me I'd never catch him. He was two under par now, and he was about to take another hole from me.

Well, destiny was on my side. That is all. The writers said afterward—some of them—that I had the match in hand all the way and kept the pressure on until the kid cracked. I say that if I had not managed to blast that ball out fairly well and get down a ten-foot putt for a half, the Ghost Hole would have done for me again.

As it was, I got the half in par 5, and was thereby inspired to start a hot run. I shot the remaining six holes of the round 3-3-4-3-3-4, finished the round two under par and four up on Watts, and started the afternoon round 4-3, which settled matters. But I'll always believe the match turned on that ten-foot putt at the Ghost Hole.

Oddly enough, while my new system was meeting with almost startling success in the Amateur championships, it was leaving me runner-up in the National Open at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1925, as well as at Oakland Hills the previous year. I had a great battle with par and Willie Macfarlane at Worcester earlier in the summer, and lost to both of them.

I started with a 77 and was in thirty-sixth place. One newspaper, at least, counted me out of it. I shot a 70 that afternoon and moved up to tenth position. Another 70 next morning—I never have broken 70 in a National Open—put me in fourth place. And in the last round, with everybody blowing up as usual, I managed to scrape out a 74, and was tied for first place with Willie Macfarlane, the tall Tuckahoe professional.

Willie played better than I in the first round of the play-off, and I was lucky to get another tie, at 75. In the second play-off I went pretty fast on the first nine and picked up four strokes. I thought I had won, sure. But Willie started back with a 2, got another deuce at the thirteenth, where I took a distressing 4, and caught me at the long fifteenth, where I made the mistake of forgetting my friend Old Man Par, and went to playing Willie.

Maj. C. O. Hezlet

I tried to get home with my second on an uphill hole of 555 yards, and break his back with a birdie 4, instead of which he got a par 5 and I a buzzard 6. So Willie came back with a fine 33 and beat me by a stroke on the last green. We were just one stroke apart in 108 holes. But he was champion and I was runner-up—again.

I'VE often wondered whether I might qualify for the anomalous position of champion runner-up. I've been runner-up in seven Open championships—three American Nationals, one Canadian, two Southern, and one Florida West Coast championship—all at medal play. The saving of one stroke a round would have won all these except the Canadian, when Douglas Edgar was sixteen strokes ahead of everybody. And there's always at least one stroke in every round you can figure (afterward) that you really ought to have saved. But I suppose if you had saved that stroke you'd have dropped another.

Jess Sweetser

Queer game, golf!

I started the year 1926 with one glorious licking and closed it with another. And it was the biggest golf year I'll ever have. Walter Hagen gave me the first drubbing; and of all the workmanlike washings-up I have experienced, this was far and away the most complete.

He was National Professional champion; I was National Amateur champion; we liked to play against each other. A match was arranged for the late winter season in Florida—a 72-hole affair,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Here are the *Progressive Steps in* Liberty's *Four Color Printing*

THE painting or product is first photographed through ray filters which separate the colors into the three primary colors of yellow, red and blue. A half-tone copper engraving is made for each color and another one for black. Each color is printed in the order illustrated at the side. Black is added to intensify the details.

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The paper LIBERTY uses for all four-color printing is 58-pound cover stock. The Saturday Evening Post uses only 41-pound stock.

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

FIRST OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON LIBERTY'S FOUR-COLOR PRINTING

1. *First, the YELLOW is printed.*

2. *Then the RED is printed on top of the Yellow.*

3. *Which gives this result in YELLOW and RED.*

4. *Next, the BLUE is printed on top of the Yellow and Red.*

5. *And here is how the picture looks in YELLOW, RED and BLUE.*

6. *Lastly, the BLACK is printed and the result is a* printed *picture exactly like the artist's* painting.

Here is Another Sample Of Our Four-Color Printing

...how do you like it?

LIBERTY has the best four-color printing in any weekly magazine.

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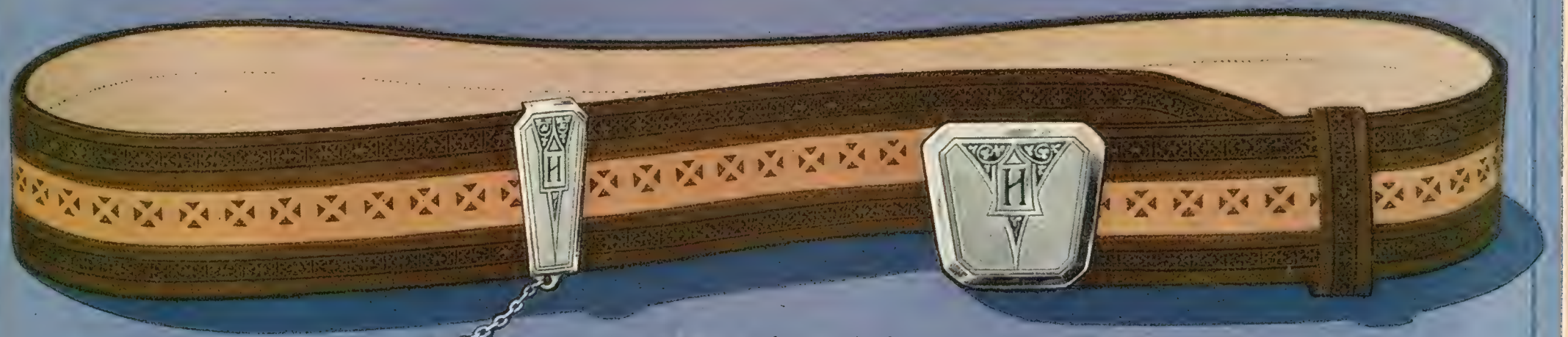
More and more advertisers are using four colors in LIBERTY because it increases their sales.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

the first half at the Whitfield Estates Country Club at Sarasota, and the second half a week later at Walter's course at Pasadena. Walter simply was too good for me.

My irons were seriously out of line, it is true, but no excuses are to be offered when the other fellow, on two really great courses, is never over par on any round, and is four strokes better than par at the finish on the sixty-first green; where the match ended with me sinking a forty-five-foot putt for a birdie 3 in the effort to go a little farther, and Walter sinking a forty-footer for a half to chop my head off.

Walter played the most invincible match golf in those two days I have ever seen. He beat me 12-11.

That match did me a lot of good. I had been playing very good golf all winter, and in a series of seven four-ball matches paired with Tommy Armour against the best professionals in the country, Tommy and I had not lost a match. I fancied I was in for a good season, and then this drubbing showed up the defect in my iron play that had started troubling me at Skokie in the Open championship of 1922.

I set to work on that department, and I think it was Jimmy Donaldson, who was with Armour at Sarasota, that gave me the correct line — too much right hand in the stroke. I worked on the irons whenever I had a chance, and they served me well the rest of the year. Whenever I could get the feel that I was pulling the club down and through the stroke with the left arm—as if I were hitting the shot with the left hand—it seemed impossible to get much off the line. The older school of professionals always insisted that the golf stroke was a left-hand stroke.

The United States Golf Association named Watts Gunn and me on the international team of eight members to play at St. Andrews, Scotland, for the Walker Cup: a biennial event played alternately in this country and Great Britain. We also were to play as individuals in the British Amateur championship at Muirfield, Scotland; and four of us—Watts, Roland MacKenzie, George von Elm, and I—were to play in the British Open championship at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, England.

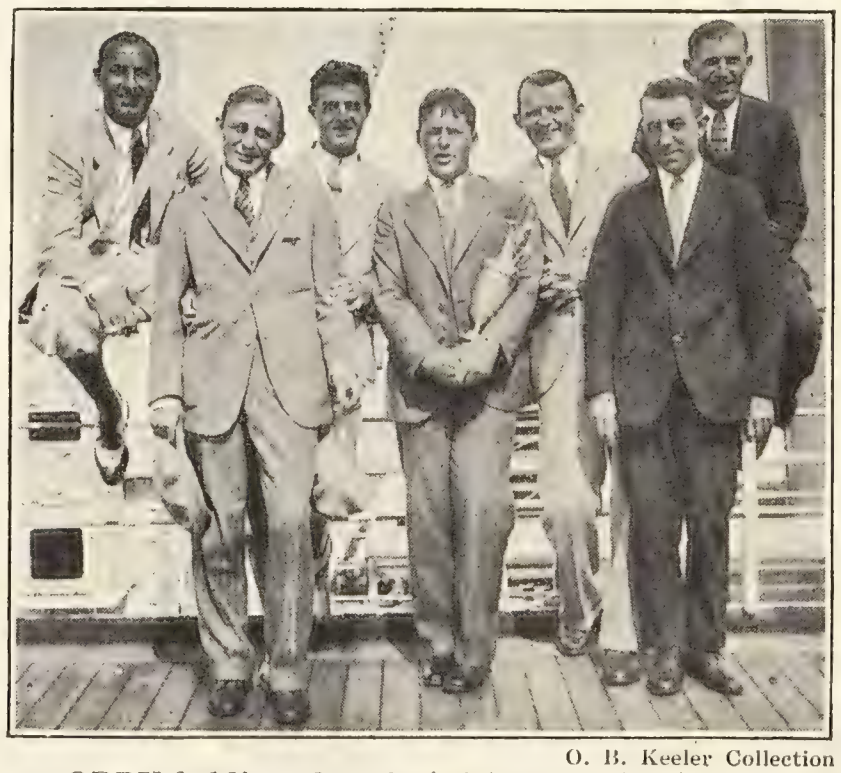
AND here's another odd quirk of fate, if it may be dignified by that name. I was getting awfully homesick—leaving my wife and little daughter, a year old, and the rest of my family—and I wanted to get back a few weeks in advance of the U. S. Open championship.

When I started in the British Amateur championship, May 24, I already had booked passage home on the Aquitania, having decided not to play in the British Open, which was only a couple of weeks before our own Open championship at the Scioto Country Club, Columbus.

I WENT fairly well in the first rounds of the British Amateur. They start the field playing eighteen-hole matches and keep on day after day, two matches a day, until only two are left, who play a thirty-six-hole match in the finals.

I don't like eighteen-hole matches. I may be all wrong, but I can't like them. Too much can happen in one round over which neither golfer has any jurisdiction. But they are coming into fashion in this country, too; and the last National Amateur at Baltusrol, where they started with two eighteen-hole matches, saw the two ultimate finalists, George von Elm and me, almost knocked off in round one. George had to go to the nineteenth with Ellsworth Augustus, and I to the eighteenth with Dicky Jones.

Anyway, I got to the top of my game by the fifth round, and shot my head off against Robert Harris, British Amateur champion in 1925. I won nine of the twelve holes the match lasted, defeating him 8-6. And next morning a youngster named Andrew Jamieson, about my age, beat me 4-3, in fifteen holes on which he never was above par. I wasn't shooting par golf, but I wasn't so bad. He just beat me.



O. B. Keeler Collection

BOBBY holding the winner's trophy from the 1926 British Open and the six Americans who placed just behind him. They are (left to right): Walter Hagen, George von Elm, Emmet French, Al Watrous, Freddie McLeod, and Bill Mehlhorn.

Everybody had expected me to breeze on through to the finals (the eighth round in British championships) and there meet Jess Sweetser, who, after a severe match with Francis Ouimet, another of our team, was going steadily along.

I felt pretty blue when Jamieson stopped me. And more than ever I wanted to go home. But here is the working of fate: If I had won the British Amateur, I'd certainly have sailed for home a week later, on the Aquitania.

Then I got to thinking that if I went home now it would look somewhat as if I were sulking over failing to win the British Amateur championship. I was disappointed, because I'd love to have won it, but I wasn't sore. Moreover, I remembered that I hadn't behaved very well on my first visit, five years earlier.

I thought I'd like to stay over and show people I really could shoot some golf at times.

I had little enough hope of winning the British Open. No amateur had won it since 1897, when Harold Hilton's name went on the beautiful old trophy, five years before I was born. But I thought maybe I could make a decent showing; and I was determined I'd not pick up. The British are a wonderful sporting people, and I wanted them to think kindly of me and to believe I could shoot a little golf.

Jess Sweetser, a hero if ever there was one—he collapsed, dangerously ill, within ten hours after helping to win the Walker Cup, and he must have been ill in the championship—went on through several tough matches to the finals with A. F. Simpson, and won handily; and we all headed for St. Andrews, the home of golf, where the international team matches were to be played the following Wednesday and Thursday.

We won the big cup again, by a single point, and I feel it was George von Elm's grim battle with Major Hezlet, resulting in a halved match, that gave us the margin. Watts Gunn performed nobly, getting a lot of revenge on the Hon. W. G. Brownlow, an engaging youngster who had put Watts out of the recent championship. Watts beat him 9-8 in the singles matches at St. Andrews, and Watts and I beat Cyril Tolley and Andrew Jamieson in the foursomes.

I met Tolley in the singles division, and had the first really satisfactory round I had yet played in Britain, which with Tolley's wildness in the opening holes, put me nine up in the first round and closed the match, 12-11, early in the afternoon. I was a stroke under par for the match, and that is something to be happy about on the old course at St. Andrews.

I WAS playing better than at any time since we had landed, and went back to London rather glad I was to compete in the Open championship. Freddie McLeod and I went over to St. Anne's for a few days' practice on the course before the qualifying rounds, which I was to play with the southern section, at Sunningdale in Surrey.

I played only moderately well at St. Anne's, but as soon as I got to Sunningdale I began to perk up. Sunningdale is a wonderful course, and I wish I could carry it about with me.

I shot a couple of practice rounds in 66—par, figured strictly on our American yardage rating, is 72, but the second hole is really a par 4 of 454 yards, which would make it 71. I had the feel of my iron shots as never before. It was as if I were playing the shot with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He isn't scared . . .

He has kept his *Teeth* CLEAN

Here is a picture of a sane man phoning his dentist. He says: "Just want you to look them over, Doctor. Nothing wrong, I think, I've kept them . . . *clean.*"

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[BOBBY JONES—SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Sixty-one

my left arm and hand. And Sunningdale is a course with long-iron second shots.

In my thirty-six holes there, in the qualifying round, I used a mashie twice and a mashie-niblick once for approach shots. The others were good bangs with the irons, or a spoon, or occasionally a brassie. The card shows it to be 6,472 yards long; but it was a lot longer than that, from the tees we were using.

When we started the first of the two qualifying rounds, the course record was 70, and Archie Compston set a new record with a fine 69 early in the day. I was paired with a professional named Jones, oddly enough.

I never hope to shoot a better round of golf than that one, in competition or out of it. The British critics said it was the finest round of golf ever shot in Great Britain; but they're very polite over there. The score was a 66. But it wasn't the score that pleased me, so much as the way I managed to compile it. This is the card:

PAR (out)	544	344	434	—35
ME	444	334	434	—33
PAR (in)	544	353	444	—36—71
ME	434	343	444	—33—66

I was out in thirty-three and home in thirty-three. I had thirty-three putts and thirty-three other shots. I had not a five and not a two in the card. And on only one hole of the round was I off the green with the shot that should have been on—the 175-yard thirteenth, when I shoved my iron slightly to a bunker and chipped out for a par 3. At the fifth hole I got down the only long putt of the round, a 25-footer, for a birdie 3.

At the third I missed a putt of five feet for a birdie; at the seventh I had a very simple looking putt of ten feet for a birdie, and missed that. At the ninth, 270 yards, I drove over the green, chipped five feet from the cup—and missed the putt for a birdie.

Mr. Bernard Darwin, the British golf writer, characterized my performance in those two rounds as "incredible and indecent"—a wonderful line. Lord, I was happy after that round—and the one next day, when I got a 68 to go with it, and led the field by seven strokes!

I was happy—and worried. I had sense enough to know I had come to the top of my best game six days before the championship, which was where I would need it; and golf's a queer game—you cannot hold it. Anyway, I can't.

I won the British Open championship, to quote Mr. Darwin again, without ever being quite on my game. Or maybe that *is* my game and the scores below 70 are merely flashes. Anyway, my cards were 72-72-73-74—291. And I had to fight all the time to get them.

Hagen led off with a 68, but slipped back in the next round; and Bill Mehlhorn, another American professional, and I were tied for the lead after the second round. Then Al Watrous, still another American pro, and I were paired for the last day's play, thirty-six holes, and we found ourselves leading the parade after the third round, when Al had a great 69 and went out in front by two strokes, with me next.

We couldn't help playing each other, and back of us came Hagen and George von Elm and the others, with Hagen dangerously close.

MY putting was ghastly—thirty-nine putts on the eighteen greens; never down in one putt; three putts on three greens—but my game held up and I got around in seventy-four. A shot off the sand with a mashie iron saved my bacon at the seventeenth hole.

Watrous took three putts there, and I got out in front of him, after being two strokes behind with five holes to play. Luck—that's what it was. I managed to stagger in with 4-3-4-4-4 on those last five holes, just par on each, in a hard wind. And it turned out to be good enough. Watrous was two strokes back. George von Elm and Hagen were tied for third, two strokes behind him.

To me, John Henry Taylor, fifty-six-year-old English professional, was the hero of St. Anne's, shooting a 71 in the hard wind in the third round. It was better than I could do in any round.

Homeward bound with the famous old cup—I felt that when I saw the Aquitania at Southampton I'd pick it up in my arms and hug it! It was a happy journey. And at New York, when the Atlanta crowd came out on the launch Macom to take me off at Quarantine, with Mary and mother and dad and grandmother and grandfather and some of the boys—and the band playing Valencia!

We marched up Broadway to the City Hall. I can't talk about that, but I'll never hear Valencia without my throat getting tight.

I went on to Columbus, and Mary and mother and dad went with me, and I was pretty well shot up and stale. So I was tremendously lucky to win, because I'll never have another chance to win both the British and the American Open championships in the same season.

The latter was a miracle—a plain miracle, which must have been in the book before we started; because I was four strokes back of Joe Turnesa, starting the last nine holes, and I was groggy and sick at my stomach with the strain. Someway, I managed to finish in thirty-five, and as Joe took forty I got out in front by a stroke.

I went to the hotel and blew up completely, for the first time in my life. Anyway, I never did sit down and cry before. Mother said that would be about all of championship golf for me, and the next thing I knew, they were telling me to come out for the cup. And when we got back to Atlanta—well, they had a bunch there to meet us!

So all that remained was for me to round out the biggest year with another neat licking, which George von Elm gave me in the final match of the National Amateur championship at Baltusrol. I managed to square off with Chick Evans in round three for the drubbing he gave me six years before at Memphis—and a terrific job it was, too.

Francis Ouimet and I had another great battle, and then George simply was too much for me. It was coming to him. I'd beaten him at Merion and at Oakmont, and Heaven knows nobody is going to keep on beating a golfer like George von Elm. I tried as hard as I could, but it wasn't in the book, and it was George's turn. So this year at Minneapolis I won't be champion, but just one of the boys; and I'll try again.

Championship! I read a line somewhere—The Cage of Championship. It *is* something like that. Something like a cage. First you're expected to get into it, and then you're expected to stay there. I'll be out one of these days—very likely this year—and next year trying to get back in again. Sort of foolish, isn't it, when golf—just golf, not championship golf—is so much fun!

Still, being a champion has its compensations. There was that sight of New York harbor and the Macom coming out, with the home folks aboard and the band playing Valencia. And getting back to the old home town with the bacon.

I've been awfully lucky. Maybe I'll win another championship—sometime. But the thing I'll always look forward to is the round with dad and Chick and Brad—the Sunday-morning round with nothing to worry about—when championships are done.

THE END

O. B. Keeler Collection

Historic old St. Andrews, Scotland, forms the background of this picture of a gallery on the course known as the home of golf.

In next week's LIBERTY, Glenna Collett, who also won fame on the golf links, tells why a good sportswoman makes a good housewife—and of a few who prove her statements.

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Keep Skin Hair-free

Neet — wonderful new cream brings thrilling freedom from blemishing hair

Swim, dance, dress in the things Style calls for—anywhere, anytime. For science has solved, with a dainty new cream, one of women's greatest problems—that of removing disfiguring, superfluous hair. The name of this cream is Neet. Millions are using it—will accept no other method of hair removal. Learn why.

What Neet Is

In this amazing cream hair remover, science has brought within reach of all a swift, gentle and thorough means of removing blemishing hair. In addition it has brought welcome assurance of fresh and lovely beauty of skin where clouding growths of hair on legs, arms and underarms had been.

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Neet has brought such wonderful results in happiness and ease of use in meeting the universal need for hair riddance that it is obtainable at drug and department stores throughout America. Millions of packages have brought to girls and women a new and amazingly happy means to beauty. No other method, regardless of cost, affords the same quick, thorough, delightful freedom from unwanted hair, the common foe to beauty.

Begin Its Use

The need for hair riddance is emphasized by all styles today . . . one piece bathing suits . . . sleeveless frocks and evening gowns . . . sheer silk stockings of transparent filminess. Almost no one escapes the need for it. To dress as you want, to be wholly free at ease, happy and confident that your appearance is all that it should be, unwelcome hair must be removed. Buy Neet at your drug or department store today. Use it critically on forearm or underarm, following the simple directions on each package. Then you will see why Neet is preferred by so many for use over larger surfaces such as legs and arms.

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Applied to either the soft downy growth on forearms or the thickest underarm growth, note how quickly and thoroughly Neet dissolves the hair. Note the invisibility of the tiny hair ends left soft and finely pointed down deep in the pores of the skin. Mark the lovely smoothness and perfection of the surface in contrast with the annoyance of sharp, blunt hair ends and injured skin that commonly results where the razor is used. See how slowly new hairs come in—how Neet retards their further growth. See what a feeling of absolute cleanliness and freshness follows the use of Neet.

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See how smooth skin becomes where unwanted hair is removed with Neet. The use of the masculine razor, extraction methods and similar harsh treatments, encourages hair growth and toughens skin. But Neet proves doubly beneficial; not only does it retard hair growth, but it lessens the effect of coarseness and tones up abused skin surfaces. Try it. Just feel the difference.

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Buy a tube of Neet today. Purchase the generous package for only 50 cents. Apply it according to the simple directions enclosed. If you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness of skin that results, mail the unused portion of the package to us and we will refund your purchase price plus the postage it costs to return it. We make this offer out of the confidence that comes of seeing hundreds of thousands of girls and women made happy by this pleasant solution of the problem of removing unwanted hair. Be sure that you get Neet. Ask for it by name, today. Accept no substitutes. Hannibal Pharmacal Company, St. Louis.

Neet

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Send the coupon with 10c for a sample of the shade of polish you prefer and the Polish Remover.

I enclose 10c for samples. Check the shade you prefer, Natural Pink ☐ or Deep Rose ☐

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. UU-6
114 West 17th St., New York City

Foot Paths to BEAUTY

By EILEEN BOURNE

"HOW beautiful are thy feet with shoes!" That poet of the Canticles who thus praised his love probably saw her wading in the Jordan. A modern poet would be even more certain that only in shoes are a woman's feet beautiful.

And, just think, once our feet were curling rosebuds that everyone kissed on sight! If properly treated they might have flowered.

Children should not be allowed to walk too soon. Those twenty-six bones that make up the foot must grow strong enough for a Charleston future. When they do begin to walk, they must wear carefully fitted shoes.

Luckily, present fashions for adults are healthful. Moderate heels may be worn on all occasions, and low heels and broad toes are the rule for sports and every day.

Yet, even the most perfect upbringing cannot permanently assure health and beauty to a foot, unless we continue this care.

Shoes that squeeze the ball of the foot make hammertoes. Those that are too narrow and pointed result in corns and calluses. Too short vamps produce bunions. Twelve months of the wrong shoes are sure to bring on troubles hard to get rid of.

Every woman's problem is to reconcile health and comfort with style and good looks. For fashionable appearance the ideal feet are small and narrow, with slim, high instep and short toes. A few possess them, but the rest of us must pick and choose our shoes. According to the head salesman of one smart New York shop, we are doing this well.

"Women are mighty careful nowadays," says he, "to buy shoes that are both comfortable and in good style. If you'll pardon my saying so, they're not the fools they once were."

The woman with fat instep and thick ankle looks best in oxfords and strapless pumps. She of the flat instep should wear as high a heel as comfort permits. Feet distorted by bunions need shoes cut high. For this disfigurement and for any foot broad at the ball, a colonial style is the most flattering. Short vamps—but never too short—are best for the long, thin foot. Strapped pumps also reduce the length of a foot.

The light fantastic toe is not for the average woman. Shoes deeply cut out, light-colored, or fancy street shoes are suitable only for small, well shaped feet. On the other hand, insets, gores, and cleverly cut combinations of two leathers make many a large, imperfect foot look shapely and smart. Find what style suits your foot and then stick to it.

Every woman should have several pairs of shoes. Changed often, they do not wear out so fast. Use shoe-trees in them and never let them run down at the heel. Keep them brushed and polished. Remember that a smart costume is ruined by shabby or ill-fitting shoes. It rests the foot to change the shoes frequently. Your stockings should exactly fit the feet, and be changed every day.

CARE of the feet is truly a beauty aid, as there is a close connection between foot discomfort and that nervous frown which spoils facial loveliness.

Tired feet should be bathed in salt water—hot, if possible—or a solution of alum. Then they should be lightly massaged with a lotion consisting of equal parts of alcohol and witch-hazel. Rotate each toe—you'll be surprised how restful is this motion. Prop your feet high with a pillow as you rest on your couch. This drains off static blood. Remember, whenever you bathe, to dry your feet well, especially between the toes, and to prevent rubbing and reduce perspiration by dusting on boric-acid powder.

No cultural course will repay you better than to follow these brief foot notes.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones, braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

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Valaze Sunproof Cream—Applied before exposure, prevents tan, freckles, sunburn. (1.00)

Valaze Sunproof Liquid Powder — imparts delightful sunproof finish. (1.50)

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Valaze Liquidine—instantly absorbs oiliness—corrects shine on nose. (1.50)

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Valaze Pore Paste Special — washes away blackheads, refines pores, restores delicacy and smoothness to skin. (1.00)

FLATTERING BEAUTY TOUCHES
Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Compacts—exquisitely pure and protective — wide range of flattering tints. (1.00 to 5.50)

At the better stores—or order direct from Dept. L. 6

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN L. 6
46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

( ) Dry Skin	( ) Enlarged Pores
( ) Oily Skin	( ) Double Chin
( ) Average Skin	( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Wrinkles	( ) Flabbiness
( ) Crowsfeet	( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Sallowness	( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads	( ) Hollows

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

For Your Bath—

This Clear Soap

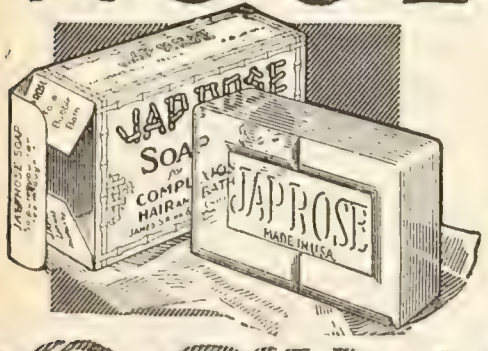
Because it is made primarily for the complexion, having a gentle, soothing effect on the skin, Jap Rose Soap is especially desirable for the bath.

Jap Rose is a positively different soap. You know that the moment you see its pleasing appearance and transparent purity. It instantly turns to rich, bubbly, fragrant lather, which dissolves completely in the water, leaving no sediment to clog the pores.

Jap Rose induces a natural healthful skin action. The result is beauty. These qualities also make Jap Rose the ideal shampoo.

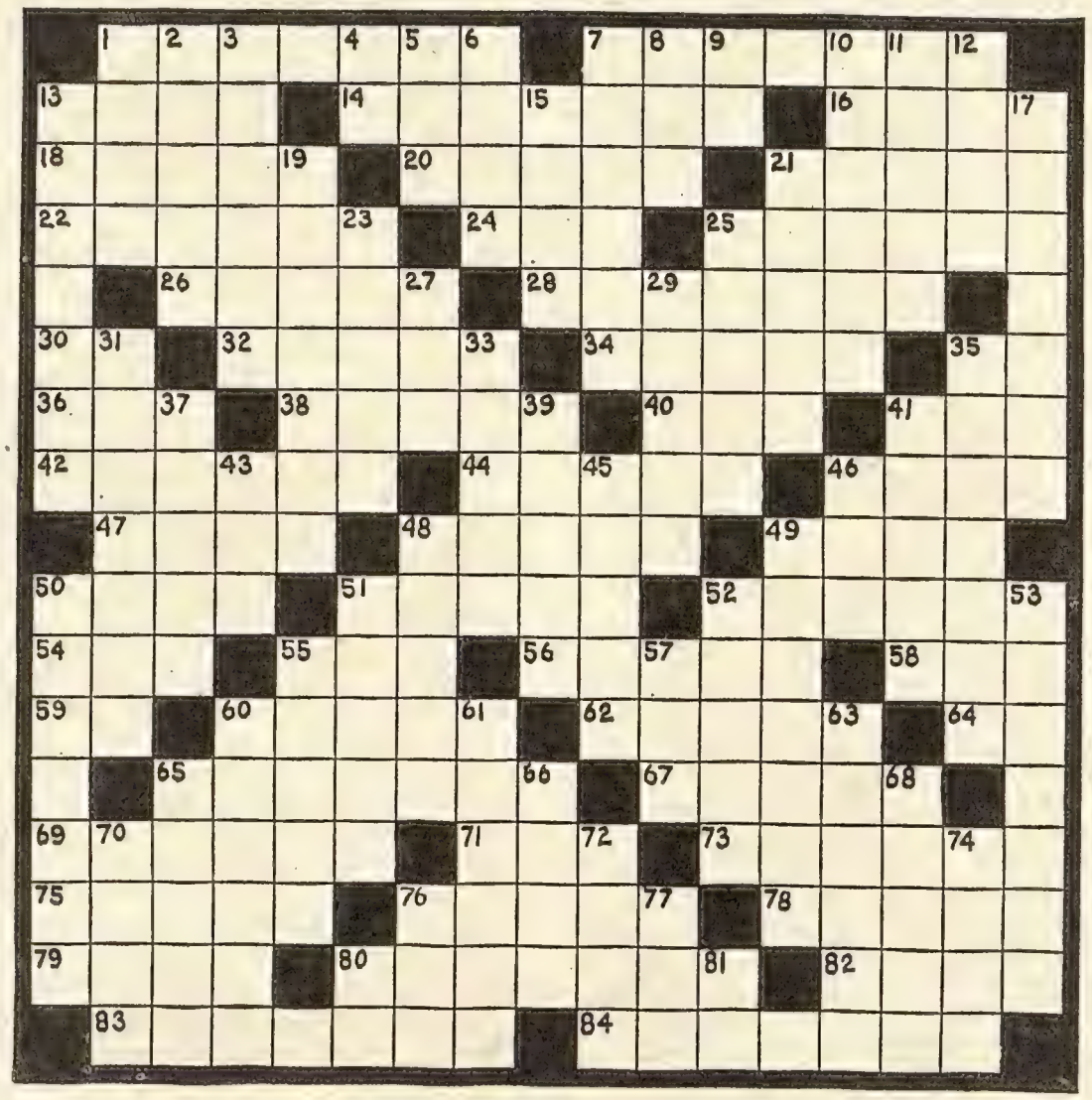
The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin

JAP ROSE



How Do You Like Our $25 Puzzles?

THE Cross-Word Puzzle Editor receives many interesting letters from LIBERTY readers, but they chiefly concern the particular problems of puzzle-makers. How about the puzzles we print—the ones that win prizes for their lucky makers? Do you enjoy solving them? Do you find them easy to work? Or a bit hard? Keep up your good work of puzzle-making, and don't hesitate to ask questions. They will be answered—or your manuscript returned—when accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 41

By IONA E. HALL, Ripley, West Virginia

HORIZONTAL

1 One experienced in warfare
7 Attorneys
13 Auction
14 Bankruptcy
16 Loud sound of a bell
18 A proverb
20 To perch
21 Tremble
22 Die
24 Small child
25 Shops
26 An engine
28 Systems
30 Within
32 Pillar of a staircase
34 Birds of the crow family
35 Negation
36 To find fault constantly
38 A church officer
40 Very small
41 Firearm
42 Men in charge of horses
44 Companions
46 Thrusts violently
47 Wands
48 Wanderer
49 Long staff
50 Special state of affairs
51 Fabric made from flax
52 Threadlike tissues
54 Devoured
55 Fowl
56 Sweetheart
58 To undermine
59 A pronoun
60 Annoy
62 Competitor
64 An ejaculation
65 Barbers
67 Inorganic substance
69 To turn
71 To strike smartly
73 A meal
75 Manacles
76 Extra dividend
78 Debauch
79 Cleat on a horseshoe
80 Barriers in a race course
82 An exclamation
83 Reduces
84 Colorer

VERTICAL

1 To walk in a yielding substance
2 Apprehension of danger
3 District
4 Supposing that
5 Row
6 Tumult
7 Brightness
8 Dexterity
9 A pronoun
10 Vestments of Jewish high priests
11 Builds
12 Purpose; reason
13 Immature tree
15 Weaving device
17 Things which are taught
19 Respects
21 To maintain a fire
23 Protracted mournful cries
25 Part of a brake (plural)
27 A color
29 Lofty building
31 Recite
33 A fruit
35 Number
37 Bird between a swan and a duck
39 Unweave
41 Winds
43 A poem
45 Import
46 Steal
48 To wash
49 Freebooters
50 Fine linen fabric
51 Abandon
52 Condition of great excitement
53 Dotted
55 Warms
57 Energy
60 Grateful acknowledgments
61 Misplays, as in baseball
63 Small loose flap
65 Scarf worn by a priest
66 Fine particles of rock
68 Extensive
70 Verbal
72 Fleshy part of a fruit
74 To burn
76 A small cake
77 A billow
80 A pronoun
81 A syllable in the sol-fa system

COPPER ONCE CAPERS
ORIOLE LOON ANIMAL
LINTEL DUMBEST EVA
OG SCAB SPEAK FRET
RID TIES ART BUGLE
SNIP DETERS DURESS
SEA RAVE MOSS
STARRY RESPECT ERN
PAVEMENT IRK FLUE
EROS LEE NEEDIEST
DEW GLADDEN DELVES
POET ROAM NEE
SPREAD RANCOR SNOW
CREEL GEM EWES SPA
ROLL HUMAN SACS SIT
ALE SEMITES MALONE
PINDAR TIRE ELUDER
EXTOLS SCOW REMEDY

Answer to Puzzle No. 40

Write for it Today

ONE square mile of land is required every month to provide for Detroit's growth in population and industry.

Fortunes are being made in Detroit real estate. The investor has exceptional opportunity here. Yet Detroit has only started its career as a great commercial and industrial center.

You will enjoy this wonderfully illustrated book about Detroit and Dearborn—the center of Greater Detroit's west side, where Henry Ford has built the world's largest single industry.

You should have this book!

Wanted—State Managers. Men of character and standing. Big opportunity for men who qualify.

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GLOVER WATSON ORGANIZATION INC.
WASHINGTON BLVD. BLDG., DETROIT, U.S.A.

Tender Aching Smarting Feet

Tender, aching, tired, burning, sore, swollen feet respond like magic to the soothing influence of Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. You get complete relief almost instantly.

Its healing properties are quickly absorbed and the feet relieved and refreshed. You can almost *feel it heal*. Try it after a busy day or evening on your feet. Buy a jar at your druggist's or shoe dealer's—35 cents a jar.

For Free Sample, write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

STOPS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
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Paris London

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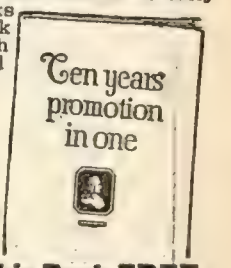
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Effective Speaking

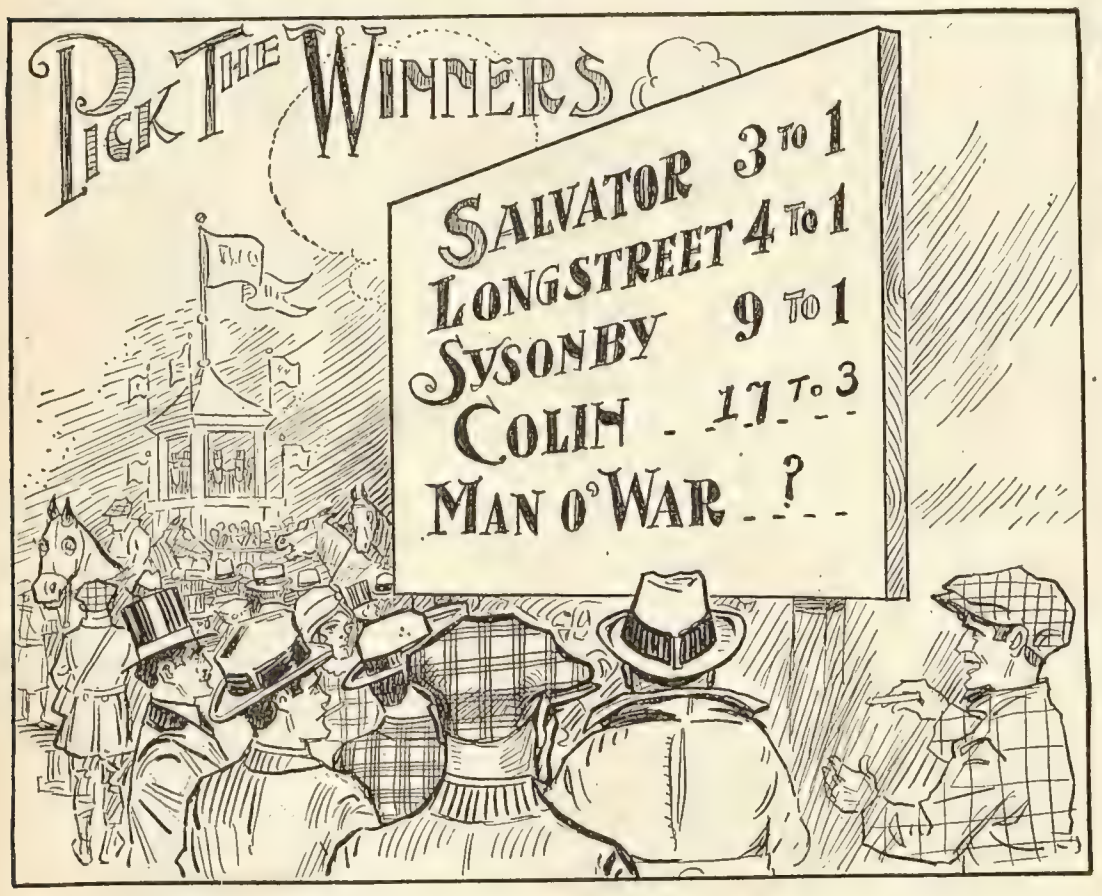


This Book FREE
Send for it Now

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 631-RA, Chicago

Step Right Up, Folks
and
NAME YOUR ODDS

A SAM LOYD PUZZLE



THE other day an old-time racing man asked me what I thought were the five greatest track runners of all time.

"I'll bite," said I.

"Salvator, Longstreet, Sysonby, Colin, and Man o' War," said he. "And if they were all in the same race, I'd offer odds like this: Salvator 3 to 1, Longstreet 4 to 1, Sysonby 9 to 1, Colin 17 to 3."

"But what about Man o' War?" said I; "the greatest of the lot."

He leaned over and grinned.

"Sam," he said, "this is going to be a square book for once in my life. The odds are exactly as if the bookie were not selling an extra percentage for himself. It's what we call a 100 per cent lay. If you spread your money rightly on all five horses, you'll break even, no matter which one wins. But, to do so, you'll have to figure out Man o' War's odds for yourself."

I sat down and began to figure. It looked like a nice little problem. To make it easy I decided to wage $100. Pretty soon I had the answer. Because I want you to try it, too, I'll give you a tip: I laid $25 on Salvator, on his chance of 3 to 1, which means the bookie would venture $75 against my $25. Can you figure out what should be the odds against Man o' War, considering the odds against the others, that would enable you to spread bets of $100 on all five horses and neither win nor lose, regardless of which won?

Sam Loyd

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

THE problem: There are 15 hangars on the field. From one of these hangars, a flyer can rise and, in 6 straight flights, pass over each of the 15 and get back to his starting point. No flight can pass beyond the rectangular border as shown in diagram A. It was not necessary to go to a flying field to solve this puzzle. The flights could be marked in diagram on a plain sheet of paper with a pencil.

The answer is shown in diagram B.

S. L.

Diagram A

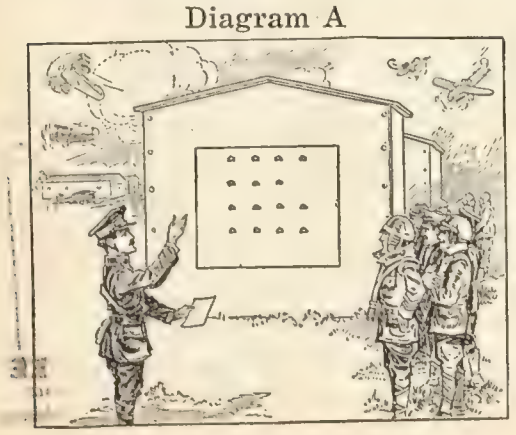
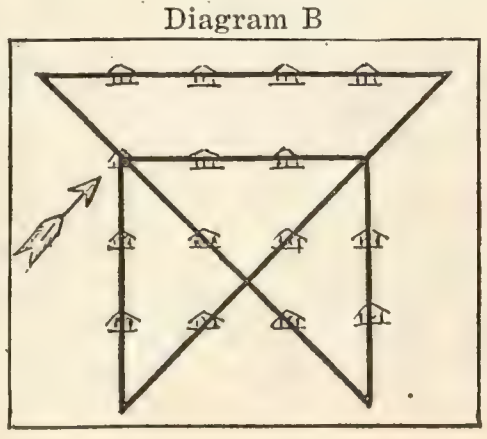


Diagram B



10¢ candy

More than ever, the World's Greatest Dime's Worth

NEW SHAPE
NEW PACKAGE
EASY TO EAT

MAKE THIS AN OH HENRY! SUMMER

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. 15c, 30c, 60c.

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Keep the Scalp Clean and Healthy Promote Hair Growth

Don't Miss—
THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
A thrilling story of pearls, of pirates, and of a romance in the South Seas
by Frank L. Packard
Beginning
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

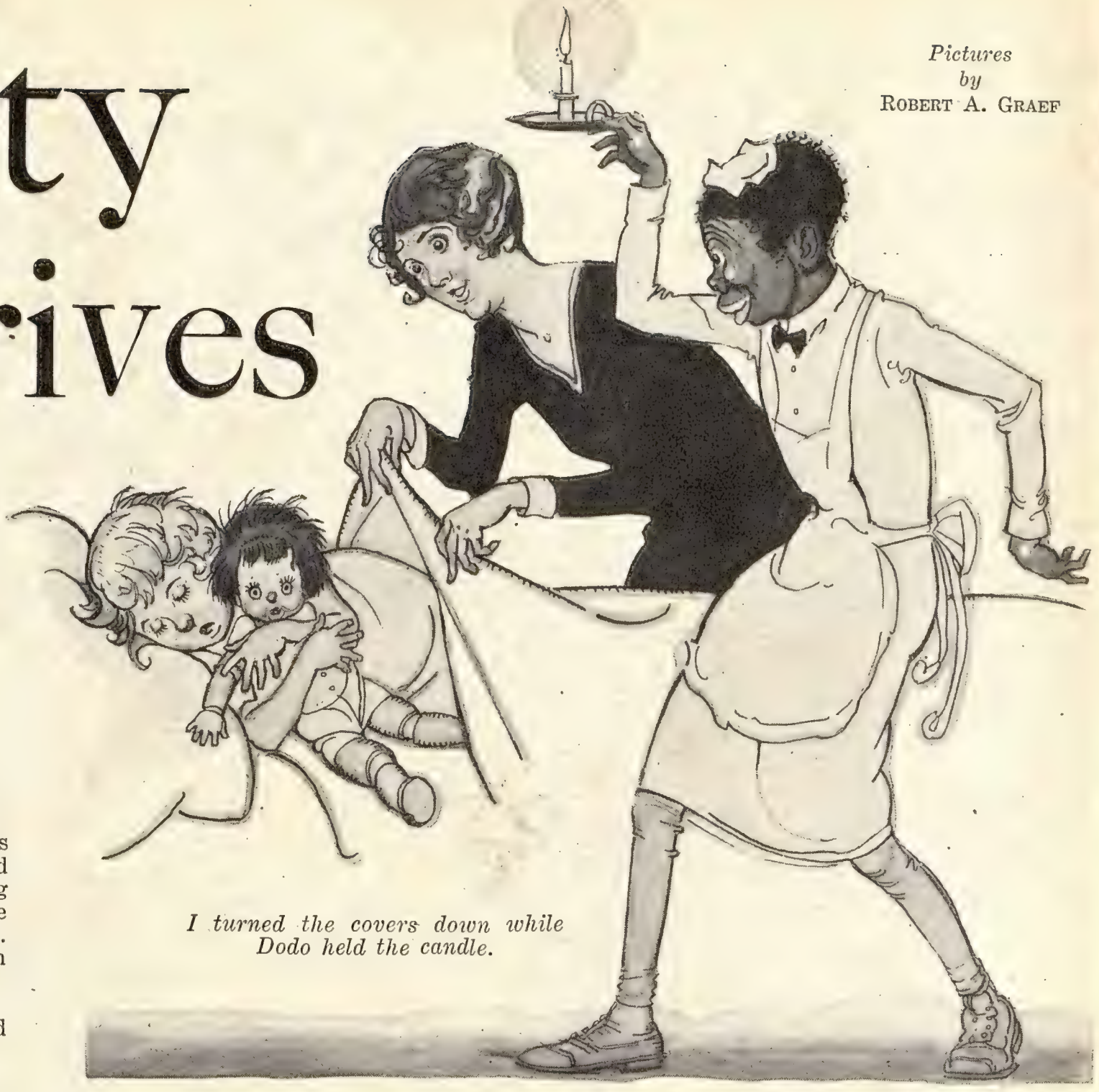
Dimity Arrives

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF



I turned the covers down while Dodo held the candle.

EMMY came staggering up the road across the bridge over the brook, laughing and gasping. With one hand she was holding up her khaki trousers. With the other she clasped to her heart a little bundle of flannel.

Dodo, the children's little colored nurse, ran to meet her.

"What's de matter with yo' pants?"

"The goat!" Emmy cried. "The goat butted me an' butted all my buttons off!"

"But what's dat you got?"

Emmy unfolded her bundle with great care. "The barn master gave it to me." She set on the ground a little lame pigeon. "Isn't it lovely? Its name is Dimity, 'cause when it walks it goes 'dimity, dimity.' It was born with a crooked leg, the barn master said, an' it will never be able to fly, so its mother kicked it out of the nest. So the barn master gave it to me. Wasn't that mother critical?"

"It has red eyes, jus' like the rabbits," said Nicky. Nicky and Greg had come panting up the hill and were watching with interest the taking of the lame pigeon into the family.

"What do pidgwins eat?" asked Greg.

"Where will it live?" demanded Dodo.

Emmy always had things arranged in her own mind just as she wanted them.

"It will eat bread soaked in milk, an' it will live in the forsaken bird cage."

The forsaken bird cage was large, old, and rusty. It looked like a jail.

"Dimity will be mis'rable in it," moaned Nicky.

"It will live in the forsaken bird cage."

But Dimity wasn't. He looked quite happy and contented watching the new baby rabbits learning to hop about the grass.

The rabbit hutch and Dimity's cage stood under the locust trees that fringed the brook. Bees were thick about them, and—

"DO come out an' see all the little tiny birds that can fly an' stay still at the same time!" cried Nicky.

They were humming birds! The locust trees were full of them. Especially the pink locust. They made a zooming noise in the air, louder than the humming of the bees. Even Carlotta came running to see them. Ruby-throated humming birds!

When the sun began to go down the bees and the humming birds left. The rabbits nibbled the grass nearer and nearer their front door. Dimity ate his supper of bread and milk and hobbled into his cage. Young frogs, "peepers," began trilling in the pond at the foot of the hill. And off in the depths of the forest whip-poor-wills started to cry. Time for the children to go to bed.

"Mumsy," begged Emmy, as Dodo was rubbing her down after her bath, "won't you make Nicky an' Greg keep still after they get to bed? They talk an' laugh such a long time, an' they make so much noise it keeps awake my little one who comes to sleep with me."

So I warned Nicky and Greg that they must be quiet. But I wondered very much.

"The goat butted all my buttons off!"

"Who *is* the little one who comes to sleep with her?" I asked Dodo. "Do you know?"

"No'm," said Dodo. "I don' know. Jus' sumpin' she 'magines, I s'pose."

Later, Dodo and I took a candle and went in to see if we could find out about Emmy's "little one" that must not be kept awake.

Very, very quietly we stole in through the room where Nicky and Greg lay sprawled over their big bed. Into Emmy's little room we crept on tiptoe, shielding the candle.

Emmy lay quietly on her narrow bed. She was fast asleep and smiling in her sleep.

Very, very softly I turned the covers down while Dodo held the candle. Close against Emmy's breast lay her oldest and dearest doll, her baby!

We put the covers gently back again and tiptoed out.

Those poor little baby rabbits—five of them without a name! Won't you suggest names for them?

Here are some of the nice ones of the hundreds we've already received:

NIBBLY	PINKIE	WIGGLENOSE
MIDGET	FUZZY	FRISKY

What do you think of them? Can you send us any better ones? Please write to the Editor, Children's Page, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Sometimes even the pets we love best are taken away from us. And that's terrible! You must be sure to read how Dimity left the happy family—in next week's LIBERTY.

Will an accident mar your vacation?

TUCKED away in a secret corner of nearly everybody's heart is the feeling that he bears a charmed life.

"That kind of thing couldn't happen to me," thinks the average man or woman, reading about an accident while seated comfortably at home or in a train. "To somebody else . . . of course; but not to me!"

But what about the people who were hurt? Don't you suppose they felt the same way? "That kind of thing couldn't happen to me," . . . until it *did!*

The bald truth of the matter is that no one bears a charmed life; but don't try to prove it while you are taking your vacation! There couldn't be a sadder time to have an accident. Thousands of vacations are ruined every summer by accidents that come with *darkness*. Real downright tragedies that catch the careless and the too complacent. But when you can get a genuine Eveready Flashlight for as little as a dollar and a quarter, complete with batteries, isn't it just plain, ordinary common sense to take one along?

If you haven't an Eveready, insure your vacation happiness by buying one today. If you already have an Eveready, make sure it's in working order.

Don't let an accident mar your vacation! An Eveready Flashlight, in good working order, is the cheapest kind of safety insurance.

* * *

A Thousand Things May Happen in the Dark!

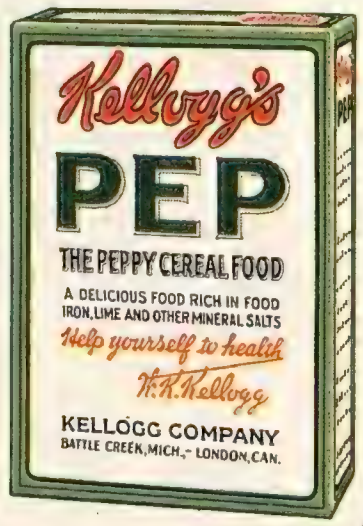
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

It's great to feel fit in JUNE

NOURISHING, easily digested foods help you to keep cool, peppy and vigorous!

How you'll enjoy Kellogg's Pep for breakfast! For a crisp, inviting lunch. A feast of flavor that quickens the laziest appetite! That peps you up!

Pep is really health in a package! Made of delicious whole wheat. Flaked to crunchy crispness in Kellogg's matchless way. With all the vitamins and healthful mineral elements of nature's finest food grain.



Pep contains just enough bran to be mildly laxative. Helps to keep you regular.

A wonderfully balanced food for young folks and folks who stay young. Builds vigor! Brings vim!

Serve Pep often. With milk or cream. Try it with canned or fresh fruits, or honey added. Comes ready to eat. Your grocer has Pep.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company, world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Corn Flakes, Krumbles and New Oata. Other plants at Davenport, Iowa; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's PEP

Practical Methods of Home Canning

By ETHEL SOMERS

Processing Under Steam Pressure

SUITABLE for any of the vegetables or fruits. It is the safest method. Proceed as for the boiling with the blanching, cold dip, and seasoning. Then use the following table for processing:

Vegetable	Time Needed for Processing According to Pressure Used		
	5 Pounds	10 Pounds	20 Pounds
Asparagus	60 min.	40 min.	25 min.
String or Wax Beans	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Beets	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Brussels Sprouts	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Corn (on cob or cut off)	90 min.	60 min.	40 min.
Greens (all kinds)	90 min.	60 min.	40 min.
Okra	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Peas	90 min.	60 min.	40 min.
Peppers	60 min.	40 min.	35 min.
Potatoes (small Sweet)	90 min.	60 min.	40 min.
Pumpkin	90 min.	60 min.	40 min.
Tomatoes	15 min.	10 min.	5 min.
Vegetable Combinations	60 min.	45 min.	35 min.

CAN up this summer's abundance by whichever of the accompanying methods best suits your household equipment.

STEPS IN COLD-PACK CANNING (for fruits, vegetables, or meats): Wash the jars thoroughly.

Prepare the select fruit by sorting, washing, paring, slicing, or leave whole, as desired.

Prepare the fresh, firm vegetables by grading, sorting, and thoroughly washing.

Blanch the prepared fruit or vegetables by holding in a large cheesecloth square and immersing in boiling water or live steam according to specifications in the table herewith. Dip quickly into *cold* water and out at once. It is well to use iced water for vegetables, as the quick change in temperature kills off the dangerous botuline bacteria.

Pack the drained fruit or vegetable immediately into clean, hot jars.

Place the scalded rubber, dipped in and out of hot water, in position. Fill the jar to within ½ inch of the top with syrup or salt water. (See

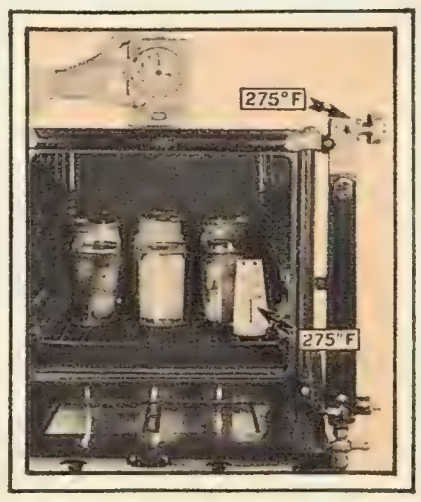


table herewith for proportions.)

Paddle the jar with spatula or split-bamboo paddle. Run it down the sides of the jar to free any air bubbles.

Adjust the lid loosely. Do not seal the jar. Leave the clamp upon a glass-top jar or loosen the screw tops one-quarter of a turn.

Process the packed jars either under steam pressure, in a hot-water bath, or in a properly heated oven.

Hot-Water Processing of Cold-Packed Jars

THIS method is best used only for fruits and tomatoes. If you have your own garden and can vegetables in small quantities, *at once* after picking, this method may be used successfully for vegetables as well, though processing under steam pressure is recommended as a safer method on account of the risk of possible food poisoning due to the growth of botuline bacteria.

Fruit	Time for Scalding or Blanching	Cold Dip in Cold Water	Proportion of Sugar to Water Poured Hot on Fruit	Processing in Hot Water	Time of Boiling
Pineapple	3 to 5 min.	In and out	1 part sugar to 1 part water boiled 5 min.	Actually boiling 212° F.	25 min.
Pears	½ min.	In and out	1 part sugar to 2 parts water boiled 10 min.	Actually boiling 212° F.	20 min.
Rhubarb	Cut into 2-inch lengths, add ¼ as much sugar per measure as rhubarb, mix well, and place in covered dish in a 250° F. oven for 30 min. to 35 min. Pack and place in the oven.			Actually boiling 212° F.	12 min.
Canned Berries	Quickly in and out	In and out	1 part water or berry juice made by crushing the berries, to 1 part sugar. For sour berries use 2 parts.	Actually boiling 212° F.	15 to 20 min.
Cherries	1 min. or less	In and out	1 part sugar to 1 part water boiled 5 min.	Actually boiling 212° F.	25 min.
Plums	Not blanched	Wash thoroughly	1 part sugar to 1 part water boiled 5 min.	Actually boiling 212° F.	20 min.

Vegetables	Time for Blanching	Cold Dip	Salted Water	Processing	Time
Asparagus	3 min.	In and out	½ teaspoon per pint of vegetable, also ½ teaspoon sugar if desired. Boiling water to fill jar within ½ inch of top.	Actually boiling 212° F.	40 min.
Beans (green or wax)	3 min.	In and out	"	"	2 hrs.
Lima Beans (young)	2 min.	In and out	"	"	3 hrs.
Beets (young)	Boil 10 to 15 min.	In and out Remove skin	"	"	1½ hrs.
Brussels Sprouts	10 min.	In and out	"	"	1½ hrs.
Corn (cut off cob)	5 min.	In and out	"	"	3 hrs.
Corn (on cob)	5 min.	In and out	"	"	3 hrs.
Greens (all kinds)	15 min. in steam	In and out	"	"	3 hrs.
Okra	3 min.	Cold dip in salt bath 1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart water	"	"	1½ hrs.
Peas	3 to 5 min.	In and out	"	"	3 hrs.
Peppers	3 min.	In and out	"	"	45 min.
Pumpkin	Cook tender	Mash and pack, use no water	"	"	3 hrs.
Vegetable Combination	5 to 10 min.	In and out	"	"	1 to 3 hrs. depending on whether corn or lima beans are added—25 min.
Tomatoes	Until skins peel	In and out	½ teaspoon salt per pint. Add no water	"	

Oven Process Canning of Cold-Packed Jars

(To be used only for fruits and tomatoes)

TIME-TABLE

Fruit Used	Time for Scalding or Blanching in *Hot* Water	Cold Dip in Cold Water	Proportion of Sugar (or Salt) to Water Poured Hot on Fruit	Oven Temperature	Time of Baking
Tomatoes	Enough to loosen skins	In and out at once	½ teaspoon salt to pint of tomatoes; add no water	250° F.	1 hr.
Pineapple	3 to 5 min.	In and out at once	1 part sugar to 1 part water boiled 5 min.	275° F.	1 hr.
Pears	½ min.	In and out at once	1 part sugar to 2 parts water boiled 10 min.	275° F.	1 hr.
Rhubarb	Cut into 2-inch lengths, add ¼ as much sugar per measure as rhubarb, mix well, and place in covered dish in 350° F. oven for 30 to 35 min. Pack and place in the oven.			250° F.	30 min.
Canned Berries, such as Blackberries Raspberries Huckleberries Gooseberries Strawberries	In and out at once	In and out at once	1 part water or berry juice, made by crushing the berries, to 1 part sugar. For sour berries use 2 parts sugar	250° F.	1 hr.
Cherries	1 min. or less	In and out at once	1 part sugar to 1 part water boiled 5 min.	275° F.	1 hr.
Plums (If left whole, prick with pin to prevent bursting)	Plums are not blanched	Wash thoroughly in cold water	1 part sugar to 1 part water for 5 min.	275° F.	1 hr.

OH, WHAT TASTES GOOD IN HOT WEATHER?

YOU will find the answer in LIBERTY'S new book, *Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks,* filled with tempting suggestions for menus that put zest in "finicky" appetites. It costs only 10 cents.

You should also have LIBERTY'S Cook Book, *One Hundred Standard Recipes,* as well as *A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes.* They contain only tested recipes. Each book 10c—all three books for 25c—a handy kitchen library. Order now—and please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.

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6-18-27

COME to My

The Story of One Mad Hour and a Girl's True Love

A Serial by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

" It doesn't matter much what people believe, so long as mud is

FLOYD BENNINGS was held for murder, and " Johnny " Century was the woman in the case. The man who lay dead she had never seen, and the man charged with his death she did not love.

And yet Johnny felt herself completely responsible. She had gone from New York for a week-end at Renée and Jimmy Parsons' place on Long Island. Murtaugh Pell had proposed to her there, and she had accepted him. Then, in a moment of inexplicable madness, she had driven, that very night, to the little house of Floyd Bennings, whom she barely knew—and had spent one hour of bliss, held close in his arms.

Next day the awakening began. First, the realization that the ecstasy of passion is not love; and next, the discovery that she had been seen! Fraylor, a blackmailer, called her up and demanded hush money. He went to Bennings' law office—and there met his death by a pistol shot!

Though Bennings was acquitted—his pistol, snatched by Fraylor, had gone off by accident—the story was flaunted in newspaper headlines, and the Century name was trailed in the dust. Johnny refused to marry Pell, the man she loved, and so drag him down.

Bennings became engaged to Elenor Doyle, a gay flapper, and Johnny's mother left for Europe. A social life-saver, which Pell's sister, Agatha Vanderveer, tried to throw Johnny, missed its mark. Agatha invited a number of women to meet the girl at Sherry's. They failed to keep the date. But, in the face of this rebuff, Johnny announced to Agatha that she would, and could, " come back."

PART NINE

AGATHA VANDERVEER colored faintly; her ample flesh quivered slightly. She seemed like a pool, Johnny thought, into which a pebble had been tossed. The surface was disturbed, but one knew the depths below were untroubled. Johnny's assertion that she would " come back " ruffled the outward serenity of Mrs. Vanderveer, but the placidity underneath was unshaken.

" I think you're very brave," said Pell's sister.

She didn't mean anything of the sort. People like Agatha Vanderveer can see no courage in any defiance of convention; they read in such defiance mere brazenness. But Mrs. Vanderveer was a well bred woman and was trying to live up to her brother's expectations of her. However, she did not take seriously Johnny's utterance. A Century would know as well as any Pell or Vanderveer that certain things could not be done. She knew—or thought she knew—that Johnny was simply making a brave face. Kindly, though unbending, Agatha felt sorry for the girl.

She would have been surprised had she known that Johnny was sorrier for her than for herself. What a life Agatha Vanderveer led! Behind that Junoesque brow no mental process was ever performed. Agatha did the things she believed correct, her mind unsullied by any turmoil of thought. There were rules and one obeyed them; or, if one didn't, one ceased to play in the game.

And yet, Johnny conceded, Agatha had great courage. She had been brave enough to appear here at Sherry's with a woman whose name had become notorious. Or perhaps she felt that a Vanderveer who was also a Pell could afford to do things from which lesser folk must shrink.

" BRAVE? There isn't anything else for me to do, except fight my way back," said Johnny. " And I'm going to do it."

Mrs. Vanderveer played with a spoon. " Do you intend to marry my brother? " she asked.

" He wants me to," said Johnny.

Agatha nodded. " I understand that. You can marry him if you wish. Murtaugh is a gentleman and would hardly fail the woman

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thrown. People are afraid they'll be spattered with the flying mire."

he loved because of any unfortunate gossip. Yes, Miss Century, you can ruin him if you wish."

The gage of battle was flung down. Johnny picked it up.

"A moment ago," she said, "you told me that you promised to give Murtaugh every aid in your power. You said that your brother's heart would break without me."

"I meant it. But if his heart is to be broken in the end, why make it harder for him by postponement? I didn't promise my brother that I would do my best to bring about a marriage of which I disapprove. I promised that I would do my best for you."

"And why must Murtaugh's heart break?" demanded Johnny.

Agatha shrugged. "We're both women of the world, Miss Century. Why dwell on distasteful subjects? Murtaugh is conventional. It's true that he is deeply in love with you, so that everything else seems unimportant. But those other things will reassume their true importance later on. To have a wife who is not received; to find that pride compels him to drop utterly out of the life and circle to which he belongs! Even if he marries you, his heart will break."

JOHNNY tried to smile. "You're being very frank."

"If I were otherwise, you'd distrust me," retorted Agatha. "Mind, if you decide to marry Murtaugh, I shall do my best for you both, convinced though I am that nothing I do can be of any use."

"You have a picture of Murtaugh and myself living a furtive, shadowy existence in a sort of half-world," said Johnny.

"I have exactly that picture," said Agatha. "When I said that you could ruin Murtaugh, I meant exactly that."

"And you invited me to luncheon in order to make your attitude clear?"

Mrs. Vanderveer shook her head. "Had my guests come, and had I been certain that a miracle had happened, and that my brother's wife would be received by my friends, I would not have said these things. I am too fond of Murtaugh. But, because I do love him dearly, I feel that I must speak as I am speaking."

Johnny lighted a cigarette. "Somehow, I can't feel angry. Perhaps"—and she smiled—"I'm so fond of Murtaugh that my affection includes his family."

"As I've done nothing to deserve it, I am the more grateful," said Agatha. "There is no one whom I would have preferred to marry Murtaugh, had not this unfortunate occurrence arisen. As it is—"

"I understand," said Johnny. "You've been very kind, and I appreciate it. And I don't intend to marry Murtaugh."

AGATHA VANDERVEER signed the check; she gave the waiter his proper tip. Then she smiled thinly at Johnny.

"Nevertheless," she said, "you will."

"Despite all you've told me? Then why say it?" asked Johnny.

"Do we refuse to try because effort seems hopeless? You know that you can't come back, as you phrased it awhile ago." Agatha was rather surprisingly shrewd. "Yet you're trying. Shall I not make any effort to save my brother from what I consider a most unfortunate marriage?"

Johnny flushed faintly. "After all, aren't you taking it a bit too seriously? It might be that Murtaugh and I could be happy in spite of everything."

"I sincerely wish that you might," said Mrs. Vanderveer. "And I think I've said enough."

Enough? Johnny, walking back to her apartment, wondered what Agatha could possibly have added. She was fair-minded enough to admit Agatha's justification. Had she a brother who planned to marry a woman who had figured scandalously in the public prints, she would do her best to save him from the misstep of marriage with such a one.

And yet how ridiculous would have been that attitude of hers! For marriage should be entered into because two people loved each other. What on earth did the rest of the world have to do with it? But this was retracing old ground, was getting her nowhere.

She was not going to marry Murtaugh; had never intended to marry him since the moment when she had disdained deceiving him. She had made her first tentative advance into that territory from which scandal had debarred her, and she had been repulsed. Better to think about future advances than to waste time wishing that the social order could be changed.

She had been humiliated. Women who, a short time ago, would have been glad to know

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her, now refused to be seen in public with her. She began dimly to apprehend that she had been deluding herself when she had said that she would try to "come back."

Pride would forbid the effort. Why, until today she had made no effort, and today's essay had been passive, the mere acceptance of the hand Agatha Vanderveer had reluctantly extended.

Submit herself to rebuffs like this? She shook her head. She'd rather be dead. But that was a cowardly thought; one to be dismissed as suddenly as it came.

LYING down, feeling almost physically bruised, she stared unseeingly before her. She loved Pell and he loved her. And yet out of this simplicity came bewildering complexity. Her lips moved in the slightest, tenderest smile as she thought of Pell. Then her smile became a laugh as her thoughts wandered to Elenor Doyle and Floyd Bennings. Perhaps a sense of humor, which brought with it an understanding of the relative importance of things—and their relative unimportance—had been her besetting fault.

She could smile at her recollection of Floyd and Elenor together; could find mirth in Elenor's avowed intention of marrying Floyd. What difference did it make to her whom Floyd married? Ah, had she been different, more serious-minded, the little house on the New Danite Road would never have seen her at midnight. Unimportant things would have assumed that grave magnitude with which the sober-minded world invests them. What a curse, in this prosaic world, which bestows its highest guerdons upon conforming mediocrity, is humor! For the humorous-minded jeer at the gods of the grave, and the grave turn and rend the blasphemers.

Renée Parsons called her on the telephone, as she felt hysteria getting a grip upon her. She welcomed an interruption that would deflect her thoughts.

"I want you to come out and stay with us," said Renée. "And don't dare tell me that you're going nowhere, because I know you lunched at Sherry's today."

Dear Renée! At least she was no fair-weather friend. Unless the fact that Agatha Vanderveer had been Johnny's hostess might have caused Renée's invitation.

"Did you know that six women canceled their acceptances of the luncheon invitation because they did not care to be seen with me?" asked Johnny.

And then she was sorry for her cynical thoughts of Renée.

"That's exactly why I want you to come and visit me," declared Renée. "I don't want you to get into any silly morbid frame of mind. Will you come?"

Johnny surprised herself by replying that she would.

A dozen times while her maid was packing her bag she started to the phone to call up Renée and say she couldn't come. To go to that house, where she had first seen Floyd, where she had accepted Murt, seemed too much like rubbing salt into her own wounds. But courage conquered each moment of cowardice. For it was nothing less than cowardice to keep away from a place because of associations.

She telephoned to the garage to ask for her car to be sent around, and was about to leave when Elenor Doyle called.

"I'm afraid," said the younger girl, "you thought I was pretty fresh at Sherry's." She waited for no response, but dashed right ahead. "But I can't help it. I'm completely gone. I'm submerged; sunk. My mother tells me that a child my age has no right to think of marriage. I'd like to know why not. I'm eighteen. She says I'll change my mind; that my love for Floyd won't last; that it'll die as swiftly as it was born. Well, what of it, if it does? I'll have a good time while it lasts, won't I?"

Out of breath, she threw herself on a couch and puffed furiously at a cigarette. She seemed to await word from Johnny.

"And what do you want me to say?" asked the older girl.

Elenor straightened up. "I want to know if you think I'm a beastly little rotter."

"Because you plan to marry Floyd? But I've already told you, haven't I, that it's all right with me?"

Elenor clasped her knees in two brown, muscular hands.

"I ought to be jealous of you," she said slowly.

Johnny felt her face burn.

"I didn't mean—to be—oh, I'm so clumsy at words! I mean that you're a peach. I'm just a brown little rat beside you. Good Lord, how Floyd can *look* at me, I don't know!"

"You're lovely," said Johnny.

"Honest? Do you really think so? No, I'm just nothing—but you're fine. That—between you and Floyd—is unimportant. I think we flappers have old age's slant on it. Virtue can't mean a darn thing when you're ninety. Imagine an old crone fretting about what she did when she was a young girl! So many hundreds of things of more importance have happened since. And some of us who are eighteen now are beginning to understand that if a thing will be unimportant in seventy years, it ought to be unimportant now.

"But, just the same, our heads don't rule us all the time. And if I thought for a second that my marrying Floyd—I yanked the proposal from him today—would make any difference to you—"

Strange, incomprehensible, this girl of another generation, in these swift times when the generations are separated by thirty months instead of thirty years. Yet not so strange, not so difficult of apprehension. Honesty. That's what Elenor had.

"Truly, I'm glad," said Johnny.

Elenor rose to her feet. "It'll stop a lot of silly gossip, too. If he and I are married right away, who'll pay any attention to what the papers have said?" She thrust out her hand. "We won't see each other again; not for a while, anyway. I'm going to take that young idiot abroad. He has money and so've I. It may be that he'd have a great future as a lawyer, but it would kill him in fifteen years. He isn't made for regular office hours. He'd burn himself up with devotion to his profession. And I can use all the devotion he's capable of. Yes, sir, I'm going to show the world how marriage can mar a man. But I'm going to keep him alive. Shake?"

For answer Johnny put her arms about the younger girl and kissed her. That was all. With a flutter of abbreviated skirts, Elenor was gone. Behind her was only the fragrance of the perfume she used.

A CHAPTER in the life of Johnny Century had closed. She wondered how the pages would seem when, in some future year, she would re-read them. Would they be a record of life or sheerest melodrama? And was there any difference between life and melodrama, except perhaps that life rarely has a happy ending?

Elenor had gone, and taken Floyd with her. At least, they probably would be married at the earliest opportunity—Elenor was hardly one to delay—and they would sail abroad. And if it were not for other people—their words, actions, and attitudes—Johnny Century would forget all about Floyd Bennings before the liner had taken him past Sandy Hook.

She had given herself to Floyd and, if the storybooks were true, if the preachments of the oldsters had any reason in them, the memory of that night on the New Danite Road should have been seared in her brain. And yet men sinned and forgot. Why should women be so different? The answer was that they were not, except in so far as they had been molded by convention.

Driving her car out of New York, through the heavy traffic, called for a concentration that forbade any other mental activity. Out upon the Concourse, across Fordham Road, and into the Bronx River Parkway she crawled. But once out of the heavy traffic, with her car doing thirty-five miles an hour, and no dangers to avoid, her thoughts inevitably returned to her great problem.

And she sneered as she drove. People could have things like this wind blowing on their faces; they could see the green of the trees and the flowers scattered in the grass; there were salty waves in which to lie; there were horses to ride; there were games to be played; there was work to be done; yet people defiled their happiness with man-made rights, and man-made wrongs.

THAT dimly discernible round hole was the gateway from which Death would come riding in all his terrible majesty.

ONCE, when she was very young, Johnny had attended a funeral. The minister had been bearded, and his whiskers had a pronounced and raffish slant to the left. His appearance had aroused Johnny's too-ready sense of humor. The more she tried to repress her mirth, the louder the inevitable explosion. Giggling, she was led hastily from the solemn scene.

Everyone thought that the solemnity of the sad occasion had been too much for her childish nerves. Her laughter was termed hysteria. And now, at the Parsons dinner table, she felt that same impulse to scream with merriment that always possessed her in the presence of an artificial solemnity. For, be it parenthetically stated, Johnny thought that even funerals were sham. One did not parade grief if grief were sincere. For dear Renée had drawn down the corners of her mouth; her naturally lisping voice had been forced into sepulchral channels. And Jimmy was sadly solicitous. When he passed Johnny the salt, one might have thought him offering hemlock. And occasionally one or other of the Parsonses would attempt lightness and gayety. Whereupon the husband or wife would frown warningly and the funny story would come to a halting finish.

Patience was not Johnny's most salient trait.

"My goodness!" she finally exclaimed. "To watch you two dear people is enough to make anyone believe that the executioner is lurking in the drawing-room. No one's going to chop off my head; there hasn't been a spot discovered on my left lung; the bank hasn't failed. Somehow or other I can't feel as badly about myself as you two seem to do. For the love of Mike, cheer up!"

Renée looked reproachfully at her. Renée's expression seemed to say she was doing everything in her power to make Johnny happy. And Johnny felt in the wrong. And yet she couldn't endure sympathy. Better that people should openly scorn her than give her pity.

AFTER dinner, Renée proposed three-handed bridge.

"What's happened to all the neighbors?" asked Johnny. "Can't we get a fourth?" A sudden humiliating thought made her flush. "Or are the neighbors like Agatha Vanderveer's friends?"

Renée shook her head. "It isn't that; but Jimmy and I thought that you'd probably prefer not seeing anybody."

Johnny flipped a cigarette with careless accuracy into the fireplace; she sat boyishly back, a knee clasped in her hands.

"Let's get down to cases, folks," she said. "I've been cut by half a dozen women today. You, Renée, suggest that I may not want to meet anyone. For how long?"

Renée looked from her husband back to Johnny. "I don't think I understand—"

"I mean, when do I emerge from the nunnery? If someone loses his life, his friends mourn him a decent period. If someone loses her virtue, how long does the lamentation continue?"

Renée looked shocked. "You mustn't talk that way, Johnny! You've been unfortunately involved in a scandal, but nobody believes you aren't *good*."

"It doesn't matter much what people believe, so long as mud is thrown. People are afraid they'll be spattered with the flying mire. Can't say I blame them. But, at the same time, I can't imagine myself walking too humbly. I feel that I'm the same Johnny Century that was out here last month. And I don't want you people to imagine that you're attending a wake. If you'd like someone in to make up a rubber, it's all right with me."

Renée squirmed slightly in her chair; she avoided Johnny's glance.

"You know," said Johnny, "you asked me out to see you because you didn't want me to get into a silly morbid frame of mind. Well, there's no one I'd rather be with than you two angels, but you aren't exactly sprightly, you know."

"Oh, let's not bother with anyone else tonight," said Jimmy.

"I'M just a brown little rat beside you. Good Lord, how Floyd can look at me, I don't know!"

Johnny smiled gently at him. "Bless your hearts, you *have* found that your friends are like Agatha's six women."

"Now, don't be silly," counseled Renée. "People out here are very conservative, you know."

Johnny's head went back. Her laughter was spontaneous and gay.

"Conservative? When there isn't a dance from which two or three women aren't taken home helpless by twelve o'clock? When there's hardly a couple in the neighborhood that isn't flirting with the divorce courts?" She suddenly sobered. "But that isn't fair. After all, they've obeyed the rules against being found out, and I haven't. Well, I am terribly grateful to you both."

"WE haven't done a darned thing to earn your gratitude," declared Jimmy. "But we'd like to do something."

"You've done enough," said Johnny. "You're the only ones who want to see me. And I'll never forget it. But I'm not going to embarrass you sweet people."

"There's no question of embarrassment," expostulated Renée. "Because some folks are stupid, that doesn't embarrass us. And they'll outgrow their stupidity."

"Do you really think so? Do you think that I can take up my old place? Come now, be honest."

Again Renée wriggled in her chair.

"We won't talk any more about " she said. "But you're not to be discouraged; you're not to be blue; you're not to do anything silly."

Johnny yawned. "'Scuse, but I'm dreadfully sleepy. Mind if I go to bed?"

INTO her room came Renée an hour later. "Got plenty to read?" she asked. Without waiting for a reply, or for an invitation, she sat down on the edge of the bed. "Johnny, do you still love Murtaugh?"

Johnny dropped the book which she had been reading. She twisted under the bedclothes until she lay upon her left side, facing Renée.

"Idle curiosity?" she asked.

Renée was serious. Her lips had abandoned their customary babyish pout, and her shallow blue eyes held more than their usual depths.

"No; I really want to know," she said.

"You know, it really doesn't matter. If I didn't love him I wouldn't be yellow enough to marry him merely to help myself out of a nasty mess. And if I did love him—well, there's *noblesse oblige*, you know."

"Do you?" insisted Renée.

"More, my dear, than anything in the world," Johnny replied.

Composure deserted her; she twisted again in the bed, burrowing under the blankets. She felt Renée's hand pat her cheek. Then there was the swish of mules as Renée tiptoed from the room.

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Little by little Johnny's sobs subsided. But the emotion that had come so suddenly would not depart at her mere will.

"I suppose," she half-chuckled and half-wept, "I needed a good cry."

She felt no anger toward Renée. The latter's good intent offset her ineptitude. For, of course, though Johnny didn't know Renée's intent, she was nevertheless certain that nothing mean lay behind it.

A cigarette finally soothed her nerves. Finishing it, she switched off the lights. The window at the foot of her bed framed a section of starry sky. Through the open window came the gentle lapping of the waves upon the beach. A vagrant breeze blew perfume from the flower-beds that edged the lawn below, into her room. She sat up, and now she could see little flecks of foam on the water outside. There was no moon, but the brilliant starlight tipped the waves with silver.

It was such a night as this that had called her forth into the open on her last visit here. She rose from her bed and sat by the window. The late summer air was balmy. What a crime it was to be indoors on an evening like this! To get in a car and ride up through the hills of the back country, sweeping along ribbon-like roads, with the wind blowing— Crimson scorched her cheeks as recollection raced vividly back to her.

She drove herself back to bed, but three hours later was as wakeful as ever. So once again she went to the window. After all, *this* night there was no danger of her paying an unconventional call upon anyone. If she chose to yield to the call of the scented mysterious night, and also chose to adopt this method of quieting nerves that would not sanction sleep, who was there to say her nay?

She walked to the closet and took down a sport suit. Five minutes later she was tiptoeing out of the house. Once again she started her car and slipped along the driveway. Her lips curled mockingly; this time Murtaugh Pell, as wakeful as herself, was not spying from an upper window.

In her thoughts she apologized for the word. Murtaugh had not spied upon her. Would to God that he had, and had followed her, and had saved her from herself!

TOO late for such regrets. Also, she knew that we are never saved from ourselves save by ourselves. Up the New Danite Road, the Post Road crossed, her little roadster sped. There was no traffic. Thirty, forty, and finally fifty miles the speedometer read. Around the wide curves she never slackened her pace. Hatless, the wind tossed her short hair. Gosh, it made you feel alive, made you feel that all your worries were silly!

And then she saw, gleaming in almost ghostly fashion in the glare of her headlights, the white paling fence behind which stood Floyd Bennings' little cottage.

Her only reaction was to press down upon the accelerator, so that the car swerved dangerously. Around the next curve she slowed down a trifle, but no one who might have timed her progress to the hills back of Ridgefield would have thought her anything but a speed maniac.

On the crest of a hill she turned and began the journey homeward. Cobwebs had been blown from her brain; she would have no trouble in sleeping on her return. As she approached the little white house, her pace decreased. Opposite it, she stopped.

She stared at the dimly visible building. How amazed she had been, on that other occasion, to find that her car had stopped, to find that, without any conscious volition of her own, she had been impelled to pass through the gate and knock upon the door.

Her lips curled in self-contempt. A drab little cottage, and it had seemed, in the magic mist that had enveloped her, a bower of romance. A dark-haired, wild-eyed man, and to the chemical reaction that had been Johnny Century he had seemed a Prince Charming.

Faugh! What sorry tricks our bodies played upon us! Not a fragrant memory, but a distasteful recollection that aroused self-contempt: that was what this pause by the roadside brought to her. Well, she'd start again.

BUT the hand that moved toward the gear lever was seized by iron fingers.

Johnny didn't scream. There was nothing, any more, of which she was afraid. She merely glanced along the arm that detained her and up into a pair of blazing eyes.

"Why don't you go in to see him again?" demanded her captor harshly.

Johnny looked at the speaker. A woman, but, in this semi-gloom, of indeterminate age. Pretty, perhaps, in a wild and haggard fashion.

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The Devil's Mantle

By Frank L. Packard

(Author of The Miracle Man)

It Begins in Next Week's LIBERTY

"What do you want?" asked Johnny.

The woman laughed; there was something not quite sane in her discordant merriment.

"Want? I don't wonder you ask what any decent woman wants of you, you who expect only men at this time of night."

Deliberately Johnny broke the woman's grip upon her wrist. Few women were stronger than Johnny.

"I'm going to start the car," she said quietly. "Please step aside."

From beneath the light cape she wore, the woman produced something that gleamed coldly in the starlight. With a queer curiosity Johnny stared at the pistol. With such a thing of steel Floyd had slain Fraylor. That dimly discernible round hole was the gateway from which Death would come riding in all his terrible majesty.

"You wouldn't dare do that," said Johnny. Her voice was calm, a little questioning.

"Why not?" demanded the other.

"You'd be punished. Besides, I've done you no harm."

"Punished? What do you think I care for punishment? And they didn't punish Bennings for killing my man, did they? And you say you've done me no harm? Because of you, my man is dead. And you, you slut, who's so high and mighty that a district attorney doesn't want to hurt your reputation, you come back, late at night, to visit again the man that killed my man. He isn't in, or I wouldn't be out here. I'd be inside staring at him, looking at the holes I'd shot in him. He hasn't been back here since they let him go from jail. But I knew he'd come back sooner or later. And now I know he's coming tonight, or else you wouldn't be waiting here for him, you ——!"

Johnny heard the epithet. So this was what generations of breeding could lead to: to brawls upon the roadside wherein low women hurled the last vile insult. One could be sheltered all of one's years and then suddenly be exposed to all the vileness that is life.

"Put the gun away," she ordered. She leaned over the side of the car. "Your man deserved to die. He was a blackmailer."

"And what's so terrible about that? You rich people don't care a damn where your money comes from, and you don't care what you do. You think you have the right to sneak up to a man's house at midnight, and then, because someone sees you, you think he's wicked because he says he'll tell what you did. Which is worse, the doing or the telling?"

AND now, swayed by her own argument, the woman relaxed for a moment the vigilance which she had maintained. Johnny's hand gripped the gun and tore it from her fingers.

Then the stars were wiped from the heavens, as though the heavens were a blackboard across which a giant eraser had been drawn. Johnny felt herself swaying in the driver's seat. The weapon clattered on the pavement; she felt herself sinking into some dreadful depth. From far away she thought she heard the voice of Murtaugh Pell. Strange that a faint should bring visions in its train.

And then she knew that it wasn't a vision—realized that she had not completely lost consciousness. For Murt's arms were around her, had lifted her from the car, held her upright, and his lips were close to her own, whispering endearments. Feebly she struggled against his clasp.

"That woman!" she gasped.

"Gone—ran away as I stopped my car. But you—what on earth are you doing here?"

"Floyd is to marry Elenor," she answered. "So I didn't come here to meet—"

"Don't talk that way. As if I didn't know! But you— Johnny, Renée telephoned me. You told her you loved me. You'd gone out in your car. I was frightened. I looked for you. Oh, Johnny, now that I've found you, must I look any further?"

She shook her head.

"And you'll belong to me?" he whispered.

She nodded.

"You'll marry me?"

She shook her head.

Johnny, loving Murtaugh Pell to the bottom of her heart, still fails in an understanding of him and of her own strange position. A searching light is thrown on her problems by next week's last and most revealing installment.

Wrap Your Wrap Around You and KEEP COOL

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

"WHERE did you get that coat?" asked the matron of the maid, as they met in one of those first warm-day processions on Park Avenue.

"Oh, it's one left over from a last summer's ensemble. The dress was thrown away a long-time ago."

The matron smiled understandingly. "Yes, I know. I used to wear 'my coat' and that was the end of it. Now I carry a special trunk for my wraps alone."

In their little conversation these two smart New York women furnish a fitting text for a sermon on the present-day fashions, especially those for the good old summertime.

More people write in to know how to dress for summer than they do for any other season, and to one and all we might return a single answer—which is that by their wraps we shall know them for smart, or just passably so, or countrified.

Of all things, we shall know them as belonging in the last category if they go without any wrap at all, even when the thermometer steadily mounts until we think it will run out of figures to register.

Of course there is the evening coat. We got that all settled years ago. The sports or the daytime coat is not to go on over the evening dress. Then, there is the black satin or silk coat for dress. The camel's-hair coat, or perhaps the one less heavy of Scotch plaid, is for travel.

But, most important of all, there are the coats that go with the complete costume, and yet will carry over into some other get-up (as in model 5754). And this brings us to our subject—how to dress for the summer. In deciding this we Americans ought to plan a little more for ourselves, I think, and remember that France, our style dictator, is in the latitude of Labrador, whereas we are semitropical. We should at least adapt the styles for ourselves accordingly.

In the last few years Paris has been putting out fashions from which one may select things that admirably suit our particular needs. Even the flowered beach coat will do over summer frocks in one's own neighborhood or suburb. The printed seven-eighths-length coat of the printed crepe ensemble does admirably to snatch up and throw on over other light-weight, light-colored summer frocks.

Only, just be careful to adhere to one rule, and that is not to go out into the street without some such covering over you. Paris made one rule that we cannot get away from, and that is, we look the reverse of smart if we are on the city streets without some kind of outside covering in the nature of a wrap.

If capes really come in, they will be the best for such a purpose; meantime the loose wraps that are or have been parts of our ensembles are excellent.

Transparent coats go over silken dresses, and contribute to the ensemble by catching the shade of some deeply tinted flower or border of the frock. In such a case the wrap will be one solid color. Flowered coats will go over dresses of plain materials. Coats without sleeves will reinforce dresses that have them; but, most important of all, wraps with loose-fitting sleeves will be available to cover one's arms at discretion.

Model 5756 is an adaptation of the redingote, which we have mentioned before as an admirable staple wrap for occasions such as we have been considering here. In black it is available for all costumes. The cut of it is clever indeed.

At the immediate left is shown a redingote coat in black silk: a very popular model.

A sleeveless black sweater (above, left) is worn over a gray crepe frock with sleeves.

The coat and skirt are of printed blue crepe; the blouse and coat are plain blue.

Orange shades were used in the dress at the extreme left.

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Black Is Safe and COLOR Makes It Sane

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, May 21.

EXPERTS in chic, like the seasoned traveler in Edna Ferber's romance, Roast Beef Medium, cut out the fancy entrées on fashion's menu, and order the classic "Black and"—well, 'most any combination.

Sartorial indigestion is painful and attacks many women who come to Paris. Its victims, however, are not restricted to this geographical location, but may be found in any locality, alas. So those women who have learned by experience, or by precept, the dangers of tempting-looking novelties, are apt to choose some staple color combination and thereby avoid the possible heartburn and other ills that follow experiment.

Most of us who some time or other succumb to brilliant novelties in clothes—"confections" the French call them—have accumulated an inferiority complex because of some woman who looked entirely "right" in a simple black or other sober costume, while our own made us feel as bizarre as a circus parade.

The Parisienne probably bases her famous love of black on such hard-earned knowledge.

Black is *the* shade this season. Not only that, but at those strictly private advance autumn style shows I am now seeing in Paris, black looks like a winning "dark horse" for winter. One thing is sure, you cannot be wrong if you wear black this summer and for early fall.

Black is smart in almost every kind of fabric. Satin is *très à la mode*. Georgette, crepe de Chine, and crepella are materials that Paris prefers in this tone. Black popline is a fabric that the smart Parisienne finds very agreeable indeed for midsummer. Trust her to like this shiny but practically cool material.

THE transformation frock has a removable bolero and skirt of black crepe worn over a frock of printed georgette.

VIONNET designed this smart summer evening frock of black satin, which is trimmed with pearl-and-diamond embroidery.

Our Callot model is in black popline, and it is a new summer model from the great couturier, who for two generations has been a reigning monarch of style. Further, the dress illustrated was designed for and worn by the Comtesse Stanislas de La Rochefoucauld. With every color in the fashionable rainbow of the summer season to choose from, she selected black and white. The fichu collar of this frock is white organdie with piped edges, and so are the cuffs. The bands that top the circular ruffles on the skirt are white crepe de Chine, and so are the pipings on the ruffles.

A SCARF that also forms a cape is all the wrap needed for this summer frock of black crepe trimmed with white. From Renée.

CALLOT used black and white to create this frock for the Comtesse de La Rochefoucauld—black popline and white crepe and organdie.

The model from the clever hands of Martial et Armand is a transformation dress, and one that is a real addition to the wardrobe of the woman who is pressed for time or money. It is really two frocks in one, and is both gay and sober. You can go out to business, or shopping, or luncheon in the morning in this frock as shown. The black crepe de Chine bolero, with its small standing collar, and the split skirt, also of black crepe de Chine, guarantee a smart and inconspicuous appearance.

You want to stay downtown for dinner, or the theater, or to dance. You unfasten the infinitesimal hooks and eyes on the shoulder of the bolero and at the side of the fitted skirt band, and off they come. Underneath is a frock of printed chiffon in soft colors on a cream ground, the sleeves of which function equally with the black bolero, and the skirt of which shows as a panel beneath the black skirt. This is black *and*.

FOR the strictly daytime dress our model from Renée is one favored by the fashionable Parisienne. It is a straight frock of black crepe de Chine, with a wide belt and two pockets such as you see in the uniforms of French officers. Over this goes a wide scarf banded with white, which is draped capelike over the shoulders. The three-quarter sleeves are finished with puffed lower sleeves and cuffs of white crepe georgette.

Black with some relief of color is so much more becoming to the average woman that it is generally to be preferred, and many women are wearing black with a bit of pearl or silver trimming.

Black satin, such as Vionnet used for the evening gown, is very much in fashion, with its trimming of pearl-and-diamond embroidery arranged in bands. The upturned V in the back meeting the V of the décolletage is especially charming. Flaring godets give a width and delightful line to the skirt.

Secrets of the DEEP

Photographing the Fierce Battles of Undersea Monsters

An Article by

MACK SENNETT

Photographs by the Author

FIVE pilot fish (above), "yes men" of the shark, got in this picture made with Mack Sennett's new undersea motion-picture camera. (Below) A 400-pound marlin swordfish shakes the bait—a seven-pound barracuda—from his mouth.

IN this case credit cannot be given to whom credit is due. A fish that refused to bite supplied the inspiration that led to the invention of the undersea motion-picture camera which is revealing the strange secrets of the deep.

It happened five or six years ago, one hot summer day. I was broiling in a little fishing boat off Cape St. Lucas, which is the southernmost point of Lower California.

These jungle waters have always fascinated me. The sea life there is a sort of waking nightmare with strange sea beasts struggling ferociously and savagely for life. It is as though some old necromancer had stripped 2,000,000 years away and shown the primitive horrible fight for survival that lies under the smooth ease of our present life.

I was after a big marlin swordfish we had seen playing around the surface of the sea. I threw him bait to tease him along. I trolled back and forth. But he wouldn't bite.

Half to myself and half to the boatman I said, "Gosh, I wish I knew what that bozo was doing down there that so occupies his mind."

And then the thought hit me one cracking, sledge-hammer blow. I was going to find out just what *was* occupying his mind and also the attention of all his playmates. Furthermore, I was going to find some way to photograph them.

I always wondered, for instance, what a porpoise did when he was not leaping out of the water. It is obvious that porpoises can't leap that way all day long, frisking around. They must also have their business hours.

And what a whale does when he spouts and goes under. And how a broadbill swordfish performs when he feels the hook and dives.

As soon as I got back to my studio, I began a series of experiments that resulted in the invention of the first underwater camera.

It wasn't easy. For five years I worked with a staff of technical assistants. But at last we turned out a camera that successfully pries into all the private affairs of life in the deep sea.

THOUGH I shall not attempt any detailed description, the apparatus is a special camera inclosed in a long tube let down into the deep water through the center of the boat, and may be turned this way and that to follow the movements of sea life. It hangs to the bottom of a skiff or small motor boat exactly like a centerboard, and is operated by an electric apparatus controlled from above. The cameraman sits high and dry in the boat, peers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SECRETS OF THE DEEP Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

through a specially constructed finder at what is going on below, and presses the electric button on the camera when he sees something worth photographing.

Before the invention of our camera, the only method of photographing undersea life was that of lowering a man with an ordinary motion-picture camera in the old-fashioned diving bell or diving suit. Boats and barges, a crane, and several men were necessary to accomplish this, and it required an entire day to move the diving bell from on place to another.

With our camera we don't have to wait for an undersea drama to come to us. We go scouting around looking for our subjects, and when we find one, we can chase it if necessary. Two men only are needed for our underwater explorations: the cameraman and a boatman.

WITH this apparatus we have taken many thousands of feet of primitive, savage sea drama with complete success.

It seems to open untold and unmeasured possibilities both to drama and to science. Scientific men tell me that it promises to turn much that has been guesswork into definite, scientific fact.

We anticipated one great difficulty which turned out to be no difficulty at all. This was the light. We didn't see how we could photograph in the depths of the dark water, nor how to get artificial light down there. But the conditions are virtually the same as those we meet every time we shoot our motion pictures by daylight.

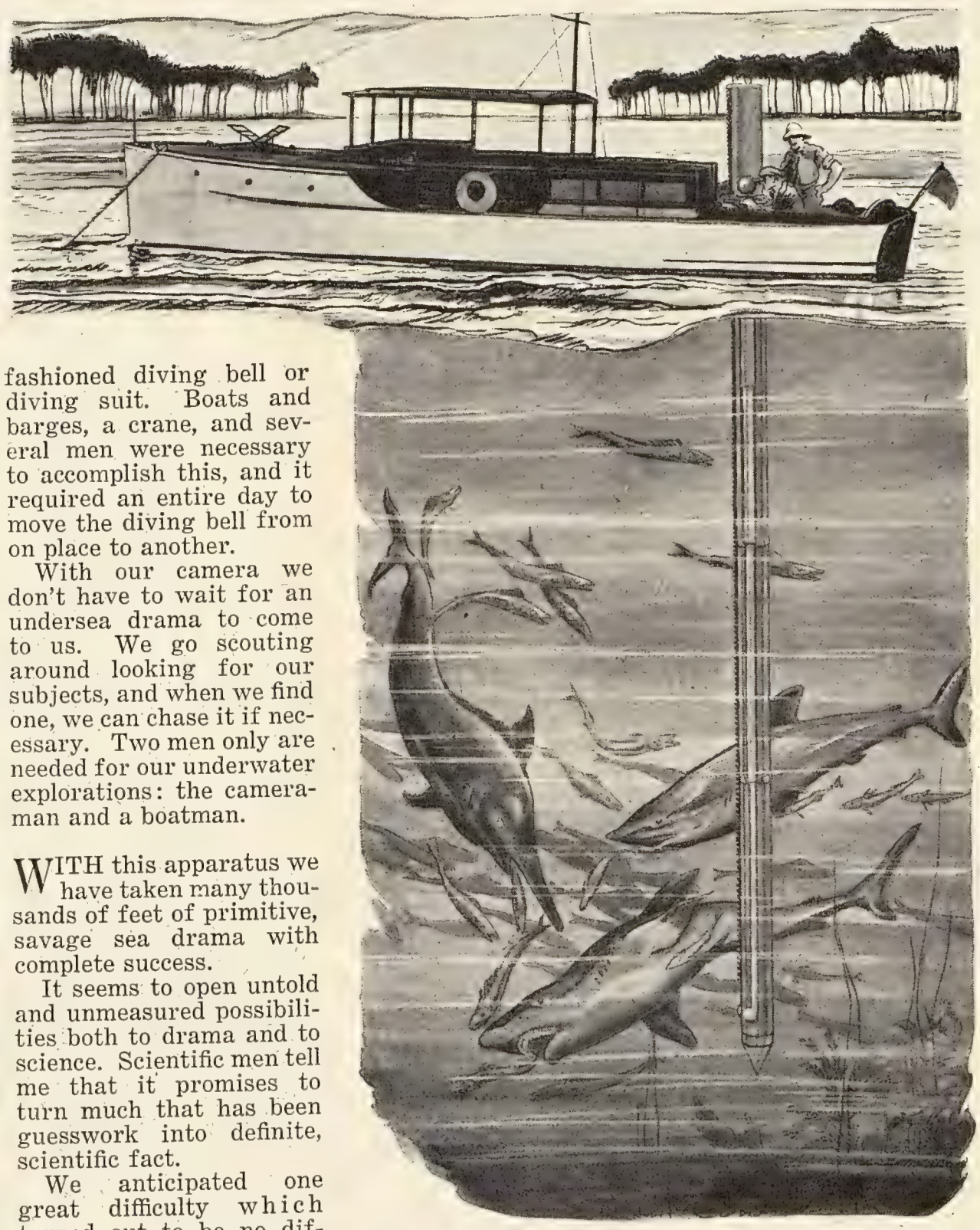
The finished photographs have fascinated and enthralled us when shown in the studio projection-room. They have explained many things that have puzzled me. They have deepened my wonder about many mysteries.

The most weird of these mysteries is the mystery of the vibrations that seem to govern all sea life.

In the last few decades scientists have discovered a little about the law of vibrations. Out of the little they have found they have produced the telephone and the radio.

But the life of the deep-sea fish depends upon a consciousness of vibrations far beyond what our scientists have, thus far, been able to puzzle out.

In some way vibration takes the place of smell, sight, and hearing. Blood spilled in the deep-sea water, for instance, instantly attracts the attention of cannibal fish that cannot see the length of their own bodies and apparently are without any sense of smell.



THE new undersea camera in operation. The camera is inclosed in a long tube which can be raised or lowered through the bottom of a launch. Its operation is controlled electrically by the photographer in the boat, who views the scene below through a specially constructed finder. The artist has sketched a typical marine drama, with sharks, a broadbill, pilot fish, and their victims.

For instance, a tuna is hooked and a struggle begins. I have seen a shark half a mile away, swimming in the opposite direction, turn instantly and make a bee line for the quarry. Certainly he can't see what's going on from that distance; he surely doesn't hear the tuna churning the water mightily; there's no blood yet to smell and he couldn't smell it if there was. Mr. Shark gets the news by vibration—just as one submarine is able to detect by vibration the presence of another submarine—and hastens to the feast. No doubt some future scientist will find that, by some law of vibration, the salmon know their way back to the distant falls where they are to breed and to die, and the deep-sea eels thus follow the deep-sea trail of thousands of miles to their breeding place, where they fulfill their destiny and die.

My interest centered on the swordfish, which gives the finest hunting in the world. Down in the tropic waters these great fish grow from eighteen to twenty feet long. They are the gamest and most ferocious things that live. In fishing for them we bait the line with a five- or six-pound barracuda, flying fish, or mackerel. I have noticed that it is hard to get them actually hooked. You feel a good strong bite and think you have the creature, and then the line comes in with the bait still on—and no swordfish.

THE undersea camera cleared up that mystery. When a marlin swordfish takes the bait, he doesn't swallow it immediately. He pinches it first with his jaws, then grabs it in the middle and runs with it, exactly like a dog with a stick. If you don't give the slightest draw on the line, he will run a few hundred yards, stop, and then swallow it, end first, with one gulp. The hook sinks into his stomach. As soon as he feels the hook, the instinct of the marlin is to tear for the surface and leap.

By using a combination of the undersea camera and an ordinary movie camera, we have been able to photograph this life, or death, battle in all its phases—in air and water. The crash with which a marlin swordfish falls back into the water after a leap shows the power that has driven the five- or six-hundred-pound body up six feet through the air. He leaps times without number as he fights for his life. But even that terrific power is pulled down at last by a tiny twenty-four-strand fishline and sixteen-ounce rod, the regulation sportsman tackle in California. This line breaks at a dead weight of sixty pounds, which seems to show that it matters more how long you stick to something than how much "punch" you have in the beginning.

The broadbill swordfish is just as game and just as fine a fighter, except that his methods are less spectacular and alarming.

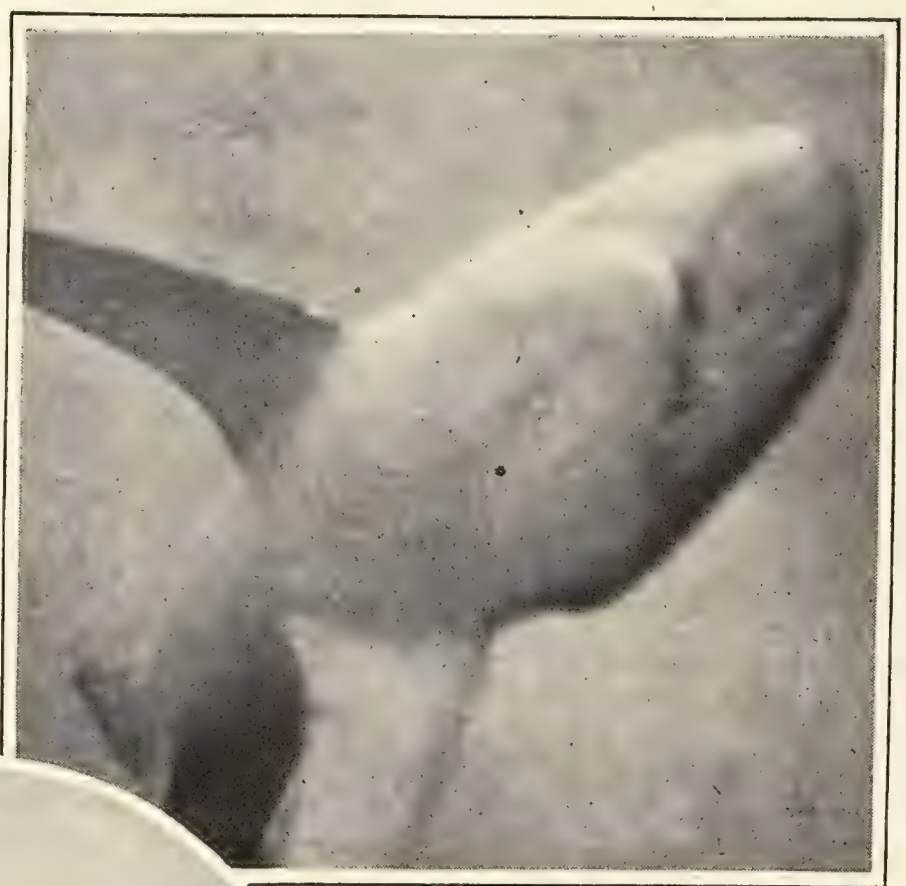
Our underwater camera revealed the broadbill's own special method of gathering food. He likes to swim through a school of small barracuda or mackerel and, with whacks of his sword, cripple

as many as possible. These cripples he then begins to devour. As a rule, he is joined suddenly by a couple of sharks—it is positively uncanny the way these cannibal fish find out where there's easy pickin's to be had. Wherever we see sharks we can generally assume that a swordfish is close by, engaged in his favorite pastime of crippling small fish.

Many scientists maintain stoutly that the man-eating shark is merely a legend; that no shark was ever known to attack a living man. Although I should hate to go swimming down there off Cape St. Lucas, where the waters swarm with sharks, in order to prove it, our experiments seem to bear out this theory. From everything we have been able to see, sharks don't get dietetically interested in anything until it is dead or crippled. I have never seen one offer to attack a free, live tuna; but as soon as a tuna is hooked on the line and shows by his struggles that he is out of action, he becomes a swift victim.

On one occasion we had a 300-pound tuna on our line, when a shark came along and bit a chunk weighing at least 100 pounds out of the middle of his belly—all in one bite.

We have many pictures of sharks with their accompanying pilot fish. These little creatures follow a shark in flocks, like poor relations. Apparently they guide him to his prey. When the shark's going becomes a little too swift for them, they hook on to his body with the suction pads on top of their heads and ride.



An undersea photograph of a man-eating shark that swam within range of the camera.

The salt-water conger eel, iron-jawed and fierce-eyed.

BUT it seems to be a matter of utility, not affection. Whenever one of these little fellows becomes disabled, the shark turns on him at once and eats him.

Sharks often travel in pairs, no doubt mates. But when one mate becomes hurt or dies, the loving spouse at once eats him or her, as the case may be. One of the pipe dreams our camera exploded was the oft-told tale that a shark has to turn over on his back to bite. Our pictures show them going up just like a dog to tear at their prey.

SHARK-FISHING recently has become an important industry in this part of Mexico. Sharks live on their stored-up livers. A number of big boats here do nothing else the year round but fish for the shark-liver oil and for shark fins—a great Oriental delicacy. In these fishing camps they have found strange things in the stomachs of sharks.

One contained two mammoth deep-sea turtles weighing 250 pounds apiece, and several smaller ones. How a shark manages to digest or get rid of these huge armor-back turtles is a mystery.

To me, the most frightful monster of the deep that we saw with the sea camera was the Mexican manta. This is a ferocious creature of the skate family.

It looks like a nightmare vision of a bat, with huge wings and hideous devouring mouth. The Mexican fishermen live in terror of its attacks. The natives say that it has been known to steal up on a rowboat, envelop it with its huge wings, and devour the occupants. We caught several of these dreadful creatures after savage battles.

One of the mysteries of the sea to me has been the leaping of the porpoises. To my great satisfaction, we got innumerable photographs of them in their quieter moments under the water, swimming in a manner quite sedate and demure, always in pairs.

I learned that their purpose in leaping is to store up air in their lungs. Like the whale, the porpoise is a mammal. The whale comes up to blow and to take air into his lungs, but the porpoise does the same thing on the fly. He literally compresses the air. He takes a gulp and forces it down into his air chambers, liked stored-up air in a machine; then takes another gulp and compresses that, until he has a lungful.

The blackfish is the much feared enemy of the porpoise. It will chase the mammal for hours and hours, exhausting it completely—and then make a meal of it.

There is one fearful spectacle we are trying to get with our underwater camera, but which we have not yet captured. That is a fight between a whale and the two foes that hunt him in couples—the swordfish and the thrasher shark.

When we finally get it—which we shall—it will be the most frightful sea tragedy ever photographed.

What these sea demons are after is the whale's tongue. They run him down as wolves run down a buffalo. Having slowed up his speed, they go to the attack with savage, merciless ferocity. The whale tries to defend himself with his tail. I once saw a whale toss a 1,000-pound shark fifty feet into the air, trying to batter him off.

But the thrasher shark fights savagely, striking the whale on the back with frightful blows of his tail. And while he is doing this, the swordfish spears the whale from below, trying to stab him in the throat. These swords have been known to ram through the solid oak bottoms of sailing ships. At last, when all the fight has gone from him, the whale rolls over and opens his mouth.

No one seems to know whether this indicates complete surrender or merely exhaustion. At any rate, the moment the whale opens his mouth the shark seizes the tongue in his terrible jaws and rolls around with it in his teeth until it is torn out. He rolls just as a crocodile does, or the smaller but more loathsome Gila monster on land.

I don't know what happens to the whale. I suppose it bleeds to death.

OUR laboratory work with the camera is pretty well finished. As a machine it is reasonably perfect. But our work as hunters and sightseers has just begun. The possibilities seem unlimited.

The deep-sea camera seems destined to take the cover off a fascinating world of which next to nothing has been seen heretofore. Only recently I sent the camera and cameramen to the Sargasso Sea to delve into the mysterious Humboldt current—that highway of the deep along which every known inhabitant of the sea is said to be swimming swiftly to some undiscovered goal.

THE END

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Twenty Questions

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions will be republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—Was the Volstead Act made a law by the President's signature?

2—Who designed the present White House?

3—What is the oldest university in the world?

4—What region of the United States was once an independent nation?

5—What State has produced the greatest number of Presidents of the United States?

6—Do male or female babies predominate among children born throughout the world?

7—Which is farther north, Rome or New York?

8—What flower has the greatest commercial value?

9—To what race do the greatest number of people belong?

10—How did the word "silk" originate?

11—What is the average length of life of a goldfish?

12—Are the North Pole and the Magnetic Pole the same?

13—What was the first State admitted to the Union after the original thirteen colonies?

14—What animal spends a large part of its existence in an upside-down position?

15—Is Chicago, the Windy City, actually and meteorologically the windiest of America's great cities?

16—Which State of the United States has the fewest millionaires?

17—Which lies farther east, Valparaiso, on the west coast of South America, or New York, on the east coast of North America?

18—How fast can the speediest bacteria travel?

19—Who built the earliest successful American automobile propelled by gasoline?

20—During which years of marriage is a divorce most likely?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What continents does the equator cross?
A.—South America and Africa.

2—Name the five oceans of the world.
A.—Arctic, Antarctic, Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific.

3—How did the bungalow get its name?
A.—Early British residents in India built one-room, partitioned dwellings, calling them "bungalows" from the Hindu word *bangla*, meaning thatched hut.

4—What is the highest recorded waterfall in the world?
A.—The Stirling Falls in New Zealand, 1,904 feet high.

5—Where is the highest railroad in the world?
A.—The Central Railway of Peru reaches an altitude of 15,865 feet, and maintains a station at an altitude of 15,665 feet.

6—Are inches the same in the United States as in England?
A.—No. The English inch is slightly longer because the standard English yard is a bit longer than the American yard. The exact figures of the respective meter standards are 39.370113 inches against our 39.37 inches.

7—Which is the most illiterate country in the world?
A.—Natal, South Africa, where 94.8 per cent of the natives can neither read nor write. Egypt and Guatemala are neck and neck for second place, with 92.7 per cent each.

8—Which is the heaviest wood?
A.—Lignum-vitæ, which runs from 73 to 83 pounds a cubic foot. Ebony is a close second, with from 69 to 83 pounds; boxwood is third, running from 59 to 72 pounds a cubic foot.

9—What proportion of the people of the United States belong to some church?
A.—Approximately 40 per cent, or about 47,000,000.

10—From what song was the tune of The Star-Spangled Banner taken?
A.—From To Anacreon in Heaven, a song sung at the suppers of the Anacreontic Society in London late in the eighteenth century. The music was written by John Stafford Smith, and the tune was popular in America before 1814, when Francis Scott Key wrote the words of the national anthem.

11—How many library books are there in the country?
A.—About 71,000,000, according to figures of the United States Bureau of Education.

12—What famous university was said to have been founded by King Alfred the Great?
A.—Oxford, in 872.

13—What proportion of wells, drilled for oil, are a total loss?
A.—About one-third are absolutely dry, according to the American Petroleum Institute.

14—What proportion of the people of the United States work regularly for a living?
A.—According to the recent census 39.4 per cent of the population or 41,614,248 persons of both sexes.

15—What is the hottest town in the world?
A.—Azizia, Tripoli, where in 1924 the temperature reached 136.4 degrees. The highest official record in this country was made at Greenland Ranch, Death Valley, California, July 10, 1913, when the mercury touched 134.1 degrees.

16—Who was Germany's greatest war ace, and how many planes did he bring down?
A.—See The Red Knight of Germany, which begins in this week's issue of Liberty.

17—What percentage of Americans are total abstainers?
A.—According to the results of an investigation by Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University, 30 per cent of men and 67.1 per cent of women.

18—Why are two-dollar bills supposed to be unlucky?
A.—The first of these bills and the one-dollar bills of 1890 bore so strong a resemblance to each other that many mistakes were made and much deliberate short-changing was successful. Hence the unpopularity.

19—Which fur is most used?
A.—Rabbit fur, in its various disguises. Last year more than 100,000,000 skins were imported into the United States.

20—What creature has two hearts?
A.—The eel. Besides its regular heart, it has one in its tail which functions regularly.

Two Baggers

Everybody who buys one bag of Planters Salted Peanuts is sure to buy another. Big, crisp, wholesome peanuts in glassine bags with the Planters name and Mr. Peanut on them. Get the genuine. 5c everywhere.

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There's a much easier way to reduce

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There is an easy, pleasant way which millions have adopted. It acts to correct the cause of too much fat. That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, used for 19 years. You see the results in new vigor and slenderness wherever you look today.

Marmola is based on many years of scientific research. It has proved itself to so many that people are now using a very large amount. One simply takes four tablets daily. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Stop when results are completed.

You should know this method. Watch how weight comes down, how vitality improves. Then tell others, as others will gladly tell you. Fat reduction need not be hard. Prove this, for your own sake. Do it now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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Prescription Tablets
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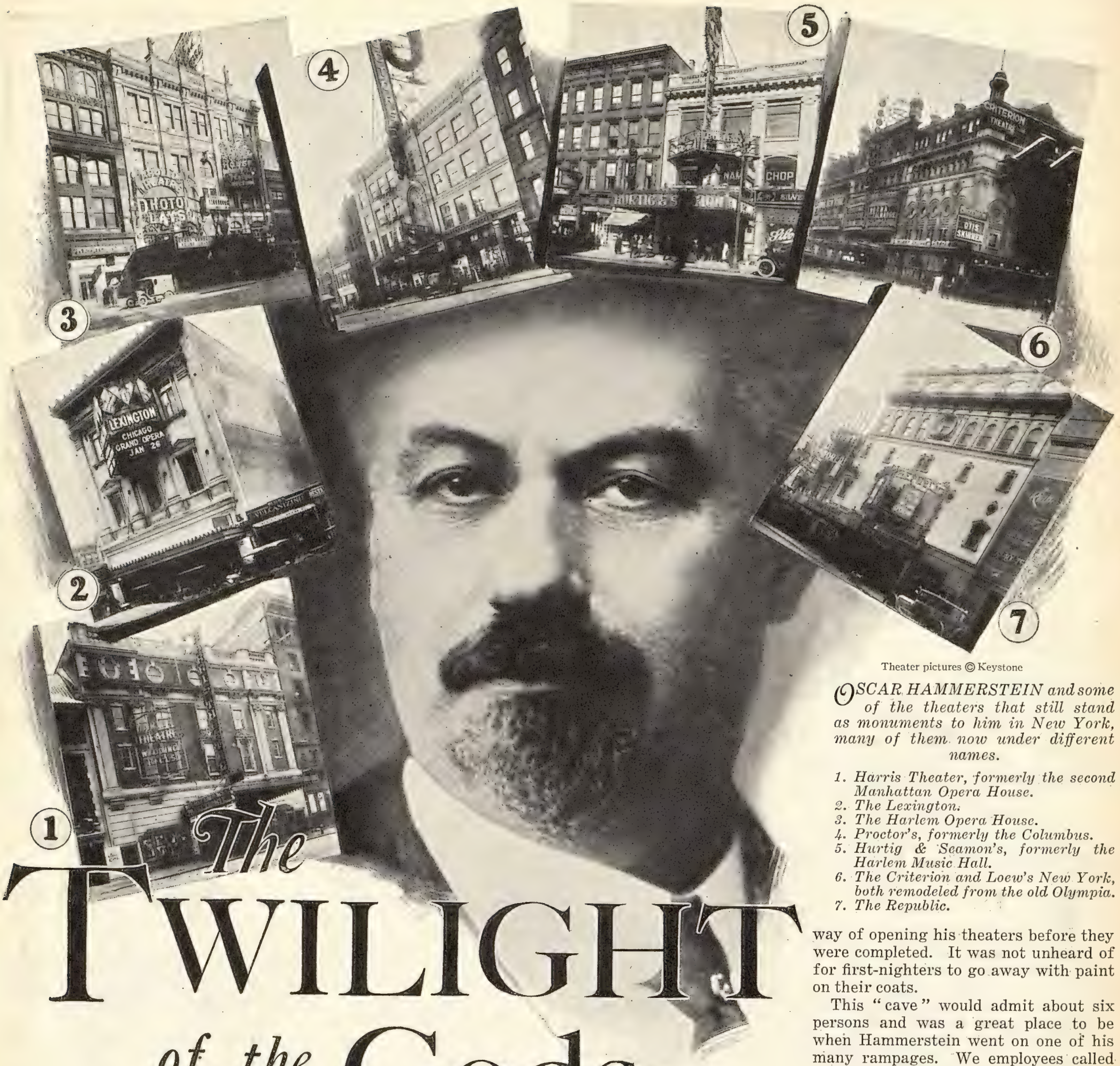

Theater pictures © Keystone

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN and some of the theaters that still stand as monuments to him in New York, many of them now under different names.

1. *Harris Theater, formerly the second Manhattan Opera House.*
2. *The Lexington.*
3. *The Harlem Opera House.*
4. *Proctor's, formerly the Columbus.*
5. *Hurtig & Seamon's, formerly the Harlem Music Hall.*
6. *The Criterion and Loew's New York, both remodeled from the old Olympia.*
7. *The Republic.*

The TWILIGHT *of the* Gods

© Mishkin

How the Tragic Curtain Fell on the Career of Oscar Hammerstein

As Told by George Blumenthal to BRUCE GRANT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: When Arthur Hammerstein quarreled with Mrs. Clarence Mackay, a New York social leader, it marked the beginning of the end of his Manhattan Opera Company; and when he rebuked Lady Cunard for suggestions, in the presence of King Manuel of Portugal, the curtain fell on his London activities. Now, in this concluding episode of his biography, the author tells of the strange results of a divorced wife of Hammerstein bequeathing her alimony to her daughters.]

WHEN you saw Oscar Hammerstein coming down the street wearing his funny square silk hat, you knew he was in a good humor. But if he were wearing a slouch hat—look out!

I recall that at the Manhattan Opera House there was a little place beneath the stage which had never been finished. Hammerstein had a way of opening his theaters before they were completed. It was not unheard of for first-nighters to go away with paint on their coats.

This "cave" would admit about six persons and was a great place to be when Hammerstein went on one of his many rampages. We employees called it the Cave of Refuge.

Before Hammerstein arrived for the day, we generally had a lookout posted. He would come back and report something like this:

"It's all right—the boss is wearing his high hat."

Or:

"Watch out—he's got on that slouch hat!" The slouch hat meant the Cave of Refuge for us. Hammerstein's tempers never lasted more than an hour. He would rave and gesticulate, but he never swore.

Hammerstein would fly into the greatest tantrums when the pay roll was presented to him each week. No matter how reasonable the pay roll was, he could not help storming and raging about it. I used to live in mortal dread of Saturday, when I had to hand it to him. One week, he looked at the memorandum slip of salaries and cried:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

"What does this mean? Discharge everybody!"

This was during August, just when we were getting ready for the opening of the season.

I remonstrated.

"I want everything closed up. Tight. Understand? Fire everybody!"

It was then a few minutes before the noon closing hour. So I left him.

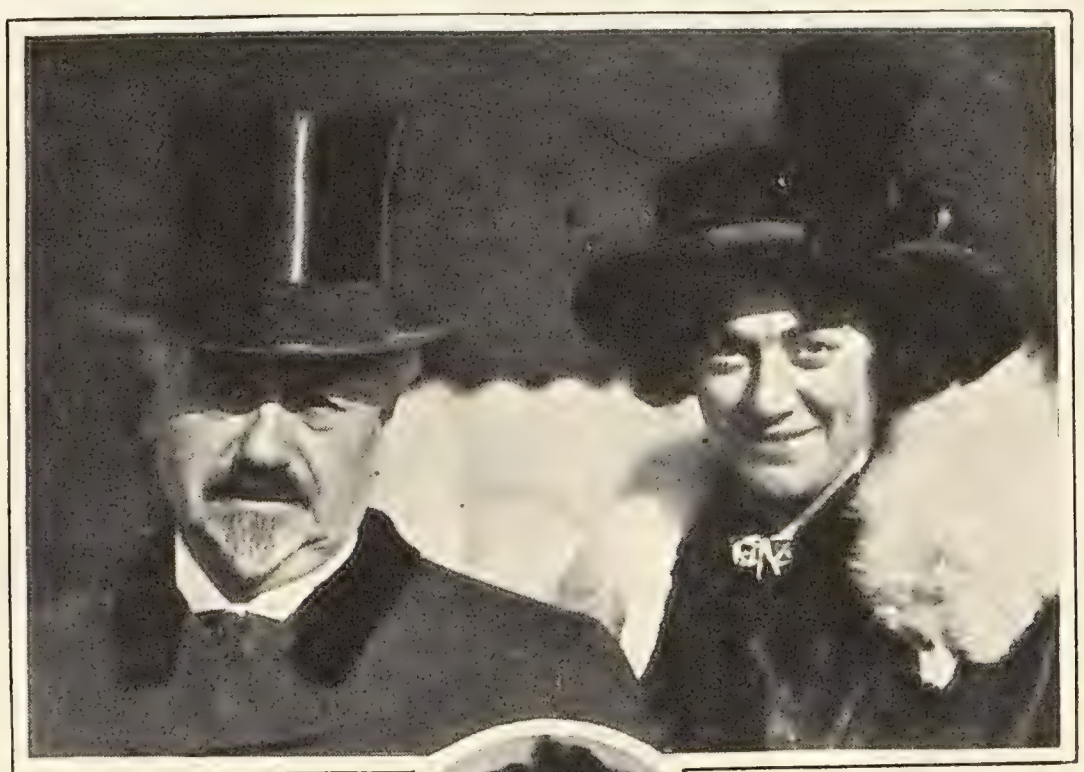
In the evening I came back to the Victoria. Hammerstein was sitting on the steps, all alone. It was his favorite position. He seemed a bit wistful, and asked:

"Did you carry out my orders?"

"Yes; I closed up everything at twelve o'clock."

"Of course it is understood these men will come back Monday morning?" he asked in a slightly hesitant manner.

"Oh, yes. They will all be back," I replied.



Underwood & Underwood

P. & A. photo

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN with his daughter, Stella (above), and his widow (below).

HAMMERSTEIN was about five feet six inches tall, and of stocky build. He had a round face and affected a closely cropped mustache and beard.

I looked a great deal like him—in fact, was mistaken for him many times. This resemblance caused some ludicrous situations.

Once, when Hammerstein was involved in a lawsuit, the plaintiff wanted to subpœna him. It was after 8 o'clock in the evening, and Hammerstein had gone backstage at the Manhattan Opera House.

The process server came up to me in the lobby and handed me the subpœna.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It's a summons in a suit, Mr. Hammerstein."

"I'm not Hammerstein."

"Don't try to fool me—of course you are Hammerstein."

He was gone. I had to appear the next day. Hammerstein got out of that lawsuit—one of the hundreds in which he was embroiled at one time or another.

With all of his variety of tempers, Hammerstein was one of the most loyal men I have ever met.

In 1910, when the Metropolitan bought all of his opera interests, he would not consider the deal until he was assured that William J. Guard, his publicity man, went over to the Metropolitan. Guard is still press representative for the Metropolitan.

When he sold the Harlem Opera House in 1897, a condition was made that George Blumenthal be retained as manager. I stayed there as long as I wished.

Hammerstein once said: "If a man attends to his business and is faithful, I will make no changes."

He was therefore idolized by his employees.

In erecting his buildings he was a genius. He was the first theater builder to take note of solving the problem of acoustics.

This matter had puzzled theatrical men for many years. But, with his inventive genius, Hammerstein delved into the matter. He used the roof and the proscenium arch to further his ends, and sprinkled the concrete foundations of the orchestra and balconies with powdered glass. His taste in architecture was sometimes criticized, but his acoustics were beyond reproach.

He designed his own buildings, and instead of first calling in an architect he did just the reverse: he planned his structures, and later consulted the architect on technical problems.

STRANGE to say, Hammerstein never named a theater after himself. The only outstanding instance I remember where he used a tribute to himself of this kind was in the case of the London Opera

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

House, on the stone lintel of which he had his likeness chiseled. During the war this was taken off.

AFTER he had built the Olympia, the Victoria, and the Republic, a movement was started by one of the Board of Aldermen through his attorney, Maurice Meyer, to change the name of Longacre Square to Hammerstein Square. A meeting was to take place one morning and the name was to be changed. At the last minute Hammerstein protested.

He said that he had his reasons for not wanting the name changed. What these were, no one ever knew. It was one of his many eccentricities.

He built the Harlem Opera House at 125th Street; the Columbus Theater, later Proctor's 125th Street Theater; the Harlem Music Hall, later Hurtig & Seamon's; the first Manhattan Opera House, 1892 (later Koster & Bial's—where Macy's now stands); the Olympia, 1896, now comprising the New York and Criterion theaters; the Victoria, 1899, demolished to give way to the Rialto; Republic, 1900; Harris; second Manhattan Opera House, 1906; Philadelphia Opera House, 1908; London Opera House, 1911; and the Lexington Avenue Opera House, 1913, now Loew's Lexington Theater.

Unfortunately, Hammerstein never lived to fulfill his ambition to build a string of opera houses. When he returned from London after meeting discouragement on every hand, he still was not beaten. He planned to establish opera houses in ten of the largest cities, such as Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, and others, having each house exactly alike so that operas could be given in rotation. He planned to give two weeks of opera every year in each of these cities, thereby making a full twenty weeks, the regular opera season.

Thus he would be able to produce in spite of the contract with the Metropolitan preventing him from giving opera in Manhattan, Greater New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia.

His idea was to have the cities donate the ground upon which he would build the theaters.

The plan had to be abandoned after a serious outbreak with his son, William, at the Victoria. His family chided him for going on further in costly operatic ventures, after his latest experience in London, where he had lost the $800,000 remaining to him after the Metropolitan Opera House deal.

Hammerstein's family difficulties became closely interwoven with his business enterprises. He had come back from London sad and disconsolate. I know he had lost twenty pounds since I had last seen him.

Central News photo

George Blumenthal, the author, who closely resembled Hammerstein.

He had made an agreement with the second Mrs. Hammerstein, who had divorced him, whereby she was to receive $10,000 a year alimony. She died and in her will gave her two daughters her alimony. This is probably the first case on record whereby a woman willed alimony to her children.

Unfortunately, this alimony was secured by stock in the various theaters that Hammerstein owned. He could at one time have settled the entire matter for $15,000 cash payment, but he was extremely bitter that the courts had upheld this will so unfairly, as he thought.

After years of litigation the daughters obtained the stock and he was beaten in all the courts. He felt that this was the end—that he would never again be able to produce opera; for this stock was so completely tied up in his various theaters that he believed, as eventually proved true, he would never be able to untangle it.

This was why, after Hammerstein died, his daughters were able to start a lawsuit, claiming that $175,000 was due them. The courts upheld them; and the present Mrs. Hammerstein, to whom he had willed the Manhattan Opera House, the apple of his eye, that she might carry out his operatic ambitions, lost it along with everything else.

The Manhattan Opera House was later sold to the Scottish Rite.

Thus Mrs. Hammerstein lost more than $1,000,000. She had refused offers from the government, which intended to turn the structure into a parcel-post subsidiary station; the New York *Herald*, and the Woolworth stores, which wanted it as a warehouse. But the widow clung to it, hoping to carry out Hammerstein's wishes.

THIS gloomy litigation finally involved all four of Hammerstein's houses—the Manhattan Opera House, the Victoria, the Lexington Avenue Opera House (Loew's), and the Republic, now owned by Arthur Hammerstein, the only surviving son. Then, too, Hammerstein suffered a severe blow in 1914, when within five and one-half months he lost three of his sons.

His last home was a little isolated house on top of a hill at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey. He spent his time between this and his two-story frame workshop at 151 West Thirty-eighth Street.

Once a newspaperman visited him at Atlantic Highlands, and, knowing this turbulent soul, asked:

"Why have you bought this place up here—so far from everything—so lonely?"

Hammerstein answered, a bit wearily:

"Well, this is a good place for me to sit. I can look down on Manhattan and see all my creditors."

THE END

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By GLENNA COLLETT,

the girl golf champion. She speaks with authority—

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VOX POP

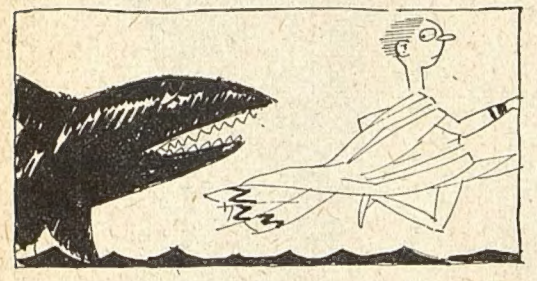
A Real Test

ATLANTA, GA.—I'm scribbling this in bed, where I've lain flat on my back for two years.

Beginning with the cross-word puzzle, I read your magazine from cover to cover, without once putting it down—the others can wait!—*Mrs. Rosalie Prior.*

Big Fish

ELKHART, IND.—Mack Sennett's article about sea monsters was some fish story. It made me wonder what would have happened to Jonah if he had been near those waters and got



careless. These killer whales must have been henpecked. Anyway, they seem to know what part of the anatomy to pick on. The idea of biting off tongues would be a good way for some of our human killers to practice their art, provided they worked on the right people.—*A. C. McDonald.*

You'd Be Surprised!

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I picked up a copy of LIBERTY that some sensible person had thrown away in a street car. When I read your ad offering binders to save LIBERTYS (cost price to us) I busted right out laughing. Who the h—— would want to save a LIBERTY?—*J. L. Casey.*

Hain't It True!

PARIS, ILL.—What a timely editorial in LIBERTY entitled, "He Don't," "Ain't I," and "It's Me"! We certainly do need protection against the purists who would inflict upon us an English clear and uncorrupted.

Apropos of the euphonious qualities of "ain't," are you overlooking completely its brother, "hain't"? It is so inconsiderate of the pedants to affect "it hasn't" when "hain't" comes naturally and more easily. Let's be ourselves, by all means! As for "we warn't"—I pass over its virtues because, when our dictionary is revised, we shall have eliminated the plurals of verbs, and our adoption of "you wasn't," "we wasn't," "they wasn't," or what not, will have been vindicated.

Not to be expected to adopt "we done" and "he come" and "she run"—shades of Shakespeare! Hasten the day!—*Cecile Bell.*

Refuses to Blush

STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND—I read your editorial entitled, "He Don't," etc.

It certainly is not worthy of your magazine. Is not the grammar of the American people bad enough without defending and encouraging such colloquialisms?

The majority of Americans do not pay much attention to their grammar; but I, though but thirteen, am *very* careful of mine, and exceedingly grieved to see such an editorial.

As for "It's I," I can see no reason for blushing at the locution.

So I hope to see you help the progress of good grammar, instead of hindering it.—*Edward Lindemann.*

One Convert

CAMDEN, N. J.—I just ran across your editorial entitled "He Don't," "Ain't I," and "It's Me." Great stuff—keep it up! You ask if we readers want more, less, or the same amount of editorial comment. We can stand just as much as you can write. Yours for more editorials.—*Paul Lowe.*

We'd Have to Read the Books

YORKVILLE, N. Y.—Have you considered using a page of your weekly for book reviews? I often wondered why you didn't conduct it. What's the reason?—*Arcy Sparks.*

They Write Themselves

MIAMI, FLA.—Don't know who writes the captions for this Vox Pop business, but they sure are clever. It's more fun reading them than the opinions that follow.—*V. Spencer.*

Doctors, Preachers, and Mr. Lewis

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I want to thank you heartily for your editorial entitled Mr. Lewis Lies, the matter of which is a criticism of his latest outrage on the reading public—namely: Elmer Gantry.

I have before felt the sting of his unfair and biased pen, inasmuch as I am a physician and naturally would not entirely appreciate some of his works—Arrowsmith in particular. But Elmer Gantry is particularly opprobrious and obnoxious to me. My father is a minister of the gospel, and a finer man never lived.

He is not only a preacher of Jesus Christ, but he early taught me the joys of hunting, fishing, swimming, and all other sports so dear to a normal boy's heart. Not only does my father preach his Gospel, but he also *lives* it; and I believe, from my rather wide acquaintance with the ministry of all denominations, that most ministers do.

I dare say that when Mr. Lewis' last days are about to come and he feels the call to that land from which no one yet has come back except the Man of Galilee, the last two men he will need will be the two types he has maligned—a minister and a physician.

I am glad to see a magazine editor with courage, in these times, to come out and say frankly that he disagrees with sentiments like those of Mr. Lewis.—*Warren M. Scott, M. D.*

His Name Is Legion

MARION, IND.—Just happened to glance over your Vox Pop list and I see we have quite a few very smart fellows on that Twenty Question stuff. If they are so good, maybe one of them can tell us who the Unknown Soldier is.

Let's hear more of Springs.—*J. L.*

How About It, Mack?

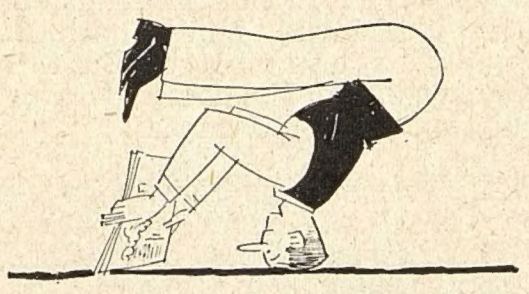
DETROIT, MICH.—I read an article in your magazine entitled The Ferocious Jungles of the Seas, by Mack Sennett, and it interested me greatly. You mentioned the fact that Mr. Sennett has made several movies of deep-sea life. Does he intend to release these movies, so that the general public can enjoy them? There are a great many people who would enjoy such a movie immensely.—*James C. McKay.*

Monday's the Day

TORRANCE, CALIF.—Darn LIBERTY! Darn Frank R. Adams! I sat in the depot and missed the last car home reading Oysters in Season. Darn the corner drug store in our block; he ran out of LIBERTYS by noon, Saturday!—*J. W. Adams.*

A Reader's Confession

MONTREAL, CANADA—LIBERTY is the best magazine for saps, cranks,



nuts, and those standing on their heads.—"*Long Tony.*"

Wings Don't Make Angels

DALLAS, TEXAS—Doctor Joe says, "Give Springs a drink and pep up his stories." I say, give him a drink of poison and lay him away to cool.

He is making the readers of LIBERTY think that the flyers in France were a bunch of booze hounds. That isn't true and he knows good and well that it isn't. He has written only a few stories—yes, a few, very few—where the hero, if any, is not a drunkard of the old school.

I have a flyer friend who knew Springs in France, and he said he was a good flyer, but a hellofa moralless man.—*A. C. E.*

A Man of Taste

ADA, OHIO—Leslie Thrasher's color combinations, Ralph Barton's sarcastic wit, the common-sense editorials, the up-to-date articles and stories, plus that "hammer and bouquet" page, Vox Pop, are unsurpassed by any other magazine. Give me LIBERTY or give me death.—*John N. Miller.*

The Weirdness of Wier

APPLETON, WIS.—May I be one to join the many who have doubtless called your attention to the mistake in spelling of the word *weir*—a dam in a river—in the puzzle in your issue of May 7? It was Puzzle No. 35, by Adeline Kissling. That word is never spelled *wier*, as in the puzzle. It quite spoiled an otherwise good puzzle.—*From One Who Works the Puzzles Every Week.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In Webster's New International Dictionary, and in the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, *weir* is given as the preferred spelling, but *wier* is included as a permissible variation.]

Tropical Politics

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE—Seems there are some people up in the States that don't like your magazine. Don't let them have any more numbers and send the extra copies down to us. We can't get enough of them down here.

Tell Laurence Stallings that he is infringing on a Central American prerogative of nominating Presidents in barrooms. Dozens of Presidents are nominated here every evening in Colon. Perfectly legal in every way, and cheap, too, as jungle rum is only five cents a drink.

Have seen Presidents elected in Haiti with German beer.—*R. C. Gregory.*

Wants Highbrow Sex

EN ROUTE TO LOS ANGELES—I enjoy very much the eternal squabbling as set forth in Vox Pop and never miss an issue of your wonderful little magazine. It is certainly a nickel's worth in a superlative degree. But here allow the reader to make a suggestion: Go in for stories a little more sexy, for don't forget where there is life there is sex, so give the gentle readers what they want. Course, no lowbrow stuff, but stuff with finesse. Say, they eat it!—*G. H. S.*

Drinking Up the Floods

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I have seen it stated that the government engineers estimate that for $1,000,000,000 the Mississippi River and its tributaries could be brought under proper control. The money for this great national enterprise could be easily raised by suspending the Volstead

Act for a single year and turning the regular internal revenue tax, plus the profits now paid to bootleggers, into the national treasury.

The average citizen would pay his or her share of this money with the greatest cheerfulness, and even the Prohibitionists would take pleasure in making a year's sacrifice for so worthy a cause.—*R. S. Howland.*

Paging Mister Brown

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Come on, LIBERTY! Give us some more contests and more short stories. You've got a darn good magazine for a nickel, and I don't mean maybe! But please have some more stories by Royal Brown; he is fine.—*M. D.*

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard.
Said she, "There isn't a crumb—
But it's not so bad, for which I am glad—
I still have my Double Mint gum!"
—MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

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Get a package of Wrigley's Double Mint—

See how GOOD good peppermint can be!

See how good it is for You.

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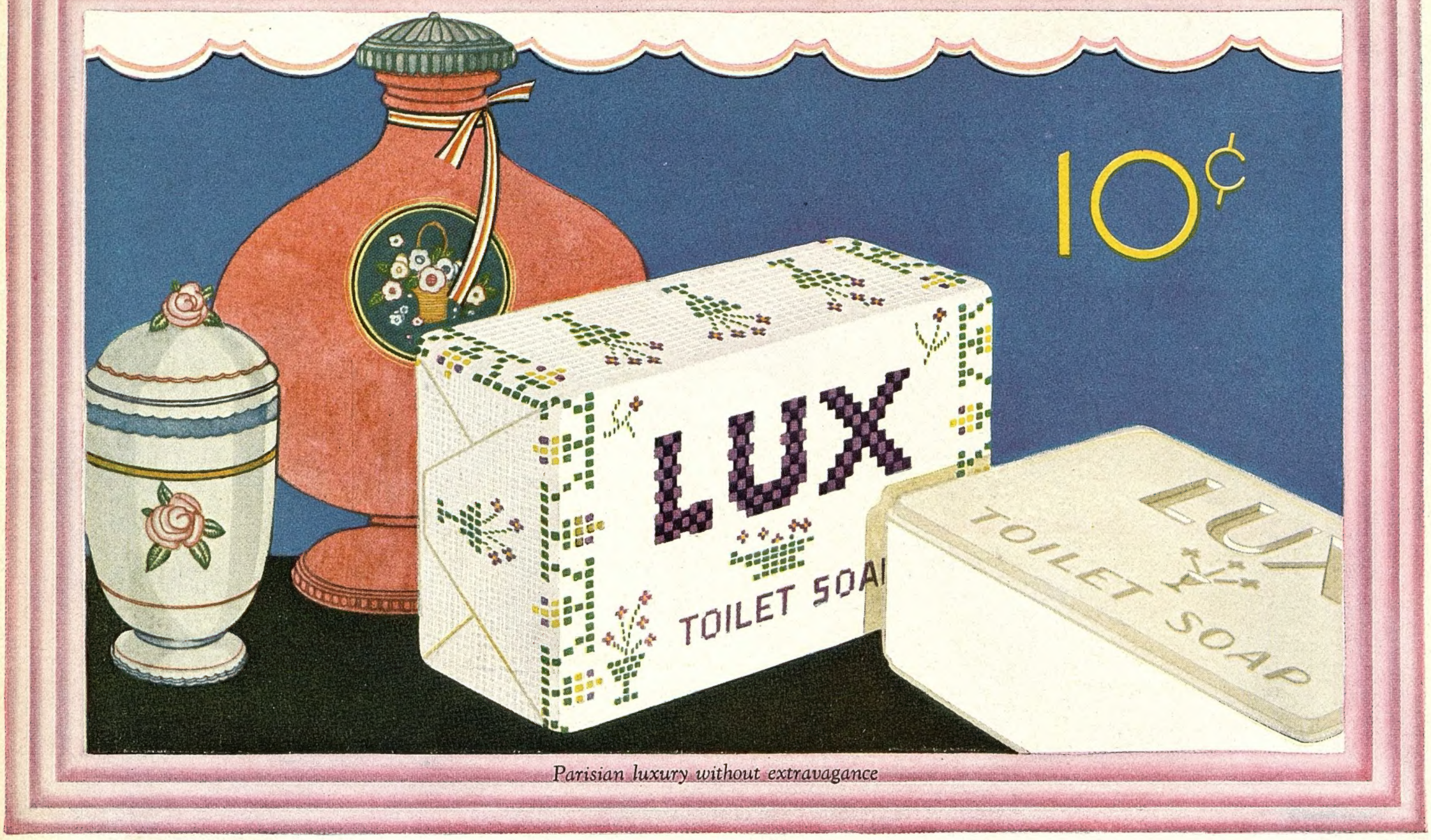
···The Flavor Lasts···



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By this tried and treasured French method we have made you Lux Toilet Soap! Made it quite differently from the other white soaps you are used to. Like costly imported soap.

You feel more exquisite

You know this white, fine-textured, satiny cake is *savon de toilette* the moment you touch it. Its instant fragrant lather (even hard water can't quell it) caresses your skin, giving you that luxurious, satin-smooth feeling you adored costly imported soap for. It tends your skin the true French way. You do feel more exquisite!

France's passion for perfection plus America's genius for achievement now give you generous, delicious Lux Toilet Soap for just ten cents wherever soap is sold. Made by the makers of Lux! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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